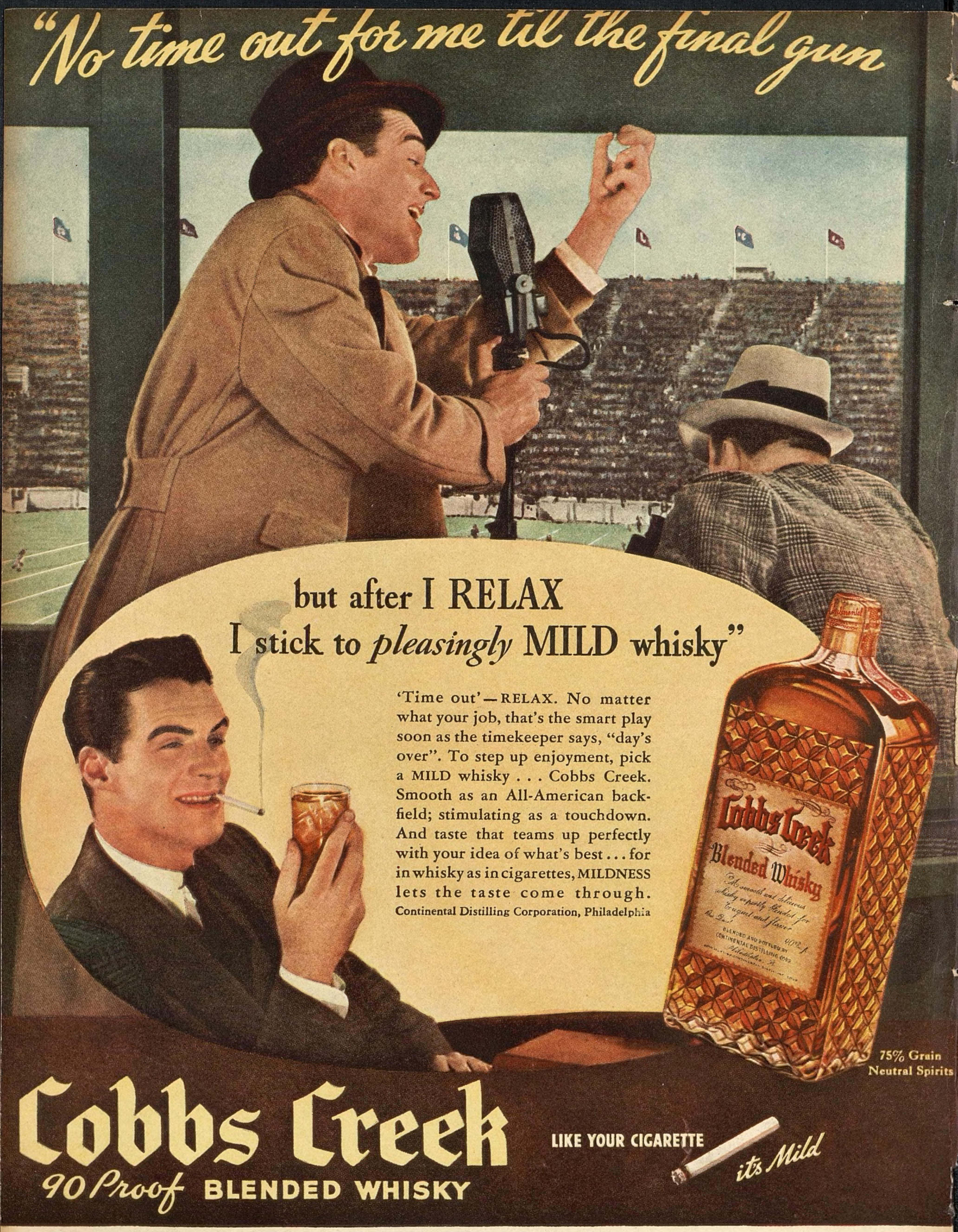
DEATH OVER GALAPAGOS: Island Mysteries Revealed by Last Woman in Eden

OCT. 30,
1937

Liberty

5¢

CAN THE LEGAL PROFESSION CLEAN HOUSE?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OCTOBER 30, 1937

Liberty

VOL. 14, NO. 44

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

ROBERT S. STAPLES
ART EDITOR

Some Humans are as

COWS are valuable animals as long as they are profitable milkers. When age intervenes and the milk diminishes, they are fattened for butchering. We often see them riding on the way to the slaughterhouse, usually by automobile, with no suspicion of their coming fate.

And the same nonchalance is noted in the attitude of our citizens notwithstanding very clear indications of a gradual disappearance of our democracy and its associated liberties.

Hardship and suffering of a soul-searing character are usually required to cause social upheaval, a revolution that makes liberty possible.

But when old restrictions are discarded, then balanced minds are needed, wisdom of a rare character is required to form a system of government that will give the people real liberty.

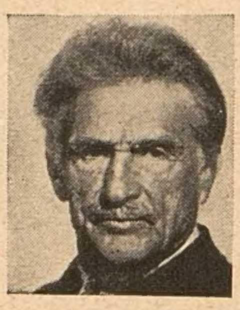
We had these mental giants to guide our pioneer ancestors in the writing of the American Constitution. Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Adams—they were indeed master minds. Their one thought was to safeguard the liberties they had established for future generations.

And for one hundred and fifty years we have enjoyed the fruits of their wisdom.

But now shackles that rob citizenship of its freedom are gradually being welded. Washington bureaucracy began its drive for the overthrow of individual liberty many years ago. In the last few years the mask has been thrown off. There can be no possible doubt in the minds of intelligent citizens as to the intentions of some of those who have influence today in the government at Washington.

These men, whether from a misguided conception of their patriotic duties or from some perverted and mischievous desire to change our form of government, want to eliminate the individual liberties of the people; and that includes the workers—all of them.

Some of these officials pretend to support democracy and at the same time exert every effort for the one purpose of destroying the liberties guarded by democracy.



BERNARR MACFADDEN

Why, the ultimate aims of nearly all the various Socialistic restrictions already put upon us are as plain as if they had been described in letters of fire a mile high in the sky.

And, like the cows on the way to the slaughterhouse, we are unable to see the fate that is just ahead of us!

There is only one means at our command that will save us:

Education! . . . and more education!

Somehow, someway, the people of this country must be made to see the ulterior aims of those who are striving for regimentation in nearly every phase of American life.

The great business leaders of this country can still save this situation—through publicity. Pages in newspapers and magazines, day after day, week after week, month after month, describing the fundamental principles of American government ---clearly and in detail presenting the meaning and describing the nature of liberty and what we must do to retain it.

They should do this even though the plan requires an expenditure of millions or even billions of dollars.

The blindness of our ordinary citizens seems to be shared almost equally by our great business leaders.

They know the fate that is in store for them unless radical steps are taken to avoid it. They have not acted! With means at their command, they are not helpless. It may require from 10 to 50 per cent of their resources, but they may lose all if the present trend continues.

Many of our newspapers publish, without com-

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Blind as Contented Cows

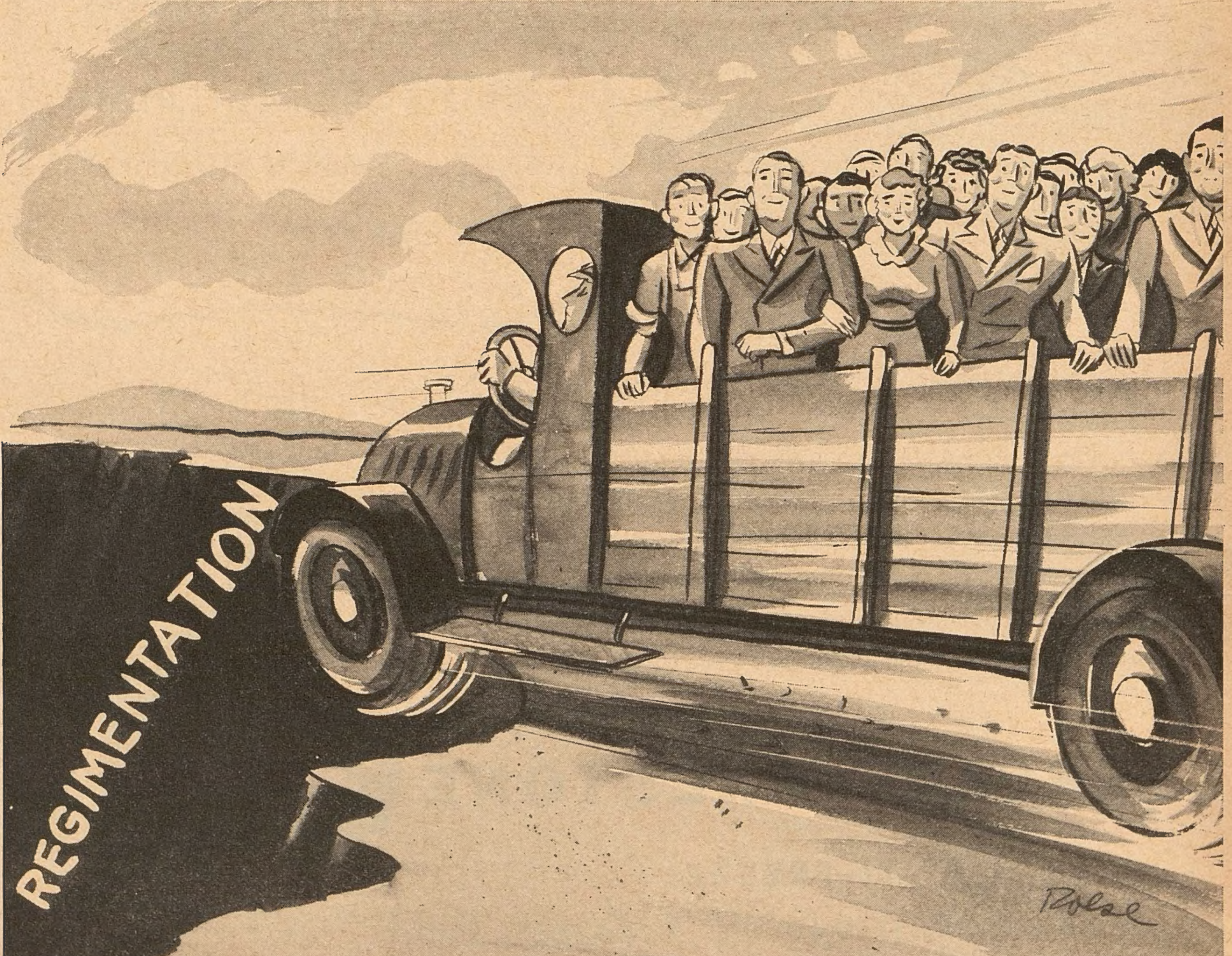
ment, the pretense of support of democracy by some of our officials, while they make but little effort to present opposing views.

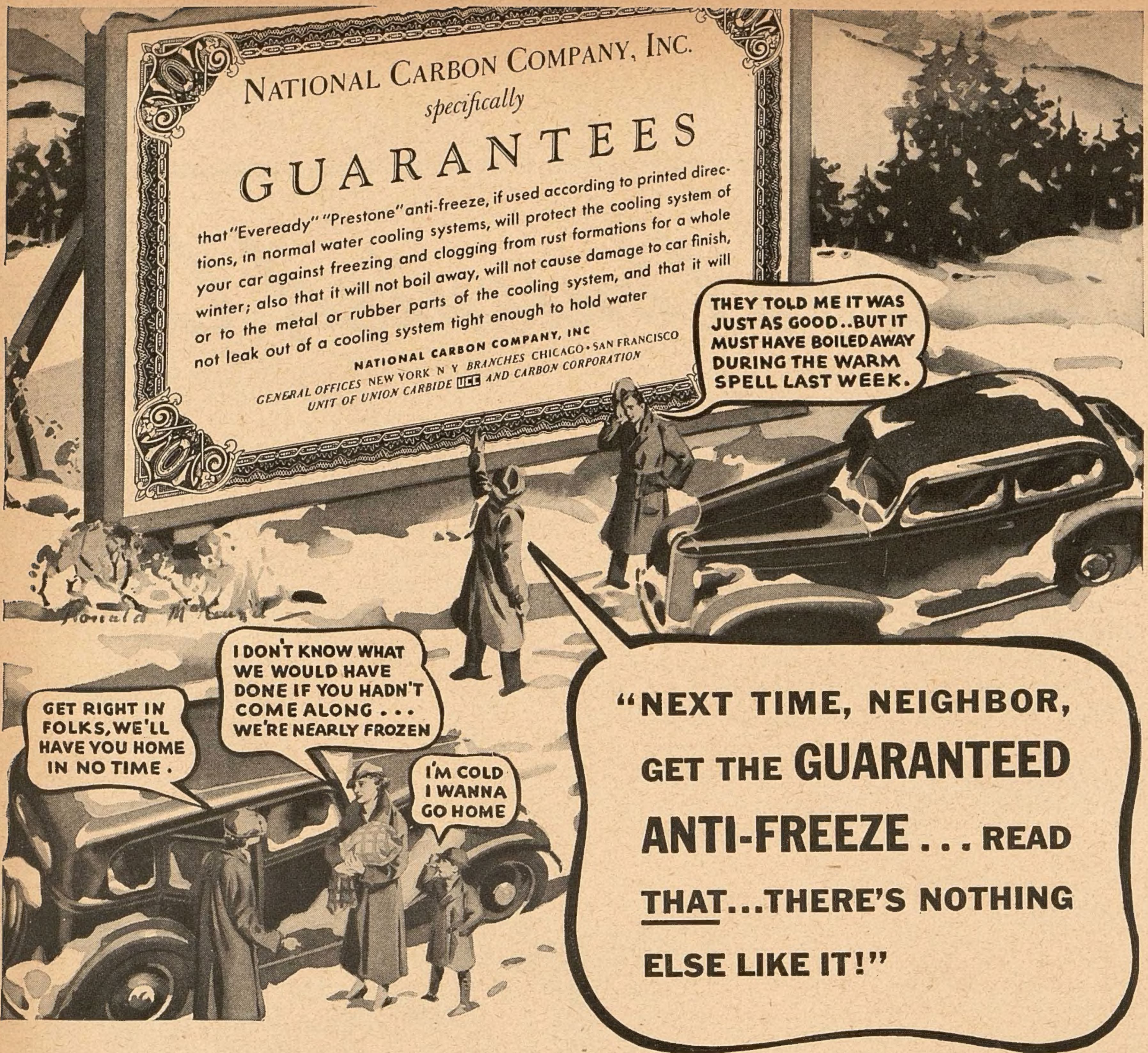
And every intelligent publisher clearly understands that if this so-called democracy, which is really not democracy at all, frequently discussed by the Washington government, becomes supreme, they are faced with a censorship that may mean entire loss of their business.

In the past we have heard advisers of our officials talk of the advisability of destroying the industrial system—of the needlessness and waste of advertising; that it should be discarded altogether. Yet without advertising our publications would doubtless be reduced 75 or even 90 per cent from their present size. Hitler's censorship proves the truth of this statement.

Our citizens should be educated politically. They should be made to understand, by continuous reiteration, the fundamental principles of democracy. They then would not be blinded by official utterances of men who talk of democracy on one hand while their every effort indicates their desire to destroy the principles of this form of government.

Bernarr Macfadden





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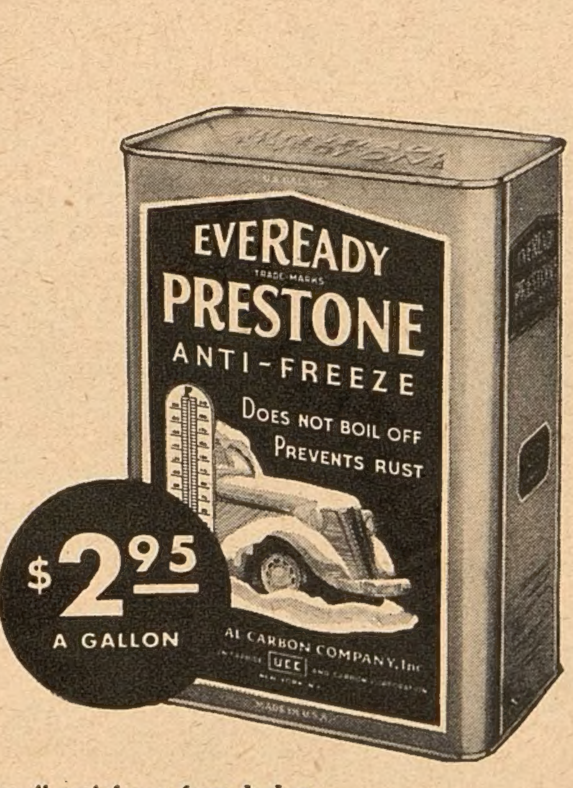

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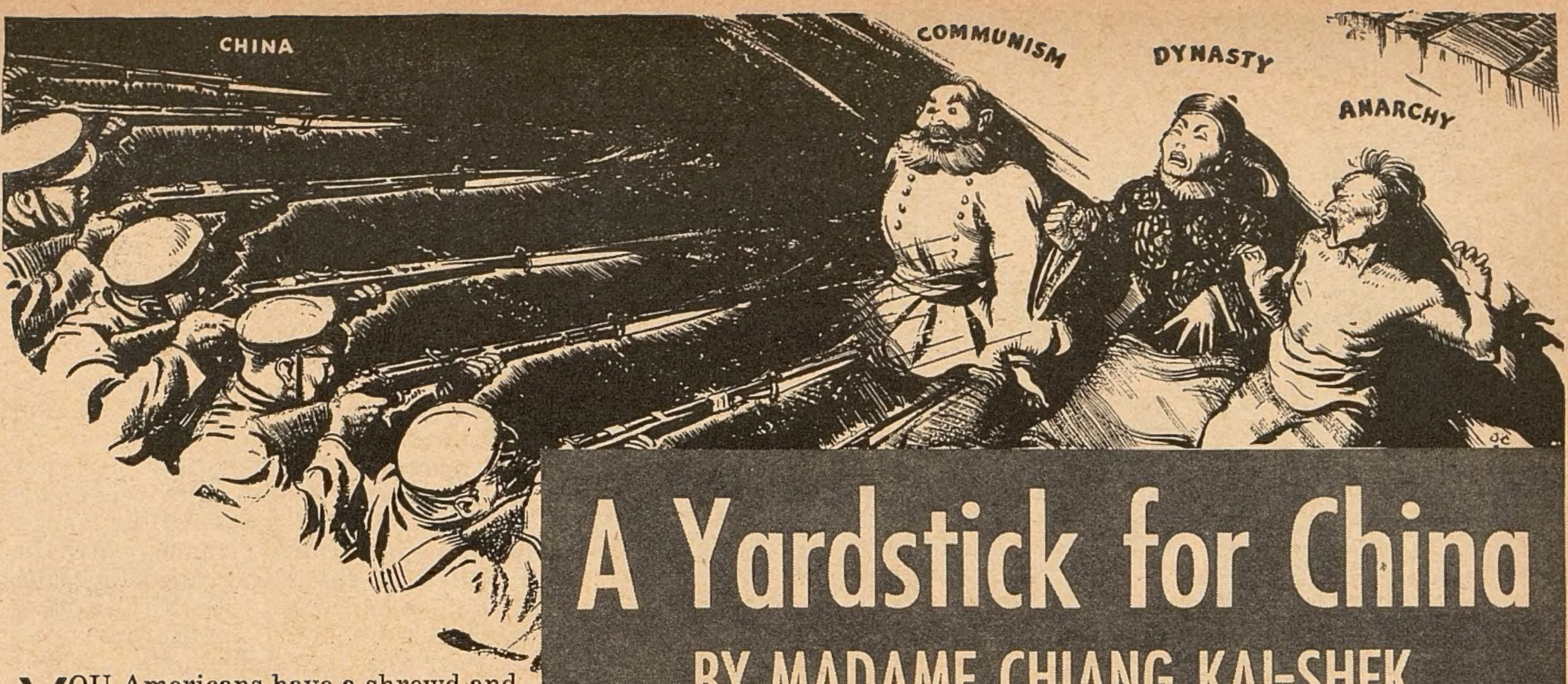


A Yardstick for China

BY MADAME CHIANG KAI-SHEK

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

YOU Americans have a shrewd and homely saying which implies that though it is hard work teaching an old dog new tricks, it is doubtless even harder for him to learn them; and if he succeeds he deserves commensurate credit.

That comes to mind when one wonders how best to clarify what my country has accomplished in recent years.

In newer Occidental countries, nations have been carved out of the primeval in the memory of living man. In America, Canada, Australia, the founders were able to do straightforward pioneer work in the building up of a new land.

But processes of education that are not necessary in countries of the Occident are essential in China before any fundamental change can be introduced effectively.

The date 1926 may be used to mark the beginning of a new era in China. It was in that year that the Northern Expedition, led by Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, my husband, started from Canton to try to end the rule of those war lords who still survived and were holding various regions as semiautonomous satrapies.

The National Government, which was formed at Canton when the Boy Emperor was restored to the throne for that pathetically short time, was determined to eliminate them.

It was just prior to the launching of the expedition that Russian advisers had been secured by the National Government. No retelling is needed here of the gradual emergence of their aim to secure control of administrative reins in pursuance of their desire to further the Soviet scheme of world revolution; of their value as teachers of the art of organizing mass movements and conducting propaganda; and of the Revolutionary Party's final decision to evict them, and their spectacular flight out of China across the Gobi Desert back to the confines of the Soviet.

The Northern Expedition took Hankow, and the National Government moved there from Canton. Hankow was thus virtually the cradle of the present National Government, whose entrance into the field of international politics was so alarming to those Occidentals who had lagged far behind the march of events at that time and had no understanding of the mentality so rapidly developing in China.

True, the National Government did show rather startling zeal in pursuing its policy of gaining for China equality with foreign nations, abolition or revision of what were described as "unequal treaties." The metaphorical red rag to the figurative bull was "imperialism." But, rabid though it apparently made the politicians and agitators of that time, their forecasts of catastrophes have not been fulfilled. China has exceeded expectations by healing her wounds instead of bleeding to death from them. Time has been curiously unkind to the forlorn Jeremiahs.

NATURALLY, the National Government had its spurs to win. It won them by cleaving to a policy based on the amelioration of the lot of the people. I am happy to say that the Generalissimo and I have been receiving good reports, from widely separated centers, of the success of the work being carried on under committees or representatives of the Foreign Missionary body and the New Life Movement. Programs of practical help have been initiated and carried out; clinics established for drug addicts, for sufferers from trachoma; midwifery schools created; many measures for the general good of the people furthered.

For a time the new government had to continue to fight the war lords. But the last one was driven from Peking in 1928. That was Chang Tso-lin, and his assassination is another story. The evidence points to persons within the ken of the Japanese as the perpetrators of that outrage.

The task of winning to its side various provincial leaders throughout the country was of course an onerous one. There were serious sporadic outbreaks against the National Government. But, for the first time in the modern history of my country, people were found siding more and more with the central government as against the opposing militarist.

The battles that were fought after 1927 might reasonably come under the heading of civil wars. But the region governed from Nanking, thenceforth the headquarters of the National Government, expanded until virtually the whole country came under its jurisdiction.

In the autumn of 1936 there remained only the provinces of Kwangtung and Kwangsi, which, though professing allegiance to Nanking, complied with its orders grudgingly and only when the leaders in those provinces felt that the orders suited them.

That is, in brief, our story of achievement.

Considering that China overthrew a dynasty, then successfully combated the various elements that endeavored to seize authority by force, and at the same time maintained national entity, do not the results compare more than favorably with what happened in some Occidental countries when the fate of the nation was decided by revolution?

You cannot apply foreign standards to China, in her stage of transformation, if you are to obtain a reliable estimate.

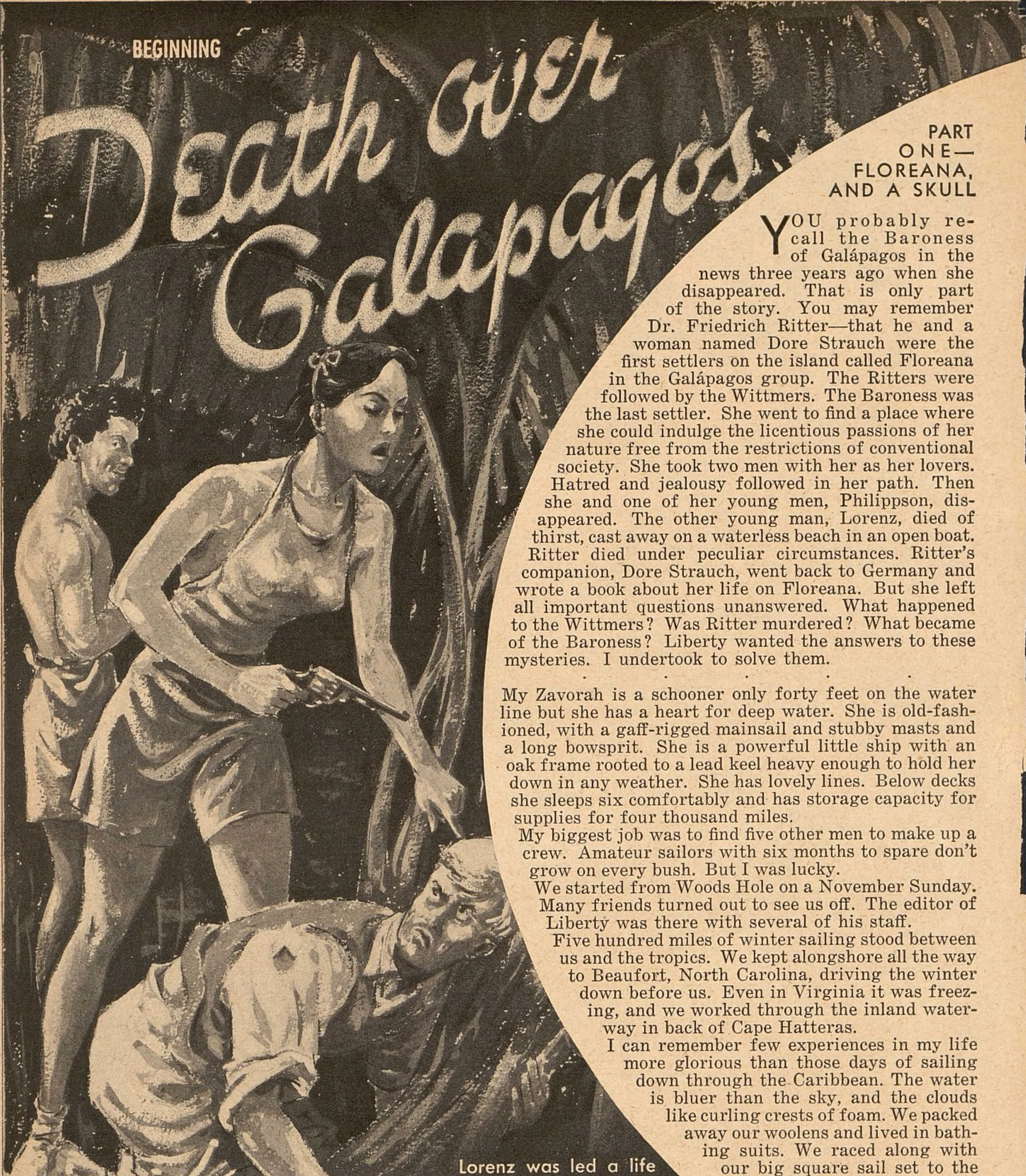
China must be measured by Chinese standards, with accurate knowledge of her immediate as well as her ancient past to serve as a yardstick.

THE END

BEGINNING

Death over Galápagos

PART ONE—FLOREANA, AND A SKULL



Lorenz was led a life of torture—was forced to do the menial work.

YOU probably recall the Baroness of Galápagos in the news three years ago when she disappeared. That is only part of the story. You may remember Dr. Friedrich Ritter—that he and a woman named Dore Strauch were the first settlers on the island called Floreana in the Galápagos group. The Ritters were followed by the Wittmers. The Baroness was the last settler. She went to find a place where she could indulge the licentious passions of her nature free from the restrictions of conventional society. She took two men with her as her lovers. Hatred and jealousy followed in her path. Then she and one of her young men, Philippson, disappeared. The other young man, Lorenz, died of thirst, cast away on a waterless beach in an open boat. Ritter died under peculiar circumstances. Ritter's companion, Dore Strauch, went back to Germany and wrote a book about her life on Floreana. But she left all important questions unanswered. What happened to the Wittmers? Was Ritter murdered? What became of the Baroness? Liberty wanted the answers to these mysteries. I undertook to solve them.

. . . . .

My Zavorah is a schooner only forty feet on the water line but she has a heart for deep water. She is old-fashioned, with a gaff-rigged mainsail and stubby masts and a long bowsprit. She is a powerful little ship with an oak frame rooted to a lead keel heavy enough to hold her down in any weather. She has lovely lines. Below decks she sleeps six comfortably and has storage capacity for supplies for four thousand miles.

My biggest job was to find five other men to make up a crew. Amateur sailors with six months to spare don't grow on every bush. But I was lucky.

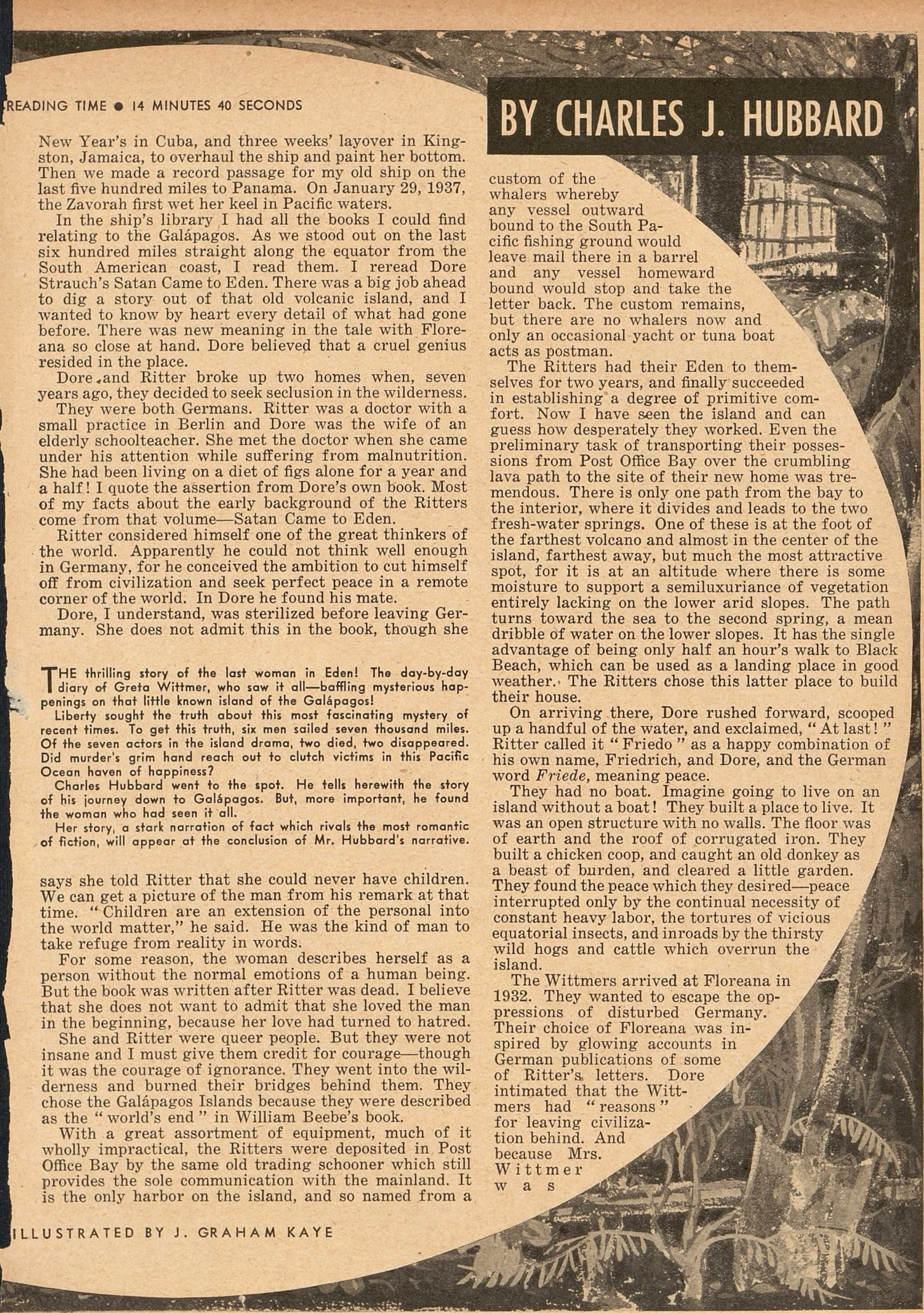
We started from Woods Hole on a November Sunday. Many friends turned out to see us off. The editor of Liberty was there with several of his staff.

Five hundred miles of winter sailing stood between us and the tropics. We kept alongshore all the way to Beaufort, North Carolina, driving the winter down before us. Even in Virginia it was freezing, and we worked through the inland waterway in back of Cape Hatteras.

I can remember few experiences in my life more glorious than those days of sailing down through the Caribbean. The water is bluer than the sky, and the clouds like curling crests of foam. We packed away our woolens and lived in bathing suits. We raced along with our big square sail set to the steady trades.

Christmas we spent at sea,

Liberty throws new light on a sensational mystery of the Pacific! Here is the story of six who sailed in search of the truth — and what they found!



READING TIME ● 14 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

BY CHARLES J. HUBBARD

New Year's in Cuba, and three weeks' layover in Kingston, Jamaica, to overhaul the ship and paint her bottom. Then we made a record passage for my old ship on the last five hundred miles to Panama. On January 29, 1937, the Zavorah first wet her keel in Pacific waters.

In the ship's library I had all the books I could find relating to the Galápagos. As we stood out on the last six hundred miles straight along the equator from the South American coast, I read them. I reread Dore Strauch's Satan Came to Eden. There was a big job ahead to dig a story out of that old volcanic island, and I wanted to know by heart every detail of what had gone before. There was new meaning in the tale with Floreana so close at hand. Dore believed that a cruel genius resided in the place.

Dore and Ritter broke up two homes when, seven years ago, they decided to seek seclusion in the wilderness.

They were both Germans. Ritter was a doctor with a small practice in Berlin and Dore was the wife of an elderly schoolteacher. She met the doctor when she came under his attention while suffering from malnutrition. She had been living on a diet of figs alone for a year and a half! I quote the assertion from Dore's own book. Most of my facts about the early background of the Ritters come from that volume—Satan Came to Eden.

Ritter considered himself one of the great thinkers of the world. Apparently he could not think well enough in Germany, for he conceived the ambition to cut himself off from civilization and seek perfect peace in a remote corner of the world. In Dore he found his mate.

Dore, I understand, was sterilized before leaving Germany. She does not admit this in the book, though she says she told Ritter that she could never have children. We can get a picture of the man from his remark at that time. "Children are an extension of the personal into the world matter," he said. He was the kind of man to take refuge from reality in words.

THE thrilling story of the last woman in Eden! The day-by-day diary of Greta Wittmer, who saw it all—baffling mysterious happenings on that little known island of the Galápagos!

Liberty sought the truth about this most fascinating mystery of recent times. To get this truth, six men sailed seven thousand miles. Of the seven actors in the island drama, two died, two disappeared. Did murder's grim hand reach out to clutch victims in this Pacific Ocean haven of happiness?

Charles Hubbard went to the spot. He tells herewith the story of his journey down to Galápagos. But, more important, he found the woman who had seen it all.

Her story, a stark narration of fact which rivals the most romantic of fiction, will appear at the conclusion of Mr. Hubbard's narrative.

For some reason, the woman describes herself as a person without the normal emotions of a human being. But the book was written after Ritter was dead. I believe that she does not want to admit that she loved the man in the beginning, because her love had turned to hatred.

She and Ritter were queer people. But they were not insane and I must give them credit for courage—though it was the courage of ignorance. They went into the wilderness and burned their bridges behind them. They chose the Galápagos Islands because they were described as the "world's end" in William Beebe's book.

With a great assortment of equipment, much of it wholly impractical, the Ritters were deposited in Post Office Bay by the same old trading schooner which still provides the sole communication with the mainland. It is the only harbor on the island, and so named from a custom of the whalers whereby any vessel outward bound to the South Pacific fishing ground would leave mail there in a barrel and any vessel homeward bound would stop and take the letter back. The custom remains, but there are no whalers now and only an occasional yacht or tuna boat acts as postman.

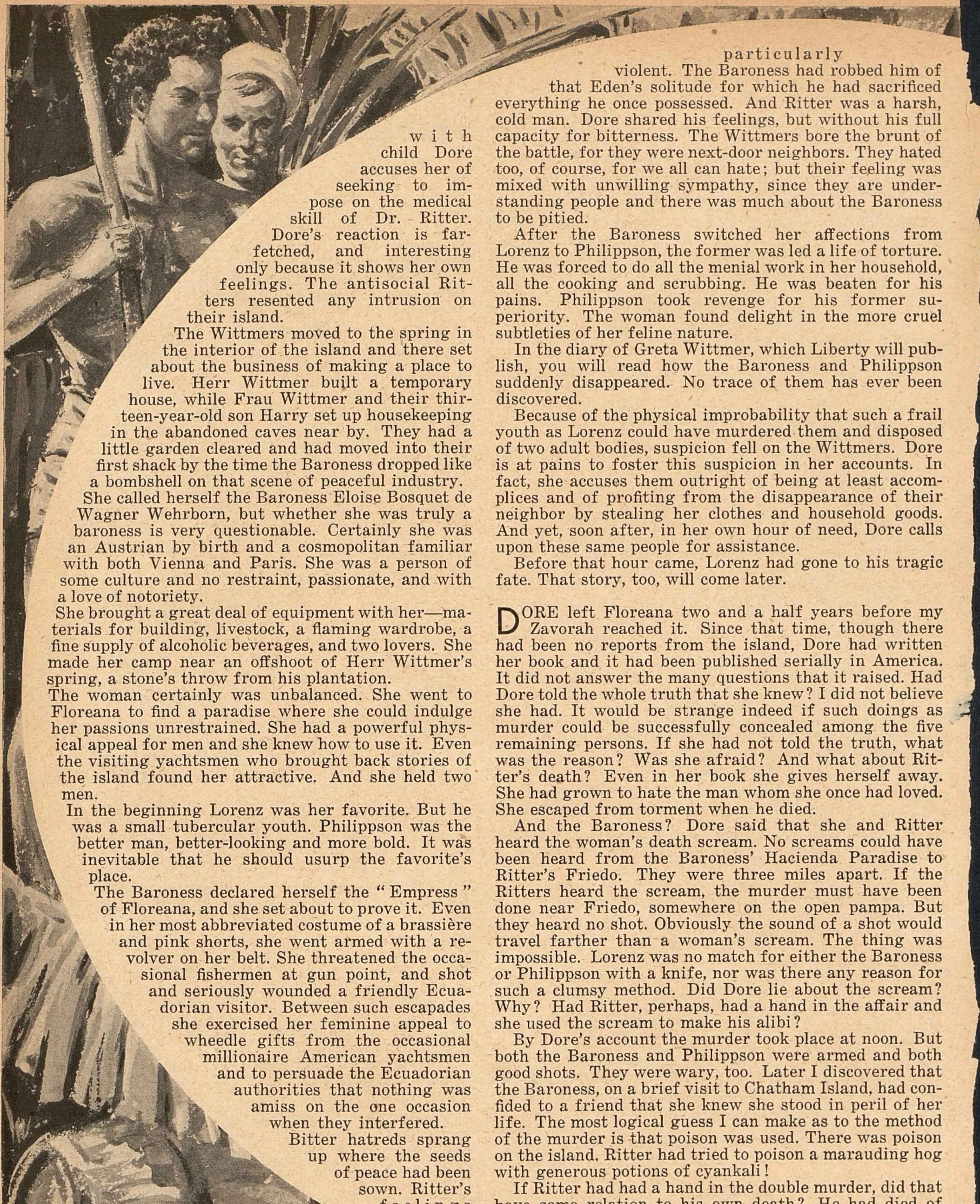
The Ritters had their Eden to themselves for two years, and finally succeeded in establishing a degree of primitive comfort. Now I have seen the island and can guess how desperately they worked. Even the preliminary task of transporting their possessions from Post Office Bay over the crumbling lava path to the site of their new home was tremendous. There is only one path from the bay to the interior, where it divides and leads to the two fresh-water springs. One of these is at the foot of the farthest volcano and almost in the center of the island, farthest away, but much the most attractive spot, for it is at an altitude where there is some moisture to support a semiluxuriance of vegetation entirely lacking on the lower arid slopes. The path turns toward the sea to the second spring, a mean dribble of water on the lower slopes. It has the single advantage of being only half an hour's walk to Black Beach, which can be used as a landing place in good weather. The Ritters chose this latter place to build their house.

On arriving there, Dore rushed forward, scooped up a handful of the water, and exclaimed, "At last!" Ritter called it "Friedo" as a happy combination of his own name, Friedrich, and Dore, and the German word *Friede,* meaning peace.

They had no boat. Imagine going to live on an island without a boat! They built a place to live. It was an open structure with no walls. The floor was of earth and the roof of corrugated iron. They built a chicken coop, and caught an old donkey as a beast of burden, and cleared a little garden. They found the peace which they desired—peace interrupted only by the continual necessity of constant heavy labor, the tortures of vicious equatorial insects, and inroads by the thirsty wild hogs and cattle which overrun the island.

The Wittmers arrived at Floreana in 1932. They wanted to escape the oppressions of disturbed Germany. Their choice of Floreana was inspired by glowing accounts in German publications of some of Ritter's letters. Dore intimated that the Wittmers had "reasons" for leaving civilization behind. And because Mrs. Wittmer was

ILLUSTRATED BY J. GRAHAM KAYE



with child Dore accuses her of seeking to impose on the medical skill of Dr. Ritter. Dore's reaction is far-fetched, and interesting only because it shows her own feelings. The antisocial Ritters resented any intrusion on their island.

The Wittmers moved to the spring in the interior of the island and there set about the business of making a place to live. Herr Wittmer built a temporary house, while Frau Wittmer and their thirteen-year-old son Harry set up housekeeping in the abandoned caves near by. They had a little garden cleared and had moved into their first shack by the time the Baroness dropped like a bombshell on that scene of peaceful industry.

She called herself the Baroness Eloise Bosquet de Wagner Wehrborn, but whether she was truly a baroness is very questionable. Certainly she was an Austrian by birth and a cosmopolitan familiar with both Vienna and Paris. She was a person of some culture and no restraint, passionate, and with a love of notoriety.

She brought a great deal of equipment with her—materials for building, livestock, a flaming wardrobe, a fine supply of alcoholic beverages, and two lovers. She made her camp near an offshoot of Herr Wittmer's spring, a stone's throw from his plantation.

The woman certainly was unbalanced. She went to Floreana to find a paradise where she could indulge her passions unrestrained. She had a powerful physical appeal for men and she knew how to use it. Even the visiting yachtsmen who brought back stories of the island found her attractive. And she held two men.

In the beginning Lorenz was her favorite. But he was a small tubercular youth. Philippson was the better man, better-looking and more bold. It was inevitable that he should usurp the favorite's place.

The Baroness declared herself the "Empress" of Floreana, and she set about to prove it. Even in her most abbreviated costume of a brassière and pink shorts, she went armed with a revolver on her belt. She threatened the occasional fishermen at gun point, and shot and seriously wounded a friendly Ecuadorian visitor. Between such escapades she exercised her feminine appeal to wheedle gifts from the occasional millionaire American yachtsmen and to persuade the Ecuadorian authorities that nothing was amiss on the one occasion when they interfered.

Bitter hatreds sprang up where the seeds of peace had been sown. Ritter's feelings were particularly violent. The Baroness had robbed him of that Eden's solitude for which he had sacrificed everything he once possessed. And Ritter was a harsh, cold man. Dore shared his feelings, but without his full capacity for bitterness. The Wittmers bore the brunt of the battle, for they were next-door neighbors. They hated too, of course, for we all can hate; but their feeling was mixed with unwilling sympathy, since they are understanding people and there was much about the Baroness to be pitied.

After the Baroness switched her affections from Lorenz to Philippson, the former was led a life of torture. He was forced to do all the menial work in her household, all the cooking and scrubbing. He was beaten for his pains. Philippson took revenge for his former superiority. The woman found delight in the more cruel subtleties of her feline nature.

In the diary of Greta Wittmer, which Liberty will publish, you will read how the Baroness and Philippson suddenly disappeared. No trace of them has ever been discovered.

Because of the physical improbability that such a frail youth as Lorenz could have murdered them and disposed of two adult bodies, suspicion fell on the Wittmers. Dore is at pains to foster this suspicion in her accounts. In fact, she accuses them outright of being at least accomplices and of profiting from the disappearance of their neighbor by stealing her clothes and household goods. And yet, soon after, in her own hour of need, Dore calls upon these same people for assistance.

Before that hour came, Lorenz had gone to his tragic fate. That story, too, will come later.

DORE left Floreana two and a half years before my Zavorah reached it. Since that time, though there had been no reports from the island, Dore had written her book and it had been published serially in America. It did not answer the many questions that it raised. Had Dore told the whole truth that she knew? I did not believe she had. It would be strange indeed if such doings as murder could be successfully concealed among the five remaining persons. If she had not told the truth, what was the reason? Was she afraid? And what about Ritter's death? Even in her book she gives herself away. She had grown to hate the man whom she once had loved. She escaped from torment when he died.

And the Baroness? Dore said that she and Ritter heard the woman's death scream. No screams could have been heard from the Baroness' Hacienda Paradise to Ritter's Friedo. They were three miles apart. If the Ritters heard the scream, the murder must have been done near Friedo, somewhere on the open pampa. But they heard no shot. Obviously the sound of a shot would travel farther than a woman's scream. The thing was impossible. Lorenz was no match for either the Baroness or Philippson with a knife, nor was there any reason for such a clumsy method. Did Dore lie about the scream? Why? Had Ritter, perhaps, had a hand in the affair and she used the scream to make his alibi?

By Dore's account the murder took place at noon. But both the Baroness and Philippson were armed and both good shots. They were wary, too. Later I discovered that the Baroness, on a brief visit to Chatham Island, had confided to a friend that she knew she stood in peril of her life. The most logical guess I can make as to the method of the murder is that poison was used. There was poison on the island. Ritter had tried to poison a marauding hog with generous potions of cyankali!

If Ritter had had a hand in the double murder, did that have some relation to his own death? He had died of poisoning. By Dore's account, they had both eaten one spoonful of a broth made from a sick fowl. Is it conceivable that one should die while the other remained unharmed? Suppose Dore knew that Ritter already had been involved in one murder. Was there any significance in the fact that she removed his revolver from his bedside in his dying moments? Or that she did not call the Wittmers' help till the doctor was so paralyzed he could no longer speak?

Undoubtedly Wittmer was the key problem. He must know the truth. My problem was to find some way to persuade him to talk. It would be difficult enough merely to converse at all; for Wittmer was German and none of us spoke more than a few disconnected words in that language. Probably Wittmer spoke no English. And if it was true that his wife had left him, he was most likely a morose kind of hermit with no inclinations for company of any kind. Then my imagination ran ahead of me. What could I expect to find on that lonely island?

Dore Strauch had branded Wittmer as an accomplice in murder, if not an actual murderer himself. He had blood on his hands, I thought, and for two years he had been alone to brood about it. Why had his wife left him, if not because he had become too dangerous for human companionship? And I had come to ferret out the truth about the crime! If he was guilty he would be suspicious. If he was suspicious he would be more than dangerous.

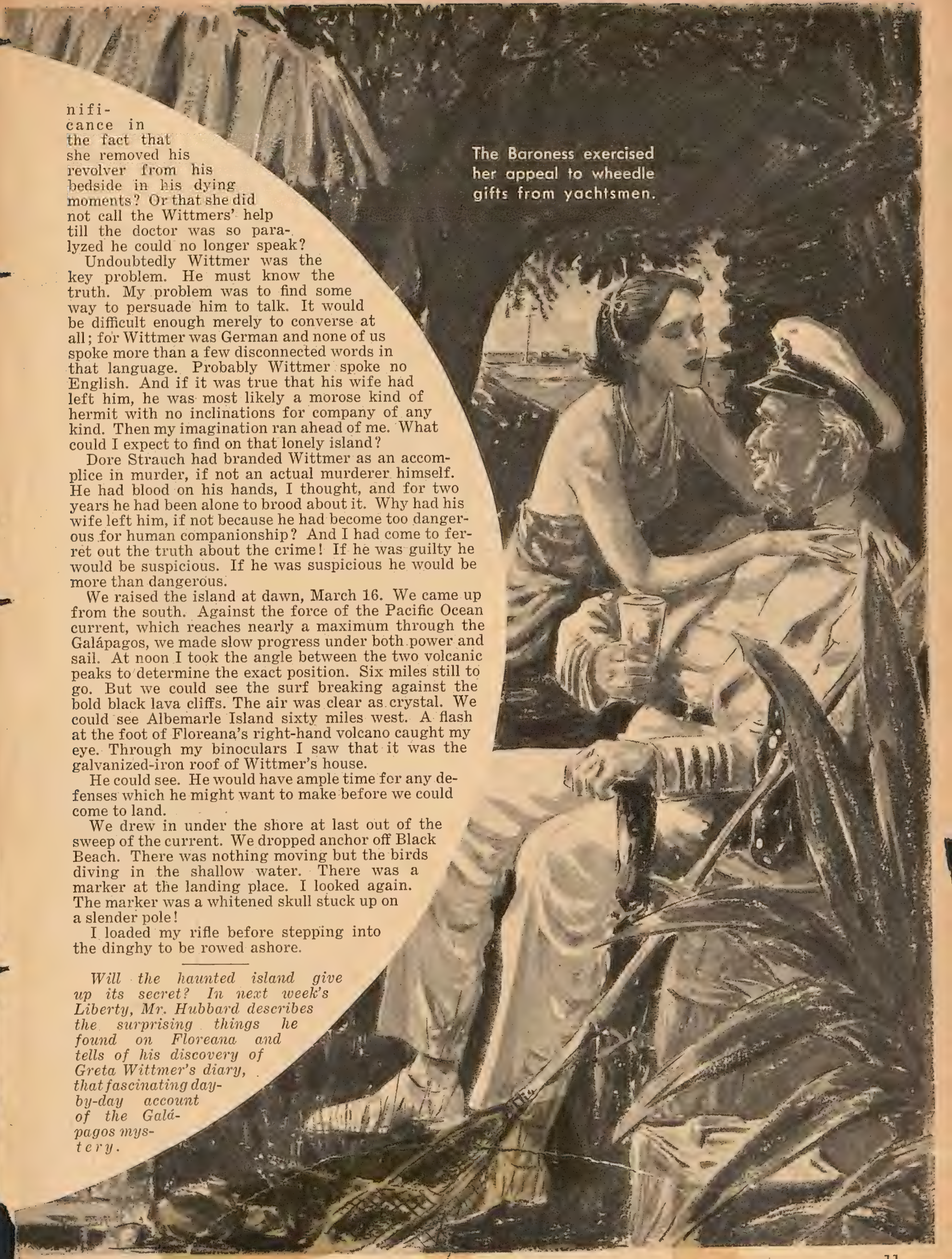
We raised the island at dawn, March 16. We came up from the south. Against the force of the Pacific Ocean current, which reaches nearly a maximum through the Galápagos, we made slow progress under both power and sail. At noon I took the angle between the two volcanic peaks to determine the exact position. Six miles still to go. But we could see the surf breaking against the bold black lava cliffs. The air was clear as crystal. We could see Albemarle Island sixty miles west. A flash at the foot of Floreana's right-hand volcano caught my eye. Through my binoculars I saw that it was the galvanized-iron roof of Wittmer's house.

He could see. He would have ample time for any defenses which he might want to make before we could come to land.

We drew in under the shore at last out of the sweep of the current. We dropped anchor off Black Beach. There was nothing moving but the birds diving in the shallow water. There was a marker at the landing place. I looked again. The marker was a whitened skull stuck up on a slender pole!

I loaded my rifle before stepping into the dinghy to be rowed ashore.

Will the haunted island give up its secret? In next week's Liberty, Mr. Hubbard describes the surprising things he found on Floreana and tells of his discovery of Greta Wittmer's diary, that fascinating day-by-day account of the Galápagos mystery.



The Baroness exercised her appeal to wheedle gifts from yachtsmen.

Mysterious Ways

By ETHEL DOHERTY and LOUISE LONG

ILLUSTRATED BY JOSEPH NUSSDORF

A poignant tale of two against the world, and a woman's fight for happiness

READING TIME
25 MINUTES
50 SECONDS

LISSA banged the kitchen door shut and fled through the dead garden that lay on the hillside back of the old house. Her flying feet skirted the asparagus bed which Courtney had covered with straw against the winter, and she thought with painful amazement: Then I wouldn't be here to gather the asparagus next spring!

She flew up the steps in the old stone wall which guarded the orchard. The ancient gnarled trees were standing there in all their naked ugliness. Courtney had buried the blighted fruit; the ground was clean and ready for the first snow. Lissa had not been able to bring herself to allow the useless trees to be cut down. They were so beautiful in spring!

The slope of the orchard rose gently toward the field beyond. Hurrying, stumbling, Lissa stopped to catch her breath, to look back at the farmhouse from which she had come. From this point it was a jumble of uneven roofs, because lean-tos and rooms had been added as the Crandalls expanded, in the century and a half of their occupancy of this Connecticut farm. Lissa knew its faults but she loved it. It held her world—Courtney and the two babies down there, safe and warm in its shelter.

"I can't do what he asks—I won't!" she cried stormily within herself, and there was hurt and anger and fear in her face.

Turning again, she rushed swiftly on toward the crest of the hill which marked the boundary of the farm—as if by running away from trouble she could conquer it. She seemed to belong to the elements as she ran. Her step was elastic on the earth's uneven surface. She was tall, streamlined, completely modern, from her slender swift feet to her sculptured head. Yet when she ran like this the wind plastered her clothes against her body exactly as it shaped the dunes on the shore, and she seemed to become simply a child of Earth.

Ahead the saplings were marching down the hill toward her, the vanguard of that second-growth forest which had been reclaiming the farm from the years of its neglect. Back of them the woodland stood on the crest, flinging a bright banner to the deep blue sky. Lissa paused, and beauty for an instant banished anger and despair in her heart. Her eyes misted with tears, and the gold and bright crimson of the autumn leaves seemed to blur and waver like dancing flames.

A strange thing happened then. She flung out her arms suddenly in a wide convulsive gesture, and cried aloud: "This far, Lord, and no farther!"

The sound of her own voice shocked her into a shamed consciousness of herself. Her arms dropped to her sides, she glanced about quickly to see if any one had heard her, and then sank down on the stony ground.

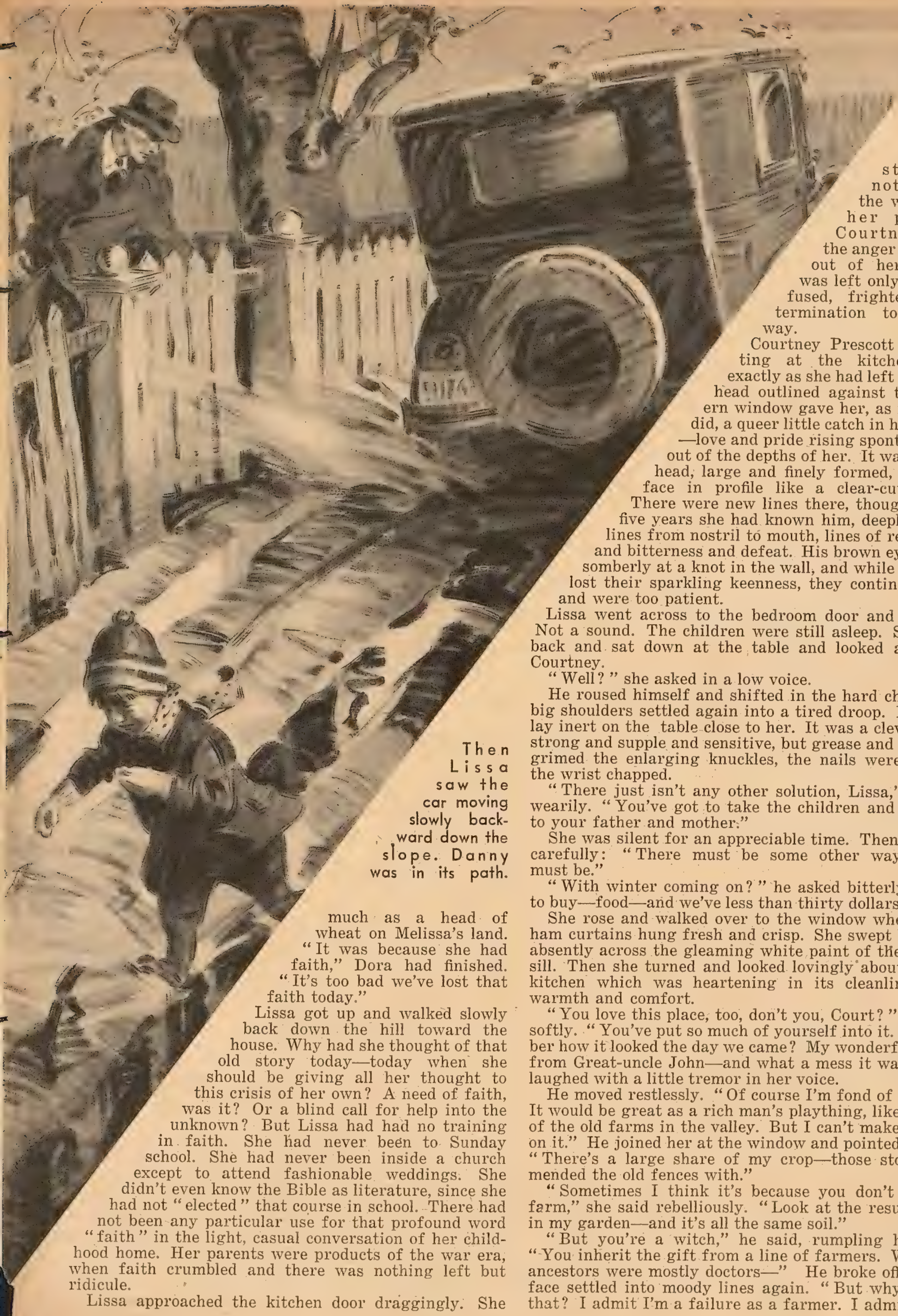
Now, why had she said that? It was Cousin Dora's story of their Great-grandmother Melissa, for whom she was named. Dora had driven east from Nebraska last summer, and one day, under the shady apple trees, she had told Lissa tales that were almost unbelievable, mystical, against a plain and solid background of toil on a Western farm.

This story had been of the day when Melissa and her baby had been alone on the vast prairies, no neighbor within twenty miles, and Great-grandfather Mack away in town. The prairie fire had appeared as a low cloud on the horizon, the wind had carried it toward her until she could see the flames in the dry buffalo grass, could taste the smoke. Still the wind carried it, leaping straight for their few acres of nodding wheat, straight for the small frame house where Melissa, with her baby at her breast, watched its inexorable coming.

Melissa began to pray, Dora had said, not frantically, not hysterically, but simply, as was her way, full of faith, knowing that she would be answered.

Full of faith, Melissa went out to meet the fire which was now a wall of flame hurling itself on the very fence posts. The heat scorched her face, but she flung her arms wide and called stanchly above the roar of the flames, "This far, Lord, and no farther!"

And then, according to the legend, the wind veered and the fire raced on across the prairie, consuming the buffalo grass for miles on end, but not harming so



Then Lissa saw the car moving slowly backward down the slope. Danny was in its path.

much as a head of wheat on Melissa's land. "It was because she had faith," Dora had finished. "It's too bad we've lost that faith today."

Lissa got up and walked slowly back down the hill toward the house. Why had she thought of that old story today—today when she should be giving all her thought to this crisis of her own? A need of faith, was it? Or a blind call for help into the unknown? But Lissa had had no training in faith. She had never been to Sunday school. She had never been inside a church except to attend fashionable weddings. She didn't even know the Bible as literature, since she had not "elected" that course in school. There had not been any particular use for that profound word "faith" in the light, casual conversation of her childhood home. Her parents were products of the war era, when faith crumbled and there was nothing left but ridicule.

Lissa approached the kitchen door draggingly. She still had not found the words for her plea to Courtney. But the anger had gone out of her. There was left only the confused, frightened determination to find a way.

Courtney Prescott was sitting at the kitchen table exactly as she had left him. His head outlined against the western window gave her, as it always did, a queer little catch in her throat—love and pride rising spontaneously out of the depths of her. It was a noble head, large and finely formed, with the face in profile like a clear-cut cameo. There were new lines there, though, in the five years she had known him, deeply carved lines from nostril to mouth, lines of repression and bitterness and defeat. His brown eyes gazed somberly at a knot in the wall, and while they had lost their sparkling keenness, they continued kind and were too patient.

Lissa went across to the bedroom door and listened. Not a sound. The children were still asleep. She came back and sat down at the table and looked across at Courtney.

"Well?" she asked in a low voice.

He roused himself and shifted in the hard chair. His big shoulders settled again into a tired droop. His hand lay inert on the table close to her. It was a clever hand, strong and supple and sensitive, but grease and coal dust grimed the enlarging knuckles, the nails were broken, the wrist chapped.

"There just isn't any other solution, Lissa," he said wearily. "You've got to take the children and go home to your father and mother."

She was silent for an appreciable time. Then she said carefully: "There must be some other way. There must be."

"With winter coming on?" he asked bitterly. "Coal to buy—food—and we've less than thirty dollars."

She rose and walked over to the window where gingham curtains hung fresh and crisp. She swept her hand absently across the gleaming white paint of the window sill. Then she turned and looked lovingly about the big kitchen which was heartening in its cleanliness and warmth and comfort.

"You love this place, too, don't you, Court?" she said softly. "You've put so much of yourself into it. Remember how it looked the day we came? My wonderful legacy from Great-uncle John—and what a mess it was!" She laughed with a little tremor in her voice.

He moved restlessly. "Of course I'm fond of it, Lissa. It would be great as a rich man's plaything, like the rest of the old farms in the valley. But I can't make a living on it." He joined her at the window and pointed outside. "There's a large share of my crop—those stones I've mended the old fences with."

"Sometimes I think it's because you don't want to farm," she said rebelliously. "Look at the results I get in my garden—and it's all the same soil."

"But you're a witch," he said, rumpling her hair. "You inherit the gift from a line of farmers. While my ancestors were mostly doctors—" He broke off and his face settled into moody lines again. "But why go into that? I admit I'm a failure as a farmer. I admit I can't keep a job in a garage if there's a real mechanic to be hired—"

"But, darling," she broke in quickly, "you were so splendid—giving up Medical School for me when the baby was on the way, coming up to the farm with me and plunging into the work here. You weren't afraid then—why are you now?"

"Because I'm licked. The money's all used up and no more jobs to be had, with the summer people gone. Not even WPA—because you're known to be Eli Crandall's daughter, and I'm supposed to be supported by your rich relatives."

He turned away but not before she saw the desperate look in his eyes. He stood jingling the few coins in his pocket and then swung back suddenly. "I can't see any other way out—but for you to take the children down to them for the winter."

"Court—now, don't get mad—why can't we borrow from my father to tide us over?"

"I won't start that!" he almost shouted. "Not when I can't be sure of paying back. I've never taken a cent from your father and I never shall!"

"No," she said wearily, "you wouldn't, I suppose, after what he said the day we were married." She smiled crookedly at him. "The only cliché I ever heard him make."

"'You've made your bed,'" Courtney quoted grimly, "'and now you can lie in it.' I remember it sounded absurdly old-fashioned at the time."

She nodded. "He was so angry he forgot to be smart and sarcastic. Think what a target I should be, if I did go back to them. It was bad enough when I was little. He thought it 'quaint' when I hated his and mother's drinking, when I'd beg her not to get tight when she went on a party."

She seized a glass from the sink, carrying it as if she were slopping liquid from it as she walked, her soft sweet mouth distorted into a sardonic twist. Courtney recognized the portrait of her father with his inevitable highball in hand as she mimicked:

"'So, Lissa, my child, the back-to-the-farm movement was as stupid as I warned you it would be—'" She stopped and set down the glass and looked pleadingly at Courtney. "He'd find plenty to make fun of—the farm and you—everything I love. It's Babbittry to him—the sort of thing he ridicules in his articles."

"Couldn't you put up with it," Courtney asked, "for just a few months? Just till I can get on my feet, find a job somewhere—"

"But it would stretch on and on—forever. What can you find to do that you haven't done here to make a living? Pretty soon I'd be looked on as a gay divorcee by their crowd. Court, I want us to stay together! I want us to stay *here!*"

"YOU don't trust me"—he was looking at her penetratingly—"to find a way out of the jam. You don't believe I can go off and make a place for myself—for all of us."

"Of course I do," she said quickly, but her eyes did not meet his.

He stared down at her a moment longer, then turned and started to pace the room. "Just how," he threw at her, "do you think we can stay here and not let the children freeze and starve to death?"

"I told you. Borrow from father—"

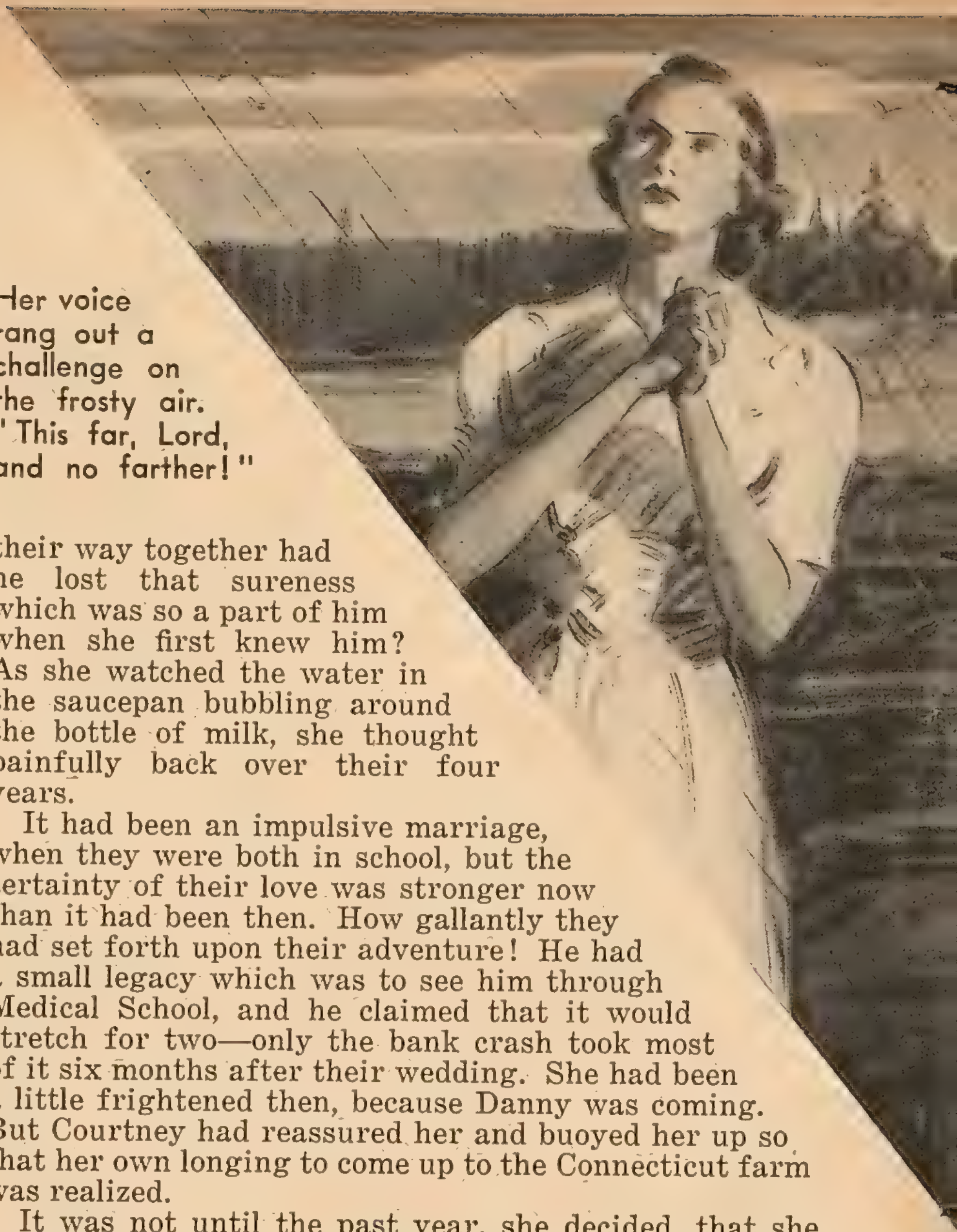
He stopped squarely in his tracks. "He's not going to support *me*—and that's that! Leave me a remnant of something to respect in myself, Lissa, for God's sake—"

There was the sound of a soft thud on the bedroom floor, followed by a gurgle and a shout of laughter. They both knew the sounds—that would be the baby waking up and throwing her bunny out of the crib, and Danny grabbing it and batting it all around the room.

"I must warm her milk," Lissa said with a sigh, going over to the stove.

"I sterilized the bottle," Courtney said, jerking on his coat as he went to the door.

Lissa looked after him, her lips quivering as she thought of the many humble, patient duties he performed for herself and the children. He was so good, he worked so hard, but some way he just didn't click. Where along their way together had he lost that sureness which was so a part of him when she first knew him? As she watched the water in the saucepan bubbling around the bottle of milk, she thought painfully back over their four years.



Her voice rang out a challenge on the frosty air. "This far, Lord, and no farther!"

It had been an impulsive marriage, when they were both in school, but the certainty of their love was stronger now than it had been then. How gallantly they had set forth upon their adventure! He had a small legacy which was to see him through Medical School, and he claimed that it would stretch for two—only the bank crash took most of it six months after their wedding. She had been a little frightened then, because Danny was coming. But Courtney had reassured her and buoyed her up so that her own longing to come up to the Connecticut farm was realized.

It was not until the past year, she decided, that she had discovered he was not to be depended upon because he failed so often. But he must not know she had lost her faith in him—that was important.

Such thoughts were treason to her love, and to stop them she rushed into the bedroom and gathered up the laughing tousled little Mary, and shooed Danny of the mischievous eyes into the kitchen. As she fed the baby from the bottle and gave Danny cookies to eat, she watched Courtney through the kitchen window. He was clearing the last rubbish from the bleak remnants of their garden in his neat orderly fashion. He paused, shivering in the growing chill, and buttoned his coat more tightly about him. Lissa saw how very thin he was getting, how tired his face was. She wanted to put her arms about him and protect him as she was protecting the children.

She felt precariously alone, unsupported but responsible—heavily responsible. She knew that she and she alone had to hold this little family together. Could she do it alone? There must be some help somewhere. Not in her parents. Not any longer in Courtney. But she must have help—she must have help. . . .

Melissa had known how to get it, even when a prairie fire was roaring down upon her home. Cousin Dora said that was having faith. How did one grope through to a faith like that? Where did one begin? Doubt assailed her. Was it a possibility yesterday—and not today? Times had changed so much!

She could conjure up no vision of the traditional Sunday-school God—a Person in flowing robes and whiskers, His feet on the clouds, His voice the thunder—for such a vision had not been implanted within her as a child. But for four years there had grown in her an awareness of a Presence in the manifestations of beauty and power in the changing seasons on the farm. There had been many moments of communion, amounting to ecstasy, between herself and Something she could not name. Vague as the legend had been in detail, the implication became clear to Lissa as she dwelt upon it that she might appeal to the same Power Melissa knew.

She began her appeal in those moments of swift beauty, when the sunset flamed over the Berkshires, when she thrilled to the strength of the autumn wind, breasting it as she ran down from the wood lot; when she felt the beat of rain on her face and surrendered to it even as did the parched earth at her feet.

"Help me, Lord. Help me to keep our home."

She did not stipulate the way in which it was to be done. Her cry was more inarticulate than that.

Soon the constant plea went about with her as she worked, silently, over and over. She commanded herself to have faith—and that meant she must not be afraid, not ever, for one instant. It was hard, for panic seemed to wait to jump out at her from the shadows when she was very tired.

Sometimes she cried despairingly: "Melissa, Melissa, tell me your secret! Your blood is in me. Tell me!"

Listening, she heard only the cry of little Mary. She was so alone.

She studied the daguerreotype of Melissa and the two yellowed letters which Dora had brought her.

"You have her name," Dora had said sentimentally, "and you should keep these for your children."

Melissa in the daguerreotype was a quaint figure with too-abundant hair smoothly parted in front and held in a net at the nape of her neck. But from her large serious eyes and unsmiling face came no inspiration for Lissa.

The letters were no better. They were pious, stilted, written from the Western farm to her mother in the East. ". . . Our son is better of his cough, praise the Lord. . . . My husband sold his hogs for a good price. . . . Our good neighbor returned the money, praise be to God. We trusted him when no one else would, since we must have faith in our fellow man, God's creature. . . ."

"There's no help here," Lissa told herself, and put away the letters and the daguerreotype. "It's up to me to find the way myself."

To Courtney she said: "Give me as much time as you dare. When we're down to our last few cents, and if nothing has happened—"

"Of course, Lissa," he responded quickly. "I'm looking all the time for a job. But they're laying off men as winter comes on."

The days shortened so that they fairly flew toward that dread dead line of winter. The coalbin had long since been scraped clean. Courtney cut wood every day up in the wood lot and dragged it down to the kitchen; just enough for each day's use. It would have helped Lissa's experiment in faith if he had piled it high enough to last the winter. Every day he tramped to town, five miles away, looking for a job.

One day during his absence a handsome car wove its way up the rutted lane. A man in a fine overcoat jumped out.

When Lissa answered his knock, he said, "Is this the old Crandall place?"

"Yes. Won't you come in?"

"If I may." He stepped into the entrance hall and his eyes went straight to the hand-hewn beams. "I'm interested in old houses," he explained. "I heard this was built in 1769."

"Yes," Lissa said. "We have the old deeds and the original grant of land to my family and—"

"Perfect, perfect!" the visitor murmured ecstatically, and remembered to give her his card.

It told her nothing, but Lissa knew the type—he was probably writing a book about old houses. She let him wander through the rooms and exclaim over the cavernous fireplaces, the uneven floors worn smooth and glossy with the years.

He objected to the unsightly lean-tos of later years and said thoughtfully: "But of course those could be removed. The original plan was really excellent, excellent!"

Even that comment failed to prepare Lissa for what followed. The stranger was exploring the cellar when Courtney came home. She had stayed in the kitchen with the children, and did not have time to explain the visitor to Courtney when the man reappeared up the cellar stairs.

"Plenty of room for a furnace," he was saying, and then stopped on seeing Courtney. "Mr. Prescott, is it? Your wife has been most kind in letting me see the house. I want to buy it—if I can induce you to sell."

Courtney and Lissa both understood now. Theirs was the last of the pre-Revolution houses in the valley. All the others had been bought, then restored or remodeled, by wealthy people from New York.

LISSA caught the gleam of hope in Courtney's eyes. She felt a surge of hot anger.

"Sell it?" she said explosively. "I wouldn't think of it!"

"Of course the soil is worn out," the man went on; "no good for farming—and the house will be a heavy expense to make livable. However, I'm prepared to pay a steep price for its antiquity."

"No, no, you don't understand!" Lissa cried. "It's our home. Our roots are here. It's the one thing I won't give up."

She was almost hysterical. Courtney took the matter in hand and hurried the visitor back to his car. When he came back into the house he said thoughtfully:

"Seemed almost as if he was an answer to prayer."

"Court, how can you say that? What good would a few dollars do—without our home? We'd just eat up the money—and then what?"

Courtney rescued the cooky jar from Danny's greedy fingers and said, almost under his breath: "Don't think much of my capability, do you?"

"Of course I do! If we just stay on here, you'll get a job. Or—or something."

He said nothing more, and presently she saw him carrying an armload of books from the living room and putting them in a wheelbarrow.

"What are you doing, Court?"

"I've got a chance to sell my medical books to a chap going up to college next year. He'll give me five dollars for them."

"Five dollars! Just one book cost that!"

"Every little bit helps," he said, cheerfully enough, and went off down the lane.

Lissa looked after him. "Help me, Lord," she said monotonously. "Help me to keep our home."

A letter came from her mother. They had just moved into a new apartment; it was much larger, and it put her in mind that Lissa had never paid her a real visit. How about coming down for the winter? She was planning a series of parties which Lissa would enjoy *so much*. . . .

Lissa said to Courtney, tight-lipped, "You've written her, asking this."

"No," he said painfully. "I couldn't do that. I left it to you."

"We're not going," Lissa said stubbornly, and continued her constant silent prayer.

The day after the first snowfall, Courtney said quietly:

"There's just enough money left to buy gasoline to New York. Abner Parsons will lend me his old car for the work I've done on it. We'd better go tomorrow."

"Tomorrow!" Lissa echoed. "Oh, I can't!"

"It won't take us long to pack what you need," he said, his face white and strained. "Your mother won't give houseroom to the clothes you and the children have."

He almost shouted, "I've never taken a cent from your father and I never shall!"

In the end it was he who packed the suitcases. Lissa moved above dumbly, attending to the children, cooking the food, but making no preparations for departure.

"The fire is a black cloud on the horizon," she said incomprehensibly to Courtney in the dawn of the last day. She was looking out toward the hills where they loomed darkly against the faint flush in the sky.

He put his arm about her and felt her tenseness, her aloofness. He tried to be cheerful: "Listen, darling—it's only for a few months—"

"It's the beginning of the end," she said, moving away from him.

Courtney went down to the neighboring farm and brought the old car sneezing and bucking up the hill in the sharp air. He tinkered with it a while, and then got the suitcases he had packed and stowed them away on the back seat. He buttoned Danny into the little coat Lissa had made from one of his. Then he looked at Lissa, sitting there in the kitchen feeding the baby.

"We'd better get started," he said gently. "I'll be back to clean up."

Lissa rose dully and put down the empty bottle. Courtney brought her worn old fur coat and held it for her. She wrapped the baby in blankets and carried her as if in a stupor, with Courtney guiding her through the door.

She heard him lock it behind her. Outside the gate Danny was scampering about the car, grabbing up handfuls of the fast-disappearing snow to throw at it. Lissa raised her eyes to the woodland on the crest of the hill, brown and sere in the sparkling morning. She took a step or two toward it. Her head went up, her voice rang out a challenge on the frosty air:

"This far, Lord, and *no farther!*"

She waited defiantly for the miracle. Mary, in her arms, began to whimper, squirming about uncomfortably. Courtney put his arm about his wife, disturbed and anxious.

"Lissa, Lissa—" His voice changed suddenly to an alarmed shout: "Danny! Look out!"

The next instant he was running swiftly toward the gate. Then Lissa saw the car moving slowly backward down the slope. Danny was directly in its path. He started to run down the road. The car's speed was accelerated on the steep hill. Before Courtney could reach it, it had knocked the little fellow down and rolled on to the old stone wall, where it stopped with a loud crash of crumpled fenders.

Courtney was gathering the child up in his arms; then he was striding toward her where she stood, frozen, with Mary clamoring against her shoulder.

"Hand brake collapsed," he said swiftly. "Unlock the door, Lissa. Key's here in my overcoat pocket. Hurry."

SHE fumbled for the key. "Is he—is he dead?" she gasped.

"No," he said, "but hurry."

She saw blood dripping from the small leg dangling over Courtney's arm as she stumbled after him into the house.

He laid the child on the kitchen table and swiftly undressed him. "Get the fire going, Lissa," he ordered over his shoulder. "Hot water."

There was authority in that voice. Automatically she moved to obey. She set the baby in her high chair, where she cried forlornly, unheeded.

Danny lay unconscious while his father's knowing hands explored every inch of his fair little body.

"He may have a slight concussion," he said when Lissa brought hot water. "His leg is broken. I'll set it while he's under. Get me bandages."

She shuddered over the blood, and he said comfortingly: "Just a scratch. The break is clean. Find some smooth bits of kindling for me to make splints."

She found her fear subsiding as she worked. Courtney was so calm, so sure. His eyes were keen, his face beautiful with the confidence that came of knowledge.

"The bumper knocked him down," he explained, working swiftly, "but the wheels never touched him. . . . He's coming to. Bring a basin—he might lose his breakfast, but don't let that scare you."

She sat down weakly and watched him. Danny began to cry, but Courtney soothed him and would not let him be afraid. The shining confidence of the man entered into the child. It flowed through Lissa, sitting there.

After a while Courtney said to Danny: "Now you're going to have a nice sleep, old man." He lifted the child and Lissa roused herself to go into the bedroom and help to make him comfortable in his little bed. Then Courtney found Mary asleep in her high chair, worn out with crying, and tucked her in her crib.

Back in the kitchen, Courtney said: "We'll let Danny sleep an hour or so, but then we must get on to New York. There should be an X-ray."

Lissa dropped into a chair, finding her knees still rather shaky, her head not yet cleared of its daze. "If you say so, Court. Though I'm not worried. I seem to feel sure you've fixed him up all right."

Courtney drew a deep breath. "You mean—you have that much faith in me—after all these years away from school?"

She nodded. "It's an odd thing. You inspire faith. . . . She sat up more alertly, frowning with the effort of her thought. "You—you have the gift of healing, Court—aside from the technique you've been taught."

THAT'S what my father used to say," he said, flushing a little with pride and gratitude. "Well, suppose I make some fresh coffee?"

He began rinsing out the breakfast coffeepot, but Lissa did not notice what he was doing or saying. It was not until he brought her a steaming cup of coffee and the sugar bowl that she was able to voice the thoughts which were coming lightning clear. Then she stood suddenly, running her hand through her hair, and stared at him.

"I've been a selfish beast!" she burst out. "I took you away from what you had your heart in—"

"Now, now, Lissa. You're all unnerved. Drink your coffee."

"—I didn't want you to be a doctor—it would take you away from me. So I was glad when the lack of money forced you to leave Medical College."

He set down the cup and the sugar bowl, saying reasonably: "Never mind, dear. That's all in the past now."

"I wanted you to be a farmer," she rushed on, "because *I* loved the soil. I thought it was all right for you to use your marvelous surgeon's hands to fix machines. But truly, Court, I never thought it out that way. I just accepted the way things fell, and loved the house and being together and the children—"

He put his arm about her and seated her gently but firmly. "You just relax," he ordered, "and drink your coffee. You've had a shock—"

"I'll say I have!" She sipped the coffee obediently. "It took the fright of my life to make me begin to see things." She laughed a little wildly. "The prairie fire—it's gone the other way. Melissa said they were all mixed up—faith in God and faith in—in you, Court—"

Courtney's fingers were about her wrist, he was studying her anxiously as he knelt beside her chair. She said: "I'm all right, even if I do sound weird." She set down the cup and took both his hands in hers.

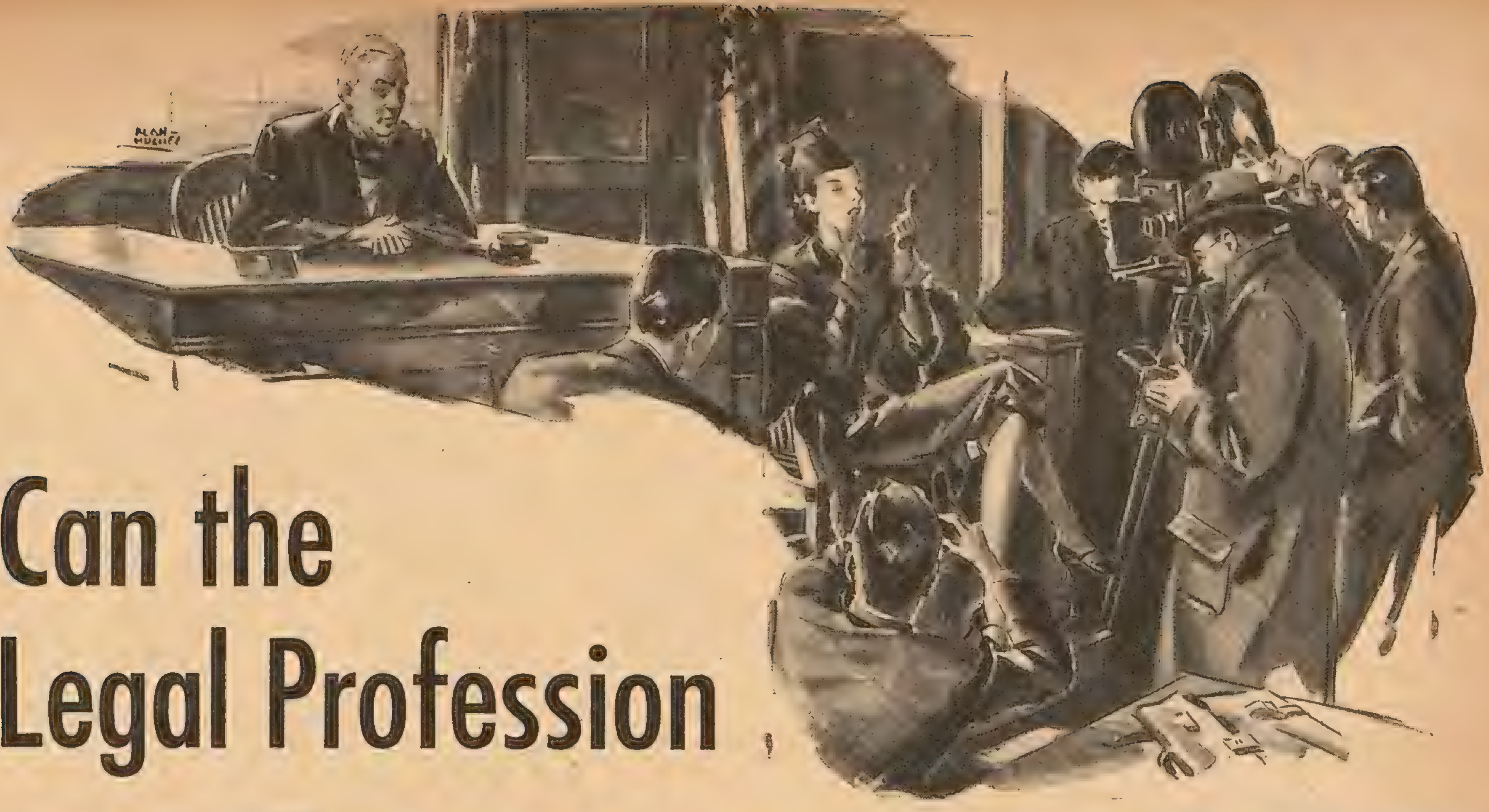
"Listen, Court—*you're* my home. *You're* what I've been wailing about wanting to save! With *you* gone, I'd have been out in the cold sure enough, no matter how many roofs I had over my head. You're going back to school right away. After that, two years as an interne, and then—" Her voice failed her as she saw the sudden radiance in his face. She knew, in that moment, the Gethsemane her own blind selfishness had created for him.

Stifling the sob in her throat, she went on quickly; "To finance it, we'll sell this place to the man who wants a pre-Revolution farmhouse—"

He drew back, protesting. "You love it too much—"

"But I love you more. That offer was just what you called it, Court—an answer to prayer." She caught him close against her breast and went on, half laughing: "Wherever you put out your shingle, Dr. Prescott, there's our home—there we put down our roots!"

THE END



Can the Legal Profession CLEAN HOUSE?

For liberals with common sense — A frank and forthright discussion of things we must sooner or later face

BY FREDERICK L. COLLINS

READING TIME • 9 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

CAN'T we get this lawyer situation cleared up? It seems only yesterday that the Seabury investigation in New York City was uncovering those ill-smelling derelictions, malfeasances, and crimes.

Aroused public opinion, you will recall, sent a city magistrate into retirement on the charge that he had paid $10,000 for his judgeship, sent a county judge to jail for using the United States mails to defraud, and, it is believed, sent a New York State Supreme Court judge, Crater, from a Manhattan night club to his death.

Henceforth the legal profession was to be like Caesar's wife, and smell as sweet.

Now comes another Manhattan bombshell—the report of a survey quietly conducted over a period said to be in excess of two years, which discloses a patronage-ridden judiciary system quite as indecent and menacing as anything that existed before Jimmy Walker went to Europe and civic consciousness went to sleep.

In one section of Greater New York, according to the new survey, where there are 1,200 lawyers, thirty-one individuals—for the most part, relatives and friends and former partners of Supreme Court justices—got 30 per cent of all the lucrative " references " handed out by those justices. These judicial handouts, at $125 per hand, were easily worth from $10,000 to $15,000 to each of the small group of lawyers who stood in " right."

The rotten situation isn't confined to New York City, or any other city or town. One federal judge resigned rather than face a congressional inquiry; another narrowly escaped impeachment; a third *was* impeached.

Judges, both high and low, have also lent themselves and their courtrooms to the exploitation of sex and sensationalism for the benefit of tabloids and movie shorts.

Nevertheless, none of these factors, devastating as all of them are, has contributed so much to the current low position in the public mind of courts and court officials as the conduct of some members—too many members—of the legal profession itself.

" We know that dishonest lawyers are relatively few in number," stated the president of the American Bar Association; " but we also know that we do have some in our ranks whose activities are a continuing menace to decent society, and that the bar, as a whole, has been strangely apathetic toward them, to say the least."

But we, the public, are no longer apathetic!

" If you could see the letters that come to my desk," said Attorney General Cummings, " complaining of illegal or unethical conduct on the part of members of the bar, you would realize that our people are insistent that the ranks of the legal profession be purged of those unfit or unwilling . . . to uphold the traditions of which that profession is so justly proud."

We do not need to agree with President Roosevelt's judiciary proposals to recognize the truth of what he said to his fellow attorneys of the American Law Institute: " Today our stewardship as lawyers is being questioned. We must play our roles before an intense and sometimes critical audience." I'll say it's critical.

The whole nation is asking:

What's wrong with the legal profession?

Does it work for or against the common good?

Does it perform any useful function whatsoever? Wouldn't we be better off if we abolished it?

Never before in the history of civilization has the smoldering resentment against lawyers flamed up into a conflagration of public skepticism over the law itself and those who administer it. Even the bar is beginning to realize the serious situation which its apathy has helped to create. Forward-looking attorneys are now joining the fight against those renegade criminal lawyers and lawyer criminals whom the Attorney General calls "the scavengers of the law."

"Imagine a community," said Thomas J. Courtney, state's attorney of Chicago and Cook County, Illinois, "stricken with a great epidemic—typhoid, influenza, black plague, cholera, or infantile paralysis. Suppose in the midst of the life-and-death battle some of the physicians exploited the situation by helping spread the disease for their own financial advantage. Then, to complete the simile, picture the rest of those physicians engaged in the conflict apathetically countenancing the dastardly acts of their fellows. But see what does actually exist and little or nothing is being done about it."

These considered words, uttered by a prosecutor of known character and standing, are an unanswerable indictment of members of the legal profession. But it remained for a, until recently, less widely known member of the legal profession, Karl A. McCormick, to tell his fellow lawyers what would happen if they didn't watch out.

"We should boldly face the fact," he said, "that unless we [lawyers], as a group, become conscious of our most vital problems and set about to solve them immediately, the time is not far distant when the profession of the law will have degenerated to a huckster business or else some violent change will do away with it entirely."

The distinguished attorney who uttered these epochal sentiments, which have been heard around the legal world, is a Proctor of the Bar. His job is the first of its kind in the United States, or, for that matter, in any other country. Its duties include working with the committees on character and fitness of applicants for admission to the bar, and investigating charges of unethical conduct against persons already admitted.

It is too early to tell how Karl McCormick's proctoring will work out. He has been in office less than a year. But the very existence of such a person as a Proctor of the Bar emphasizes that popular insistence of which the Attorney General has spoken.

The lawyers themselves now know that they must do something about the situation. But what?

SEVERAL plans are afoot which are still more or less in the experimental stage but which show promise. One, obviously, is the proctor scheme. It is undoubtedly an experiment worth watching.

So is the public defender idea, presented in the July 31 Liberty by Colonel Mayer C. Goldman, well known New York attorney. Its general adoption, although likely to play havoc with criminal lawyers as a class, would undoubtedly go a long way to remove the feeling, existent since Oliver Goldsmith's day, that "Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law."

Justin Miller, chairman of the Attorney General's Advisory Committee on Crime, advocates training schools for prosecutors and magistrates. He also feels that procedure in the lower courts should be further simplified.

The American Arbitration Association, which now offers the services of some 7,000 arbiters for the settlement of disputes outside of court, also aims to rid the courts of the peril of congestion and allow judges more time for a dignified and studied consideration of cases which cannot be settled without their participation.

But the legal profession cannot afford to wait until one of these long-time remedies gains sufficient momentum to cure pressing current ills. Even if public clamor for reform did not exist, overcrowding in the lawyers' own ranks would presently force a thorough house cleaning.

Although it is a well known fact that man has many more physical ills than he has legal ones, there are 178,000 lawyers in this country as against 164,000 doctors. And there doesn't seem to be any immediate hope of a normal readjustment of that ratio. The number is increasing.

"Today in the United States," says Karl McCormick, "there are over forty thousand students in law schools that report their numbers, and no one knows how many more in the so-called 'proprietary' law schools that make no report."

Obviously the lawyer's only hope is some form of drastic reduction in the legal quota. But how?

So far in this discussion I have purposely confined remedial suggestions to those made by the lawyers themselves. But—the legal profession having no agreed-upon solution of its own—you and I, in all humility, might venture to suggest our ideas of a practical method for decreasing the number and increasing the quality of those entitled to practice law in our courts.

Mine, for which I do not claim either originality or infallibility, is to raise the moral and educational standards required for admission to the bar.

NEW YORK STATE will serve as an example of what I mean. It is the home of many of our most famous attorneys. Yet in New York State the numbers of unworthy and incompetent lawyers multiply with a rapidity which reduces the guinea pig practically to a full stop.

"The present character test in New York," says President Robert M. Hutchins of Chicago University, "though better than nothing, is farcical."

As to the educational test, I offer this clipping—furnished by Alexander L. Schlosser, a member of the bar—from the New York World of February 27, 1927:

". . . at the examination of a bright young man of Manhattan who was a candidate for admission in the First Department:

Q. Do you know what the Bill of Rights is?

A. I think not, sir. I just can't recall it now.

Q. And the Magna Charta?

A. A document sent by the English government here before the Revolutionary War and they tried—and the people here rejected it. I don't know what it contained.

Q. Who was Andrew Jackson?

A. He was a leader, a general in the Confederate army. No, he was President of the Confederate States; succeeded—

Q. That was Jefferson Davis, wasn't it?

A. Yes, sir. Jackson was a Confederate general in the Confederate army during the Civil War.

Q. That was "Stonewall" Jackson. We are speaking of Andrew Jackson now. Wasn't he a President of the United States?

A. Yes, he was.

Q. Did he fight in any great battle in which the United States was involved?

A. War of 1812.

Q. Do you know who Daniel Webster was?

A. He was a United States senator.

Q. From what state?

A. I think he was from New York.

Q. Well, can you tell us the story of the drawing up and adoption of the Constitution of the United States?

A. Well, they met in Philadelphia.

Q. Who met?

A. Hamilton, Madison, Adams.

Q. Well, what body was this that met there?

A. Representatives from each of the thirteen states.

Q. What would you call this meeting?

A. The Federal Constitution Meeting.

Q. Do you know who was President of the United States during the War of 1812?

No answer.

Q. Can you name any incident at all that took place during the War of 1812, any military action or any other incident of the war?

A. The blowing up of the battleship Maine at Manila.

"Having passed this severe educational test, the learned gentleman was admitted to practice."

I do not offer this instance as a typical example of the mental caliber of men admitted to the bar in New York or in the nation. I do offer it, however, as indication of the inescapable fact that standards for such admission could and should be raised.

That is my idea. What is yours?

THE END

To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 3 SECONDS

ORCHID sprays of a pale apricot shade are the newest floral fashion. . . . A coronet of six or eight small orchids will be stylish to wear on your head this winter with evening dress. . . . Man buying single orchid for girl gets best value for from two dollars to two fifty. . . . Color of the ribbon bow should match the deepest tone in the flower. . . . It's a good idea to ask the girl what color orchid she prefers. She may want one to harmonize with her gown.

These pointers come from June Almy, attractive young-lady florist in New York who specializes in orchids. June used to live on a West Coast ranch, where she and her husband raised polo ponies for the hard-riding screen stars. . . . "Now we have a *stud* book for orchids," she told me, "almost exactly like the one in which records of thoroughbred horses are kept. Our book registers the family pedigree and individual behavior of every first-class orchid."

Orchids have stubborn habits. They insist upon blooming extravagantly in August, when the market for them is worst. Growers try all kinds of tricks, like shutting them up in the dark, to discourage their summertime profligacy. But the orchids just grope around and bloom all the faster. It's quite a problem. . . . Famous orchid enthusiasts are Marion Davies of Hollywood, who arranges them exquisitely for household decoration; and Samuel Untermyer, the celebrated lawyer, who is one of the most successful amateur orchid growers in America. . . . White orchids are costliest—from six to ten dollars apiece. Commonest orchid is the mauve Cattleya—from a dollar up. Green-and-copper orchids, known as *tweed* orchids, are smartest to wear with tailored suits. Don't put orchids in water if you want to wear them again. Put them in your icebox.

A well known society millionaire who quarrels frequently at home always telephones to June Almy after the battle. He says, "Usual order for wife." His standing order is for fifty-five orchids—two hundred and fifty dollars.

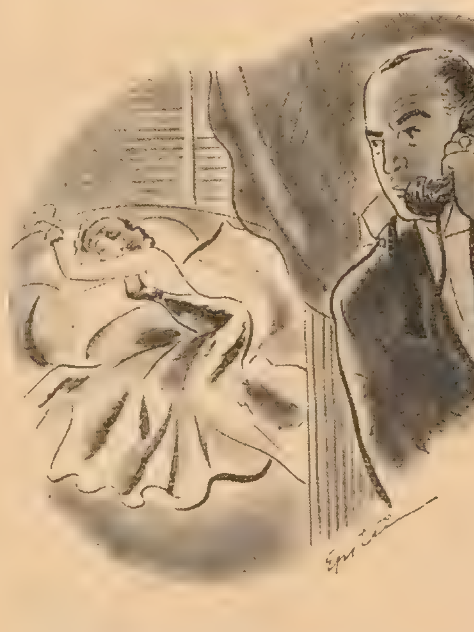
"Not as much as he'd spend," said June, quick and businesslike, "if he did his peacemaking with jewelry instead of orchids."

☆ A new game of matchmaking is being played by sprightly mothers with budding daughters and stripling sons. Two youngish mothers take a liking to each other; decide they had better promote an immediate marriage between their kids, rather than risk the chance of acquiring stuffy old stick-in-the-mud relations by marriage.

"Let's get my boy and your girl married as soon as possible," said one lively mama of my acquaintance to another; "then you and I can be sure of having fun together."

☆ Running over a dog on a country road is a horrible experience for any woman who drives a car, particularly if she happens to be alone at the time. Friend of mine went through it recently, and it made her sick for days. The accident wasn't her fault, but that didn't help any. She had no idea what to do for the poor injured dog. When she told me the story, I got in touch with the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and asked what we ought to do in such cases. Charles Hoppe, of the S. P. C. A., gave me the following advice, which I hereby pass on to all of you:

(1) Wrap a blanket around the injured animal to prevent it from biting you; then remove it quickly to the nearest house. . . . (2) Report the accident by telephone to nearest police station or sheriff. . . . (3) Telephone to the nearest animal shelter, the address of which can be obtained from the local police. . . . Thanks, Mr. Hoppe.



A well known millionaire always gives his wife 55 orchids after a quarrel.

☆ Shampoo parties are held twice a month by five business girls of my acquaintance. They get together in one girl's apartment, chip in to engage a beauty-parlor professional for the evening. She launders and dolls up their tresses expertly, after which they sit around with their heads swathed in towels, eating sandwiches and gabbing. A good time is had by all—and a pretty penny saved. Smart idea!

☆ Now the scientists say we need not be afraid to go to sleep with the moon shining full in our faces. They say they can't find anything scientific to support the old notion that moonlight addles our brains. Dr. Earl S. Johnston, of the Smithsonian Institution, has been using oat plants for his distinguished research into the influence of moonlight on growing things. Says he doesn't think moonlight can upset us much. Were he to conduct his research among girls and boys instead of oat plants, he might perhaps change his mind about the disturbing effect, nowanights, of the mellow harvest moon.

☆ Young ladies of the Gibson girl era (1900) had an exciting rendezvous with Freedom. William C. Lengel's new novel, Candles in the Wind, tells their story vividly. (Published by Ives Washburn.)

☆ Pork tenderloins baked in a golden crust were a favorite dish of the Duke of Wellington, who defeated Napoleon at Waterloo. To immortalize that victory, one old London club has preserved the recipe, and still serves it several times a year. It's delicious, and neither difficult nor expensive to do. Here's how:

Lard 2 fresh pork tenderloins sparingly with sliver of bacon. Fry in butter until light brown. Let cool. Mince 3 small onions and 2 large mushrooms; fry in butter; sprinkle with a little flour and a pinch of thyme; add 1½ tablespoons sherry wine, same of water, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, salt and pepper. Cook until sauce is fairly thick, then add some chopped parsley and cool. Spread sauce on tenderloins; wrap each tenderloin in a blanket of rough puff paste (or any rich pastry dough). Seal up well; brush with egg yolk; bake 12 minutes in quick oven.

THE C.I.O. AND THE

READING TIME ● 14 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

THE split in organized American labor began as a tiny crack in 1933; and a victory, not a defeat, started it. Business and administration were drawing up codes under the National Recovery Act. At the time, John L. Lewis presided over the United Mine Workers, largest among several unions in the coal fields. He had a talent, his associates said, for snuggling up close to the White House; and instead of criticizing him, they regarded this as one of his strengths. He had always voted Republican. Forming his cabinet in 1929, Herbert Hoover had considered him seriously for Secretary of Labor; and in 1932 he had traveled in the Presidential train while Hoover campaigned for re-election.

When Roosevelt came in and installed a policy most favorable to labor, Lewis changed parties, again without criticism from his fellows. When, under the NRA, the code authorities took up coal, Lewis pulled off a magnificent stroke of policy by securing for the operators the right to raise prices should conditions warrant, and getting in return the closed shop and the check-off. Henceforth the bituminous mines would employ only members of his union and would deduct their dues from the weekly pay envelope—an old aspiration of union labor, never before realized on so large a scale. Within three years the U. M. W. had absorbed the anthracite miners and a set of independent radicals, had increased its rolls from 100,000 to 600,000, had become the largest and most powerful union in the country.

At the same time Lewis was drawing closer and closer to Sidney Hillman and David Dubinsky, leaders of the workers in men's and women's garments, the next strongest combination numerically. Already these two men were potential rebels in the American Federation of Labor.

Another article in

WILL IRWIN'S

distinguished series

WILL LABOR SEIZE THE BALANCE OF POWER?

Ostensibly, the row which gathered during 1935 and burst during 1936 centered round two main issues: The question of industrial unionism versus craft unionism and the refusal of the Federation to form or to join a Labor Party in the United States. A more explosive cause, however, lay in the peculiar organization of the A. F. of L. Formed among skilled craftsmen, some of its parts were stronger and richer than the whole—the carpenters, the machinists, and the painters, for example. These unions had been notably successful in getting for their members shorter hours, higher wages, and better conditions. As an indirect consequence, the union, not the Federation, held the loyalty of the average member. The A. F. of L. as a whole had little authority over the units which composed it. If, for example, a local lodge of the plumbers fell into the hands of racketeers, the plumbers' union might penalize or expel it, but the Federation could do nothing. Critics called its central office in Washington an " advertising front " and a " bunch of lobbyists," and its conventions a " debating society."

The fact remained, however, that under the moderate, statesmanlike administrations of Samuel Gompers and William Green it had wrought wonders for those individual unions of craftsmen already organized. But Lewis, Hillman, and their followers maintained that this loose organization had no efficient machinery for reaching out toward the unorganized millions working at looms and assembly lines or performing common labor. Every one in labor said that these people should be organized into unions; but no member and no union of the Federation had any real interest in performing the job. True, the subsidiary unions granted it a modest allowance to maintain its offices in Washington, to keep watch on labor legislation in Congress, and to extend unionism into new fields. The rebels maintained that the sum available for this last purpose was ridiculously inadequate. Moreover, they said, the A. F. of L. had fallen into the habit of employing retired labor leaders as organizers—old men with failing energies. It could never reach the unorganized millions working in steel, automobiles, leather goods, and weaving without more power at the top, more zeal and, especially, more money.

Parallel with this, of course, ran the controversy over craft unions. The A. F. of L. had never rejected the industrial plan. Lewis' union and Hillman's, both industrial, stood until the break as main props. But it tended to emphasize the craft idea. When it formed an industrial union in a modern factory working by continuous process, it held the machinists, the carpenters, the painters, and the engineers to their old allegiances, while the new guild gathered up merely the laborers or the semiskilled workers on the assembly line.

To justify this method, the A. F. of L. has its own theory: Raise the wages of the higher brackets and you raise those of the lower. It cites the case of the bricklayers and hod carriers. When the wages of the skilled bricklayers rise, so almost automatically do those of the unskilled hod carriers.

Lewis and his group hold to a theory in exact contradiction. " The specially skilled man is in demand," they say. " He can more or less look out for himself. Yet industrial unionism is not to his disadvantage. You cannot lift the plains without lifting the peaks."

And so the factions broke apart. Nearly a million men followed Lewis out of the A. F. of L. He and Green had been old associates in the United Mine Workers. Year after year Lewis had in glowing words nominated Green for A. F. of L. president. They parted not only adversaries but enemies. Within the year Lewis was comparing Green to Benedict Arnold, and Green was likening Lewis to Adolf Hitler. Lewis has a knack for getting into the papers. The quieter, more smoothly running Green has attracted less attention. It is no accident that the A. F. of L. has kept him on his job ever since Gompers died. He has grasp, high talent for harmonizing, foresight, and political skill. Without altering the A. F. of L. set-up, he found support for an energetic campaign to organize new unions, to increase membership of existing ones, and to halt an exodus to Lewis' C. I. O. Especially during the past few months he has proved himself an adversary whom no man can afford to despise.

Even before eight large rebellious unions of the A. F. of L. formed the Committee for Industrial Organization, Lewis, Hillman, John Brophy, and the other rebellious leaders had matured their plans for organizing all American labor under strong central authority. They raked their membership for persuasive leaders. Dotted through the unorganized trades lay skeleton unions, mostly affiliated with the A. F. of L. These often faced stern opposition from employers, and worked in secret. The organizers won this element, generally, to the more radical C. I. O. and began to build up its membership. Little independent unions, sometimes the expression of a dominant leader, sometimes fathered by the Communists, sometimes tools of racketeers, stampeded to the C. I. O. The executive committee barred the known racketeers—although, at that, one or two may have crawled under the tent—and took in the rest.

So much for persuasion. As for force, Lewis virtually laid his cards on the table. The C. I. O. intended to deliver its main attack on steel; not only the industry indis-

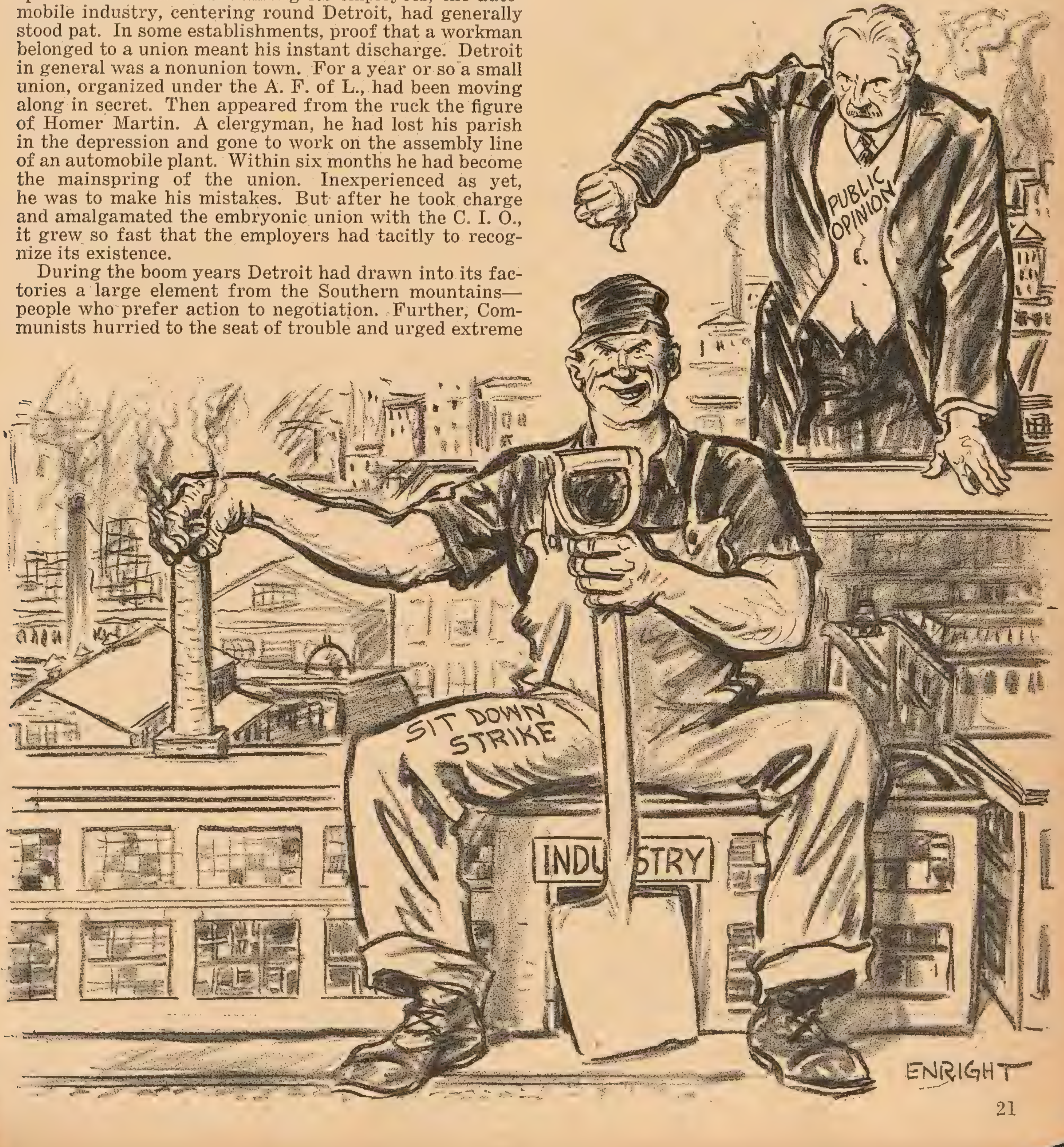
SIT-DOWN STRIKE

pensable to all others but the chief adversary of union labor. William Z. Foster, now a mainspring of the American Communist faction, led in 1920 a desperate strike against United States Steel. He lost, completely and disastrously. From that time forth, both Big Steel and all the Little Steels—the independents—had no traffic with "outside" unionism, although many of them installed an employee-representation plan. Leaders in organized labor call this "company unionism" and regard it as their personal devil. Some of the companies had maintained spies and guards. With salesmen chosen from the coal miners, the C. I. O. began an intensive drive to "organize steel." It was making progress when forces on another sector of the front joined battle unexpectedly, giving an opening to Lewis the opportunist.

While steel had made its voluntary concessions to the spirit of labor-unionism among its employees, the automobile industry, centering round Detroit, had generally stood pat. In some establishments, proof that a workman belonged to a union meant his instant discharge. Detroit in general was a nonunion town. For a year or so a small union, organized under the A. F. of L., had been moving along in secret. Then appeared from the ruck the figure of Homer Martin. A clergyman, he had lost his parish in the depression and gone to work on the assembly line of an automobile plant. Within six months he had become the mainspring of the union. Inexperienced as yet, he was to make his mistakes. But after he took charge and amalgamated the embryonic union with the C. I. O., it grew so fast that the employers had tacitly to recognize its existence.

During the boom years Detroit had drawn into its factories a large element from the Southern mountains—people who prefer action to negotiation. Further, Communists hurried to the seat of trouble and urged extreme measures. Under the lid, Detroit sizzled. As late as mid-December, 1936, observers all expected the C. I. O. to precipitate trouble in steel and overlooked the importance of one or two sit-down strikes in Western assembly plants of the motor companies. This weapon of industrial warfare was not new, even to the United States. Now, however, it came for the first time to the consciousness of the average American. Sizzling Detroit began to bubble. After the holidays the forces of General Motors factories began to go on strike, and employees in plants 1 and 2 of Fisher Body, a G. M. subsidiary, sat down and asked the world what it proposed to do.

Did the executive committee of the C. I. O. deliberately start the sit-down strikes in Detroit? Probably not;



although Martin, the local leader, may have issued the order on his own responsibility. But Lewis, Hillman, Brophy, and their associates did support these strikes, once battle was joined. To desert any militant body of strikers, no matter if the directorate disapproved of their methods, would have seemed like betraying labor. Indeed, moral approval or disapproval scarcely entered into the question. The veteran fighting labor leader grows callous as regards methods; and if you criticize him, he responds with harrowing tales of violence and treachery on the part of employers.

Although the rank and file was forcing the hand of the general staff, Lewis and his associates had already decided to grasp opportunity and strike the first blow at automobiles instead of steel. They would have preferred to wait until they had gone further with organization, especially in the Ford plants, where getting union members had so far proved extremely difficult. Yet this strike came just as the industry had entered its peak months of production, with more unfilled orders than it had known for years. At such a time the management might do almost anything to avoid labor trouble. Again, while motorcar manufacture is not quite a key industry like steel, the parts and accessories, such as raw metal, magnetos, and windows, come from a variety of other industries. These might use influence toward a complaisant policy on the part of the automobile companies.

How serious for the C. I. O., in the long run, was its quick failure against independent steel companies? Which is now gaining ground —the C. I. O. or the A. F. of L.? Is real conflict between them impending, and how will their antagonism affect labor's future? All this Mr. Irwin will discuss frankly in another article, to follow.

But when the C. I. O. threw its whole force behind the militant automobile workers, capital, as represented by Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., president of General Motors, stood pat. The strikers had by now formulated their demands: higher wages, shorter hours, reform of working conditions, and recognition of the C. I. O. union with a closed shop. That last demand was the crux of the whole disturbance.

GENERAL MOTORS began to fight by getting injunctions against strikers, who, of course, were occupying the property illegally. But the sit-downers were men picked for courage and burning do-or-die conviction. Probably they carried no firearms, but they did have an arsenal of bolts and heavy nuts, weapons almost as dangerous, in the hands of young Americans brought up to baseball, as pistols. The constituted authorities shrank from the responsibility of enforcing the injunction; nor, with pickets massed outside, did they find it advisable to cut off supplies to the strikers. Strikes on the regular pattern spread to nearly all the other companies except Ford's. The C. I. O. began to apply its policy of massed picketing, and flying squadrons traveled from plant to plant. Opposition crystallized into bodies of vigilantes whom sympathizers with the C. I. O. called Fascists. When one such force suppressed a strike at Monroe, timid observers wondered if we stood on the verge of civil war. The disturbance spread to smaller industries and rolled on through the country—sit-down strikes, some dangerous, some merely picturesque, from California to New Jersey.

Meantime the forces of law and order were all working to effect a settlement between C. I. O. and General Motors —Governor Murphy of Michigan, the Department of Labor, the White House itself. John Brophy, and then Lewis, moved to the field of action; so did Edward McGrady, trouble man for the Department of Labor. Sloan, sounded out, would not negotiate until the strikers left the Fisher plants. Lewis refused. Perhaps he had to. The men had already voted to stick and to resist eviction, "although we know that it will cost some of us our lives."

For weeks, during which factories all over the country closed down for want of orders, Murphy, McGrady, and the President worked to get Lewis and Sloan into conference. When at last they met, their unreported negotiations ran through a series of all-night sessions which left them pale and shaky with strain. The strike had lasted six weeks when they announced a settlement, and the bearded sit-downers marched out of the plants behind a brass band. Passing over the other terms: General Motors agreed to accept the C. I. O. union as the sole bargaining agency in twenty of its plants; to recognize its existence in forty-nine others.

But when General Motors signed up, the strikes in the Chrysler plants, involving another sit-down, had just risen to their climax. It was nearly another month before Lewis agreed to withdraw his men from the factories, and Chrysler, in subsequent negotiations, agreed to recognize the union. Two other companies, after less disturbance, followed suit. But Henry Ford still sat undisturbed in his citadel at Dearborn. His employees never made even a bluff at a strike. He remains the chief thorn in the flesh of the C. I. O. But the United Automobile Workers, only a few thousand at the beginning of 1936, numbered 375,000 by the summer of 1937.

The membership had in the beginning forced the hand of Lewis. The agreement signed, there followed a series of small strikes and threats of strikes, in frank violation of its terms. It is not likely that the board of strategy at Washington sanctioned these affairs. Sidney Hillman owes his position in the labor movement to his strict fulfillment of his agreements. And such tactics, going to prove that a contract with C. I. O. unions was not a contract, would have been most inexpedient at the time. Lewis found himself roaring at the companies from one side of his mouth, while from the other side advising his followers to key down and go back to work.

That flurry died away. Meantime the U. A. W. had invaded Canada and begun operations against the General Motors plants with a sit-down strike. Premier Mitchell Hepburn of Ontario, saying hard words of Yankee agitators, promptly ejected the strikers. Homer Martin thereupon demanded a general sympathetic strike of all General Motors employees in the United States. This would have thrown the fat in the fire again, and wholly alienated the public. Some one must have whispered in his ear; for after a day or so we heard no more of that.

The Canadian strikers won recognition for their union. Yet Premier Hepburn's decisive action brought repercussions in the United States. Police invaded an airplane factory in California and ejected the sit-down strikers without bloodshed. Building employees in New York City introduced a variation, the "chain-down" strike. The police filed away their chains and threw them out of the building. The working force of a chocolate factory in Pennsylvania sat down. Farmers in the surrounding region depended upon this establishment as a market for milk. After two or three days they armed themselves and marched on the factory. The strikers got out.

MORE and more senators and congressmen, with their ears to the ground, began denouncing the sit-down as revolutionary and illegal. The Institute of Public Opinion polled the country; the result was 2 to 1 against the sit-down. Extremists of the C. I. O. called this only a temporary mood. "The general public," they said, "has stood in the beginning against every new method of organized labor and ended by giving it full legal endorsement." But public opinion had picked by instinct the flaw in this reasoning. The other methods do not cross the line between sanction of private property and community of property. The housewife imagined her maid taking possession of the kitchen; the small storekeeper pictured his clerk making a barricade of the counter. And craft unionism, as represented by the A. F. of L., roared its opposition. Several governors, notably Cross of Connecticut, announced flatly that they would deal with a sit-down as a deliberate violation of the law.

The epidemic died away. Probably Lewis and his associates had begun to discourage this method—even though Homer Martin has of late re-endorsed it.

But after another sensational major victory, adverse public opinion, drawn to focus by the sit-down, proved a main factor in the first serious setback for the C. I. O.

THE END

LIFE INSURANCE QUESTION BOX

Q. At what early age can a person qualify for an Equitable policy?

A. At one year of age, under the new Juvenile Policy. This is an example of the increasing usefulness of life insurance.

• • •

Q. What Equitable policy is especially made for the person who cannot decide what kind of policy he wants?

A. The Convertible Policy. After you start with this policy you have several years in which to decide which of five types of policy you wish to continue. Ask an Equitable agent for details.

• • •

Q. Is The Equitable a Stock Company?

A. No. It is a mutual organization operated entirely for the benefit of its policyholders.

• • •

Q. What indication is there that life insurance is becoming more popular?

A. There is four times as much in force now as 20 years ago.

The Equitable welcomes questions concerning life insurance. Your note to "The Equitable Counselor" at 393 Seventh Ave., New York, N. Y., will receive prompt attention by mail.

· · Every Father a Giant · ·

One of the great qualities of life insurance is that it multiplies a man's ability to protect his family. The husband and father who puts a few hundred dollars a year into insurance at once sets up a potential fund of several thousands—more than he might save in a life-time. His own power becomes magnified to that of a giant.

Thomas I Parkinson

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SECURITY — PEACE OF MIND
SOCIETY
MUTUAL — COOPERATIVE
OF THE U.S.
NATION-WIDE SERVICE

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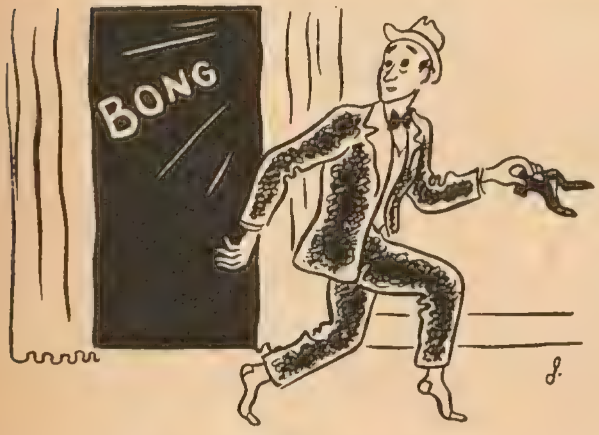


BABY BAFFLERS

By H. A. Ripley

Every fact necessary for the solution is in the Baffler below. See how long it takes you. Three minutes is excellent; five minutes, good; seven minutes, fair.

"Now, that's what I call a party," mused Wilbur Tweedle as he took his bearings and steered an unsteady north-by-northwest course for home. Did a fellow good to have a night out with the boys once in a while, it did!

His pleasant musings on the party were rudely intruded upon by thoughts of Hattie, his good spouse. The outline of a story to account for his lateness was taking form in Wilbur's mind when he arrived home. As he opened the front door he heard the old grandfather clock strike once. Taking off his shoes, he mounted the stairs, undressed, and slipped into bed beside his beloved, who, praise Allah, was snoring. Again the clock struck once.

Morpheus eluded Wilbur and he lay awake wondering what was the time. He didn't dare strike a light. Again the old clock downstairs struck once. Tweedle was puzzled, and when after a like period of time he again heard the single note of the chime he decided he "had 'em"! Finally he fell asleep.

The clock worked perfectly. Wilbur had heard it strike once four different times at equal intervals of time and it sounded only the hours and half-hours!

What time was it when Wilbur Tweedle got home?

(The answer is on page 54)

POLITICS MADE SIMPLE

Child Labor

My nephew is a child age 16, he dont even help with the dishes that he ate off of, so he dont need no law to hold him back. If the Govt knows any way to make him *do* a little child labor, pleaze let me know.—EZRA DILL.

THE BOOK OF THE WEEK

By Oliver Swift

★ ★ ★ **YOURS TO VENTURE** by Robert R. Updegraff. Whittlesey House.

Good reading for young men who would like to win success.

RINGING THE CHANGES

By F. Gregory Hartswick

Everybody knows the famous rhyme:

> A SUTLER sat in his ULSTER gray,
> Watching the moonbeams' LUSTRE play.

In the following verse eight words are formed by using the same six letters.

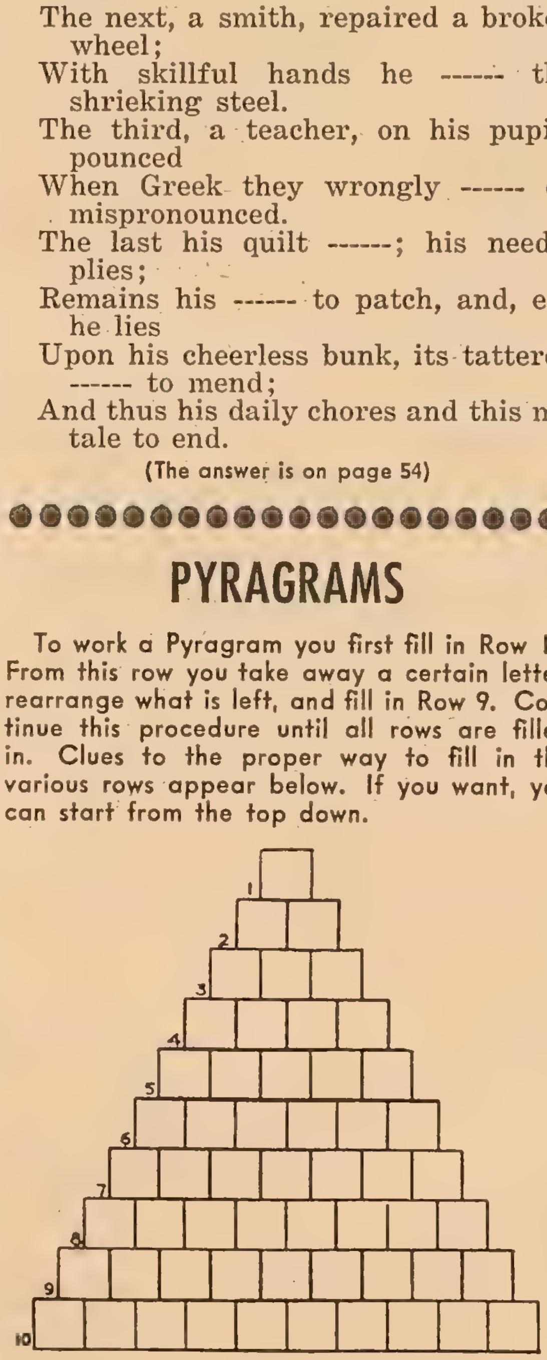
Fill the blanks with words of the same six letters.

Four ------ labored in an abbey grand;
Not one was ever ------ the task in hand.
The first in open air pursued his toil:
A ------ he, who turned the fruitful soil.
The next, a smith, repaired a broken wheel;
With skillful hands he ------ the shrieking steel.
The third, a teacher, on his pupils pounced
When Greek they wrongly ------ or mispronounced.
The last his quilt ------; his needle plies;
Remains his ------ to patch, and, ere he lies
Upon his cheerless bunk, its tattered ------ to mend;
And thus his daily chores and this my tale to end.

(The answer is on page 54)

PYRAGRAMS

To work a Pyragram you first fill in Row 10. From this row you take away a certain letter, rearrange what is left, and fill in Row 9. Continue this procedure until all rows are filled in. Clues to the proper way to fill in the various rows appear below. If you want, you can start from the top down.



CLUES TO ROWS: 10—"Grand." 9—Two words, including "cast." 8—Two words, including "germinated grain." 7—Two words, including "a measure of weight." 6—Two words, including "title." 5—Two words, including a number. 4—"Ship's officer." 3—"Corrode." 2—A preposition. 1—An article.

(The answer is on page 54)

'TISN'T SO

By R. E. Doan

CUTTING HAIR does not make it grow faster. Cutting, in itself, has no appreciable effect upon the growth of hair, but any accompanying stimulation of the skin may increase the hair's growth. For example, in shaving, the irritation of the skin, not the actual cutting of the hair, causes an increased flow of blood to the skin and thus furnishes more food to the hair roots or follicles.

WAS JUSTICE DONE?

By Lon Murray

Abby Sage, a beautiful young actress who had supported Booth in The Merchant of Venice, left her husband, Daniel McFarland, in February, 1867. She had been the chief support of their two children. McFarland was twenty years her senior and a hard drinker.

She obtained a divorce in Indianapolis, returning to New York in October, 1869.

Nearly a month later, McFarland waited a quarter of an hour in the offices of the New York Tribune, and there fatally shot Albert D. Richardson, a feature writer on that newspaper who had fallen in love with Abby. He died a week later—after the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher and the Rev. O. B. Frothingham had united him and Abby in marriage.

At McFarland's trial, April, 1870, the brilliant defense attorney, John Graham, sought to establish improper relations between the slain man and Abby Sage.

The district attorney brought Daniel Frohman and other witnesses to the stand to show McFarland's act was premeditated. Horace Greeley, Whitelaw Reid, and others prominent in the public eye were involved. Religious and political issues were introduced.

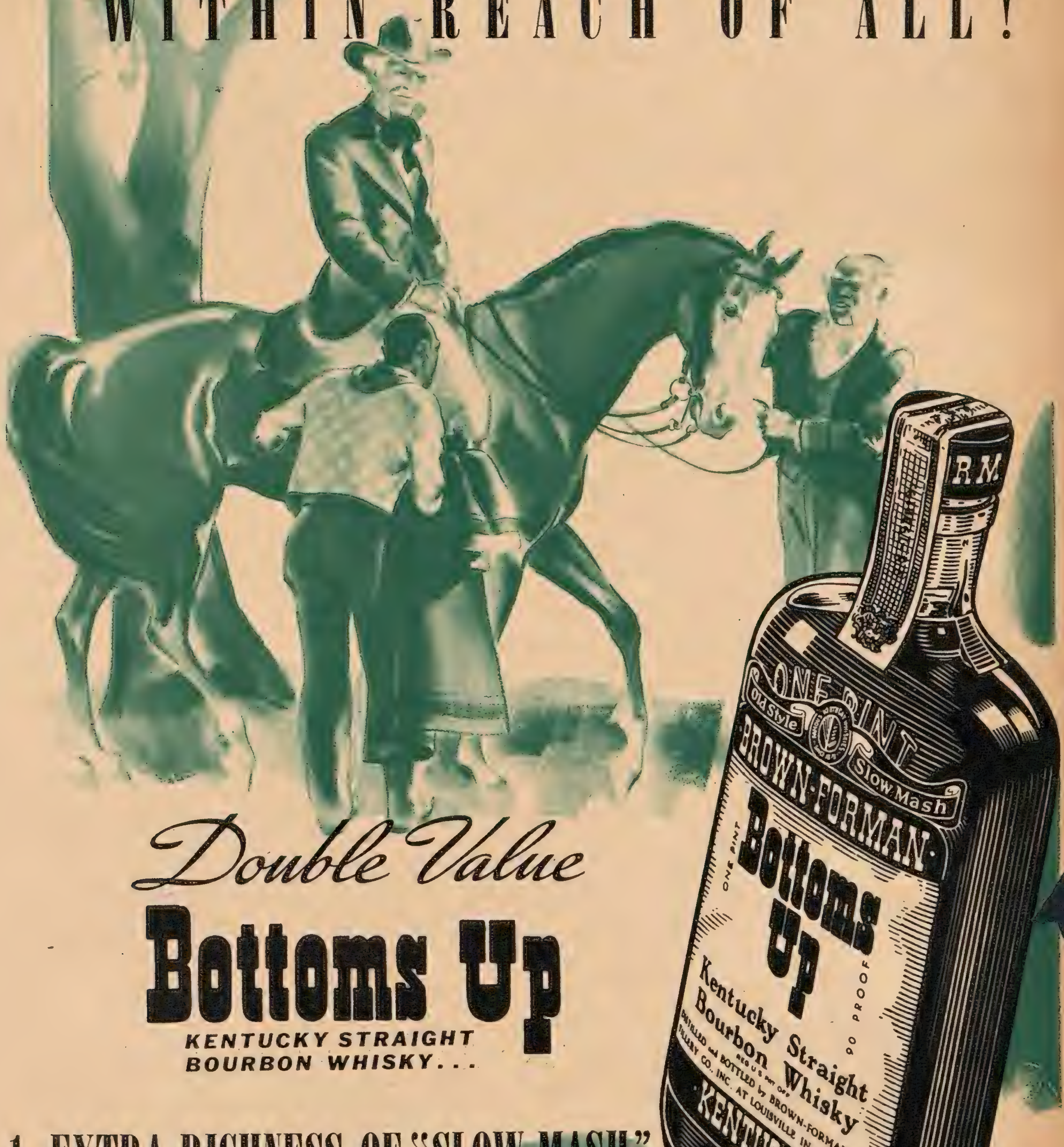
The defense claimed McFarland was "an insane man who simulated sanity." District Attorney Garvin countered that insanity had not been proven; the defendant had merely taken the law into his own hands.

After a trial that lasted nearly eight weeks, the jury returned its verdict in one hour and forty-eight minutes.

Had you been a member of this jury, would you have found Daniel McFarland guilty or innocent?

(The actual court verdict is on page 54)

A KENTUCKY LUXURY WITHIN REACH OF ALL!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What Makes Sammy Run?

BY BUDD WILSON SCHULBERG

Once in a blue moon such a story as this!—A tingling tale of one man's way with the thing we call Success

READING TIME ● 25 MINUTES 27 SECONDS

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL MEYLAN

AL sat with a friend in a booth at the Vine Street Brown Derby watching the people watch each other.

It's a funny thing, Al said, if you watch an animal while it eats, it stops. But here in the Derby several hundred people pay, and pay well, for the privilege of being watched while they eat.

Al is a writer. He writes scenarios, but he could say that because he worked on a newspaper for ten years, and he didn't forget it. He remembered going down to New York and begging for a job, making a pest of himself because he needed twenty dollars a week to be a man in this world. Al was getting five hundred now. That was because he had no push. He seemed content with being small fry. He was lazy. He would never get anywhere. When other writers gave him good ideas for stories he would give them credit. He was a washout.

A big man with a fat body carefully hidden in smartly tailored clothes stopped at the table. He squeezed Al's hand affectionately.

Saw your picture, Al, he said. Tuhriffic!

And he pressed his pudgy hand against Al's as if to indicate that further expression failed him.

That's the original phony, Al said, as the fat man left his table to squeeze somebody else's hand. I happen to know he told Sol Morris my picture stinks.

Al looked around at the new star who had just come in with her husband and her lover, at the too-flattering caricatures of Hollywood celebrities on the wall, at the o-revealing starched uniforms of the waitresses.

Sometimes I feel if I passed my hand over all this it would topple down like a house of cards, Al said. Just like that. Pfffffffft.

Whenever I think of it I think of a little kid we used to have on the paper. He was fifteen years old, a little ferret of a kid, sharp and quick. Sammy Glick. Used to run copy for me. Always ran. Always looked thirsty.

Good morning, Mr. Manners, he said to me the first time we met. I'm the new office boy, but I ain't going to be an office boy long.

Don't say ain't, I said, or you'll be an office boy forever.

Thanks, Mr. Manners, he said; that's why I took this job so I can be around writers and learn all about grammar and how to act right.

Get the hell out of here, I said.

He raced out too quickly; a little ferret. Smart kid, I thought. Smart little kid. He made me uneasy. I guess I've always been afraid of people who can be agile without grace.

In three weeks Sammy did more running around that office than Paavo Nurmi in his whole career. It made me feel great. Every time I gave him a page of copy, he'd run off with it as if his life depended on it. I can still see Sammy racing through the office.

I guess he knew what he was doing. The world was a race to Sammy. He was running against time.

Sometimes I used to sit at the bar and say, Al, I don't give a good damn if you never move from this seat again. If you never write another line. I default. If it's a race, you can scratch my name right now. Al Manners does not choose to run. And it would run through my head like that, What makes Sammy run? What makes Sammy run? Does he know where he's going? I asked one of the reporters:

Say, Tony, what makes Sammy run?

You're drunk, Al, he said. How the hell do I know?

But I've got to know, I told him. It's important. Don't you see? It's the answer to everything.

You're nuts, he said.

Three weeks later I had my first run-in with Sammy Glick.

Those were the days when I was writing my drama column and I used to bat it out around four o'clock and then go over to Mac and Charlie's and forget.

One morning a storm from the general direction of the city editor blew at me.

Why in hell don't you look what you're doing? he said.

What's eating you? I said cagily.

THAT column you turned in last night, he said. It didn't make sense. You left all the verbs out of the last paragraph. If it hadn't been for that kid Sammy Glick it would have run the way you wrote it.

What's Sammy Glick got to do with it? I said, getting sore.

Everything, he said. He read it on his way to the linotypers. So he sat right down and rewrote the paragraph. And damned well, too.

That's great, I said. He's a great kid.

A few minutes later I came face to face with Samuel Glick himself. Nice work, I said.

Oh, that's all right, he said.

Listen, wise guy, I said. If you found something wrong with my stuff, why didn't you come and tell me? You knew where I was.

Sure, he said, but I didn't think we had time.

But you had time to show it to the city editor first, I said. Smart boy.

Gee, Mr. Manners, he said, I'm sorry. I just wanted to help you.

You did, I said.

Sammy seemed very satisfied. Don't you think it's dangerous to drop so many verbs? he said. You might hit somebody down below.

Listen, I said. Tell me one thing. How the hell can you read when you're running so fast?

That's how I learned to read, he said—while I was running errands.

It made me sore. He was probably right. Somebody called him and he spun around and started running. What makes Sammy Glick run? I pondered. It must have something to do with centrifugal force, only deeper.

A couple of weeks later I turned in my column and went down to the bar. The telephone rang for me. It was Sammy. He said, The boss says your column is four inches short.

What the hell, I said. Tell him I'll be right up.

You don't have to worry, he said. I took care of it myself.

You, I said stupidly. I knew he had me.

Sure, Al, he said. I dashed off a four-inch radio column to fill, and the boss liked it.

Oh, he's seen it already, I said. Then why the hell did you call me? Why don't you just take over my column?

I just wanted to help you, he said.

Sure, I said, Joe Altruist, and hung up.

But the pay-off came the next morning. I had just started on the column when the city editor came over.

From now on write it six inches shorter, he said.

O. K. by me, I said, if you can give me one good reason.

From now on we're using Sammy Glick's radio column, he said.

You mean Sammy Glick the copy boy? I asked.

No, I mean Sammy Glick the radio columnist, he said. His stuff looked good today.

Maybe you'd like to know he copied the first paragraph from Somerset Maugham, I said.

Maybe that's where you need to go for your stuff, he said.

So that's how Sammy got his start. He was smart enough never to crib from the same writer twice. When it came to wisecracks, he rolled his own. I hated him so much I began to admire him. Every other copy boy was a nice guy. At least if you bent over, they'd ask you to stand up and turn around before stabbing you. But I began to see what made Sammy run. Though I couldn't see just then where he was running.

After Sammy Glick had been writing his column for a couple of months he came up to me one day and said, Say, Al, next Monday is my birthday, and since you sorta gave me my start I thought maybe you'd like to have dinner with my girl and me at the Algonquin.

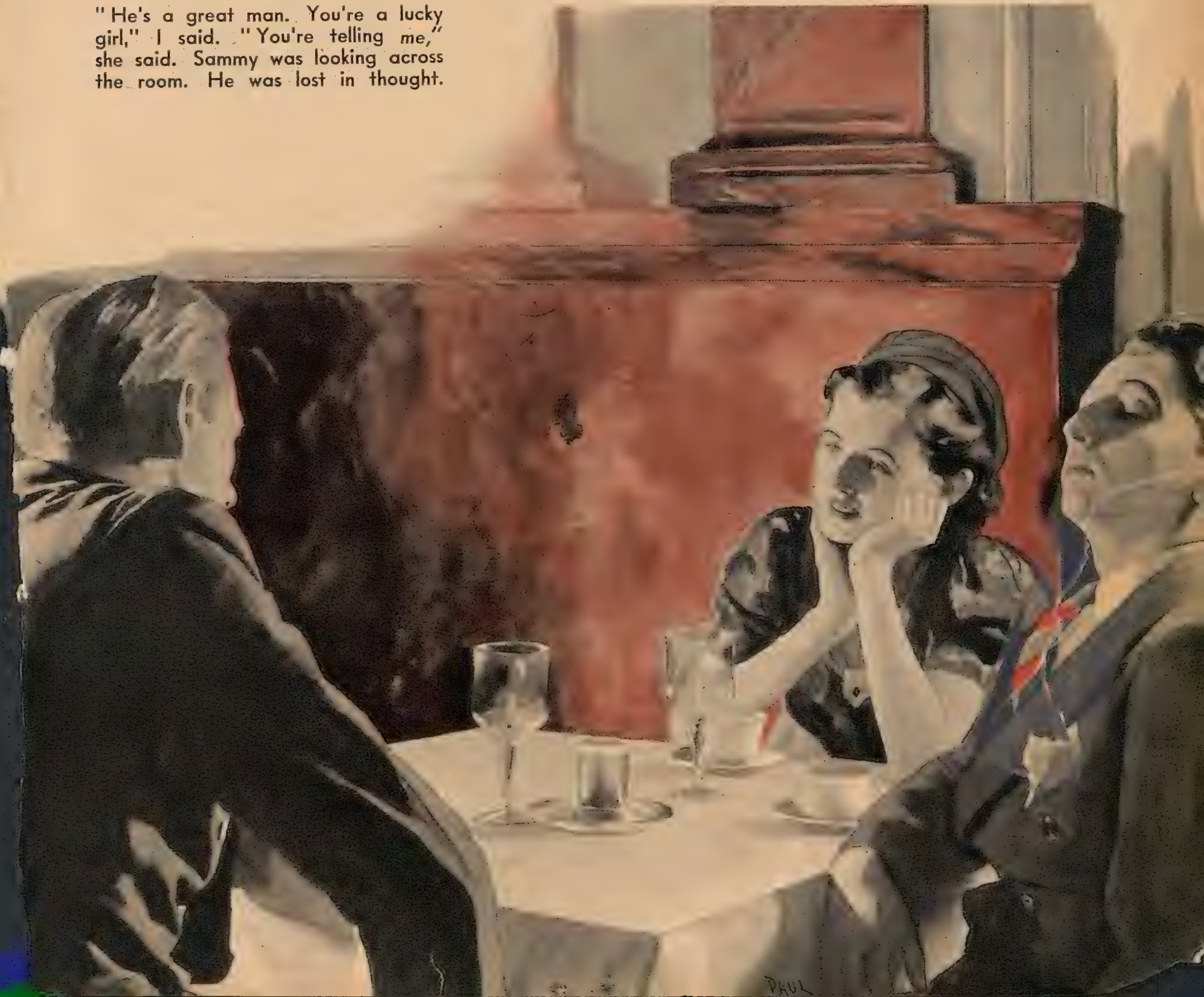
I'll never forget that girl, or the day either, and there's a real story in that too. Everything Sammy did was a story. That's why I'm telling you all this. Because Sammy is a genius, one of our big Americans, Napoleon in a double-breasted suit. Some day he's going to lie in a museum, stuffed, labeled: This Is Sammy Glick. In an Age that Could Never Stop Running, He Ran the Fastest.

We met in front of the restaurant. He was standing with a spindly-legged, thin, pale, vague little girl. She would have been an angel, only her face was made up like an actress, heavy red lipstick and eye shadow and too much powder. I wanted to take my handkerchief and wipe it all off. The poor little kid. The blue eyes and the frail body and the sad look were hers. They grew out of the shadow of the tenement right up through the crowded sidewalk. There was a little of the gutter and a little of the sky in her. I could see her staying after school, lost somewhere between the two covers of a book.

And then, later, almost grown up, evening elbows on the dusty sill, looking up at the stars, clean stars, high over a Hundred and Eighteenth Street.

Miss Rosalie Goldbaum, he said, meet Mr. Al Manners. He has the column next to mine.

Oh, Sammy has told me so much about you, she said.



"He's a great man. You're a lucky girl," I said. "You're telling *me*," she said. Sammy was looking across the room. He was lost in thought.

Sammy smiled. We walked into the Algonquin lobby. He was nineteen years old.

Dinner was what I would have called uneventful. Sammy was almost too busy looking for celebrities to pay much attention to either of us. Miss Goldbaum was shy, very sweet, and frankly unaffected. Except when she talked about Sammy. And I encouraged her. Perhaps I had been misjudging Sammy, I thought. Perhaps there was another side to him. He was a thoughtful lover, and slowed down to a walk for Miss Goldbaum.

BUDD WILSON SCHULBERG

was born in New York twenty-three years ago. He is the son of B. P. Schulberg, one of Hollywood's best known producers. Dartmouth is his college and a writing career his ambition. He has traveled a great deal in this country, Europe, and the Orient, but has recently settled down to pound a typewriter at Selznick International Studio and to work on his short stories whenever he has time. He was married last December and intends to make Hollywood his permanent home.

You know, Mr. Manners, she said, writing that column isn't what Sammy wants to do.

Of course not, I said; they forced it on him.

He just does that to make a living, she said.

It's a damned shame, I said.

But he writes *me* the loveliest things, she said, and some day he's going to be a great writer. Because he's a poet.

Sammy was looking across the room at George S. Kaufman. He was lost in thought. Miss Goldbaum edged her hand into his. Sammy played with it absent-mindedly, like a piece of silverware.

Gee, Miss Goldbaum said, sometimes when I look at Sammy I just can't believe it, so artistic and everything, and him just a little kid right out of the Bronx.

Her tight little world was bursting with Sammy Glick. All her craving to live and her blood beating to possess and to be maternal found expression in this one smart little guy. She had little pointed breasts, miserable and sad, and they seemed to me to be reaching out for Sammy, the way black-eyed Susans tilt themselves toward the sun. She was boring me. So I caught George Kaufman's eye, and he came over, and was introduced, and had a drink with us.

Sammy was in his element, artificially gay, trying his best to out-wisecrack Kaufman. He was obsequious, sniveling, unsure of himself, and very bold. It would have been funny, only I had seen Sammy too long.

Kaufman stayed only a few minutes, and soon Miss Goldbaum yawned, and I said I had a lot of work to do before getting to bed, and Sammy looked at Miss Goldbaum and said, We both appreciate your celebrating this way with us. She nodded. Yes, Sammy said it exactly right. And they were gone, walking down the steps to the subway arm in arm.

When I turned to Winchell's column next morning there it was, the bold-face print laughing up at me:

When rising critic Sammy Glick celebrated his nineteenth birthday yesterday at the Algonquin, Al Manners and George Kaufman were on hand as principal cake eaters.

You didn't have to be a master mind to figure out how Walter got that item, and when Sammy came in I gave him one of my searching looks.

I see where Kaufman got himself a plug in Winchell's column, I said.

Yeah, Sammy cracked, you should have been there.

Listen, Samuel, I came back. You got enough gall to be divided into nine parts.

Aw, don't be sore, Al, he said. I can't keep hiding under your desk. I gotta spread my wings a little.

You didn't even give Miss Goldbaum a break, I said. You're a disgrace to the rodent family.

Listen, he cracked. She gets a break three times a week.

You . . . stink, I ended lamely. I was too sore to be smart.

O. K. by me, he said, walking off. Some day you'll cut off an arm for one little whiff.

Then another thing happened. It all began when a tall timid guy came in with a manuscript under his arm and asked for Mr. Glick. He had written a radio script, and since Mr. Glick was an expert on radio he thought maybe Mr. Glick would be so kind as to read his stuff.

I should be happy to help you, Sammy said, a little different than he had ever talked before. I could feel at that moment something loud and strong pumping inside that little guy, like a piston, twisting him up and forcing him on.

After the tall guy had gone, Sammy sat down and read the stuff. He smiled as he read it, and when he hit the third page he laughed out loud.

Hey, this is good stuff, he said; funny as hell.

What's it about? I asked doubtfully.

Brand new angle, he said. The guy won't have anything to do with the girl. So *she* kidnaps *him*. But he still says nix and gets her arrested. In the court it looks like curtains for her, but they clinch and decide to get married, and the babe is saved because he's the only witness and a guy can't testify against his own wife. Pretty hot!

The guy who wrote it came back the next week.

You have an idea here, Sammy told him. Of course it's rough, and it needs developing, but maybe with a little work we could fix it up, he said.

You mean you'll help me! said the dope.

I think I can pull something out of it, Sammy said, and then I'll give it to my agent.

Say, I didn't expect all *this*, said the dope.

When the guy had gone, Sammy asked me, Say, Al, who's a good agent for me? I want to sell this story to Hollywood. I got the title all doped out—Girl Steals Boy.

Why not Leland Heyward? He only manages Hepburn and a couple of dozen other stars, I said.

Is he good on stories? Sammy asked.

Pretty fair, I said. He makes a couple of thousand a week out of them.

Well, I'll think it over.

I thought that was the end of it. It should have been, if life didn't confound us ordinary sleep-and-eat people by producing geniuses like Sammy Glick. Life is choppy, full of rip tides and sudden breakers, and some guys scream once and go down, and others fight their way to the surface and still go down. Some have water wings; they have a genius for self-preservation. It's them we see when we raise our water-logged heads above the foam, floating, just floating over us as nice as you please—Sammy Glicks, every one of them.

Two weeks later Sammy rushed in, exultant and jumpy.

Shake hands with God's gift to Hollywood, he said, grabbing my hand before I had time to stick it in my pocket.

Don't use the name of the Lord in vain, I said. You mean you sold that story?

Five thousand dollars, he said. We should have had a better price, but this is my first story.

It's a disgrace, I said, five thousand.

Well, that's just the first, he said, and there's plenty more ideas where this one came from.

You mean from the guy who wrote this one, I said.

Aw, he said, he had nothing on the ball but a prayer. He's lucky I bothered with him.

Like Miss Goldbaum, I said quietly.

And all of a sudden I hated Sammy Glick. Before, I had been annoyed, or disturbed, or just revolted. This was one hundred per cent American hatred.

The next morning I read something in the film section of the morning paper that revealed the fine Bronx hand of Sammy Glick:

Sammy Glick, prominent radio columnist, has sold his first screen story to Colossal for $10,000. Titled Girl Steals

Boy, this is the first of a series Colossal has contracted for, according to Mr. Glick. Collaborating with him was Eugene Spitzer.

What I can't understand, I thought, is how Eugene Spitzer ever got mentioned at all. I was very bitter. All of a sudden I was jealous of Sammy Glick, and congratulating myself on not being like him.

One day, a week later, Sammy didn't show up at all. Maybe he's sick, I thought at first, but I quickly discounted this optimism. Guys like Sammy Glick don't get sick, unless it helps them get out of a contract, or lands them an insurance payment. The afternoon passed.

Sammy came in around suppertime. He wore a new suit. He also wore a new expression. I liked it even less than the old stock. He had a blue check shirt and a red carnation in his buttonhole. He held a cigarette loosely between his fingers. My Sammy Glick, my little copy boy.

Hello, Obnoxious, I said.

I came in to say good-by. Sammy said. I'm off for Hollywood.

How did this happen? I asked. Metro wire that they just couldn't get along another day without you?

Not exactly, said Sammy seriously. My agent sold me to Colossal on the strength of that story.

And that's strength, I said. How about Eugene What's-his-name? Does he go too?

Colossal just wanted me, Sammy said simply.

Well, I said, our gain is Colossal's loss.

No more of these pebbles for me, Sammy said. It's two hundred and fifty bucks a week for me, starting a week from Wednesday.

There was a short pause, during which time I reviewed the history of Sammy Glick, complete from fifteen a week to two hundred and fifty. It was America, all the glory and the opportunity, the push and the speed, the grinding of gears and the crap.

SEE you in the Brown Derby, Sammy was saying.

Then I got nostalgic. I was always a soft guy, and I said:

Sure, kid, and remember, don't say ain't.

That was too much for Sammy. He didn't like it. He didn't like to be reminded. There are two kinds of big shots: those who tell as many people as they can that they started out as newsboys at two dollars and peanuts a week, and those who take every step as if it were the only level they knew, those who drive ahead in high speed and never bother to look back to see where they've been. I began to have a strong hunch that Sammy fell roughly into the latter category, only more so.

I watched Sammy walk out of the office that day, and then I stood at the window and watched him as he appeared on the street below and jumped into a taxi. I sound like a sucker, but I felt just a little sorry for

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS
WE'D LIKE TO CHARTER YOUR PLANE TO FLY OVER CRATER LAKE
WELL – I WAS STARTING OUT TO WRANGLE SOME WILD MUSTANGS – BUT COME ALONG AND WE'LL MAKE ONE TRIP OF IT
YOU MEAN YOU'RE ROUNDING UP REAL WILD HORSES?
YES, THOSE STRAYS DOWN THERE ARE FROM LOCAL HERDS MIXED WITH SPANISH HORSES FROM THE SOUTH. SIT TIGHT, NOW, I'M GOING TO DIVE DOWN AND ROUND 'EM UP
NOW THE PUNCHERS ARE ROPING THOSE CAYUSES FOR A LITTLE JAUNT ON THE BOX-CARS
AND NOW FOR CRATER LAKE, EH, PILOT?
CRATER LAKE IS A MYSTERIOUS FREAK OF NATURE. A GREAT UNDERGROUND UPHEAVAL DESTROYED THE MOUNTAIN'S CROWN, LEAVING THIS HUGE CRATER 4000 FEET DEEP, HALF FILLED WITH WATER. THERE'S NOTHING ELSE LIKE IT IN AMERICA
WONDERFUL SIGHT—THAT. NOW IF YOU DON'T MIND, I'D LIKE TO GET BACK FOR A PIPEFUL OF THAT SWELL TOBACCO YOU WERE SMOKING BEFORE WE CAME UP
I'LL BE DELIGHTED TO INTRODUCE YOU TO PRINCE ALBERT
THAT SURE WAS A SMOOTH TRIP
AND THIS PRINCE ALBERT SURE IS A SMOOTH SMOKE — MILDEST I EVER TRIED. AND HOW IT PACKS AND DRAWS! THAT CRIMP CUT AND THAT NO-BITE PROCESS YOU TOLD ME ABOUT EVIDENTLY DO A JOB

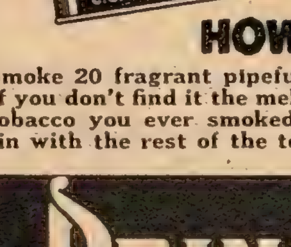
SPECIALLY MADE FOR
ALL 3
KINDS OF
PIPE-SMOKERS

JUST STARTING

GIVE YOUR TONGUES A BREAK, BEGINNERS! ENJOY PRINCE ALBERT'S **EXTRA-MILD** NO-BITE SMOKING

NOW AND THEN

WANT THAT PIPE ON STEADY DUTY? PRINCE ALBERT'S CRIMP CUT PACKS RIGHT TO BURN **EVEN, SLOW, COOL!**


PRINCE ALBERT
THE BIG 2 OUNCE RED TIN
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO

SO MILD!

EXPERIENCED

YOU OLD HANDS AT PIPE SMOKING! HOW'D YOU LIKE **TASTIER, RICHER-BODIED** SMOKES WITHOUT RAWNESS? GET P.A.

HOW CAN YOU LOSE ON THIS GUARANTEE?

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. *(Signed)* R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina.

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PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

Sammy Glick. I felt the way I did on the Commencement platform, the last day of college, watching the guys; thinking, You poor uneducated guinea pigs, you're smug, you've got no springs, and you're going to take some awful bumps. And it's not your fault; they've poured you into a mold, like jello. *They* is the villain, but don't get me wrong.

I never said Sammy Glick wasn't arrogant, deceitful, four-flushing, crude, cruel—well, I could go on like this all day. But that's what Sammy learned. He learned it on the sidewalks in the Bronx and he learned it well. He knows where he's going, and he's running fast. And when you know that, when you know what makes Sammy run, you know something.

A couple of months passed, and then I got *my* break. I don't know yet how it happened; you can bet dollars to supervisors I didn't get it by stealing any stories from Eugene Spitzer. One of the Warner Brothers must have got the idea to round up all the drama columnists in New York, and when they pulled in the net, there I was, floundering with the rest.

The day after the news broke that I had "surrendered to Hollywood"—it certainly wasn't a battle—a girl's voice came trembling over the telephone to me.

You probably don't remember me, she said. This is Miss Goldbaum—Rosalie Goldbaum.

Her voice sounded funny to me. It was shrill but dead, like a high note on a cheap piccolo.

I told her I was glad to hear from her again, which was a lie.

I've got to see you, she said.

Oh, hell! I thought. Meet me at the Tavern at seven, I said.

I got there fifteen minutes late, and she was sitting in a booth. I noticed that her shoulder blades stuck out. Her eyes were red. When I took her hand and said, Gladtoseeyou, it was rubbery and soft, like a half-blown balloon. She said, Oh, it was so good of you to come.

There was something too intimate and uncomfortable between us.

You're looking swell, I said.

I read you were going to Hollywood, she told me. You'll see Sammy Glick.

Somehow I sensed I shouldn't wisecrack about that. I can, I said guardedly.

Will you—Mr. Manners, would you see him for me?

Sure, I said. When I run into him I'll say hello for you.

I knew it was more than that. I wanted to find out.

It's not that, she said. You could find out why he never writes, she said. Never, not once, not a single letter, and she kept mumbling it as if trying to make herself believe it was true.

Sure, I said, I can ask him; but after all, it's new to him out there, and, getting adjusted and all, it's hard to write.

CAN you imagine me, defending the slob? It didn't sound convincing.

You don't understand, she said. He promised to send [illegible] me the second week he was out there. I got rid of everything I couldn't take along. I was all set. He told me not to worry; he'd send for me in a couple of weeks. He told me the only reason we couldn't go together was he didn't have the train fare. Said he'd send me his second week's salary. Now I don't know what to do.

Skunk, I said.

Tell him I don't understand, she said. Ask him why. Ask him why.

She was crying. The waiter was standing over us impatiently. It was embarrassing.

Do you want yours with onions? I asked.

She wiped her eyes with her napkin. Her mascara was running.

Before I left, I slipped her twenty-five bucks. Just to salve my conscience for knowing a slime like Sammy Glick. She put it into her purse as quickly as possible, as if her hand was trying to put something over on the rest of her.

Give me your address in Hollywood so I can pay it back, she said.

Write me care of Warners', and tell me if you hear from him, I said.

I looked after her as she turned down to Broadway and the crowd sucked her in like an undertow. And I stood, thinking what New York and Sammy Glick had done to Miss Goldbaum, this little female toothpick of humanity, thin and straight and strong for its size, but easy to break for a grown-up man, or a grown-up city.

All the way out to Hollywood, Miss Goldbaum kept running through my mind, and when I got out there, the first thing I did was go over to Colossal and look up Sammy.

His secretary had a bigger office than our city room. She said Mr. Glick was in a story conference.

I waited an hour and fifteen minutes. I was all steamed up about this thing. Finally Mr. Glick made his appearance. He didn't wear a tie. Instead he wore a big yellow scarf, with a big yellow handkerchief to match. If you put his suit on a table you could have played checkers on it. He was no longer the thin, pale, eager little kid that used to say Thank you, Mr. Manners. He had one of those California tans, and he was beginning to bulge at the waist. But he hadn't stopped running.

Well, Al, he said, so they finally pulled you into the racket. I didn't think you were smart enough.

We sat down in his office. His desk looked as long as the runway in a burlesque theater. He swung his feet on to it. I noticed he was wearing camel's-hair socks.

How's the gang? he asked. Still selling their souls for twenty kopecks?

They all send regards, Sammy, I said.

Great old bunch, he said meaninglessly; but once you get the Indian sign on the producers out here the dough comes rolling in so fast you use it for wall paper.

MISS GOLDBAUM was asking for you too, I said.

Sammy stopped running for a moment. He looked at me and I knew he was wondering how much I knew. Even through that sunburn he paled.

How is she, Al? he asked.

Swell, I said, just swell. High and dry.

I couldn't help it, he said.

He was frightened. And it's a funny thing, the poor guy meant it. He had to come out here. He had to move along. There was something in him that wouldn't be checked, something that had to run loose. And sometimes it was so strong it ran way out ahead of him. That's what Miss Goldbaum got for loving a guy like that. I guess it can happen to any one up in the Bronx, and the Bronx is just like any place else these days, only faster and harder.

Al, he said, I'll write her. I'll tell her it just isn't the place for her. I'll send her a thousand bucks. Damn it, you know how those promises are; it could've happened to anybody.

Give her a break, Sammy, I said. And then, for no reason at all, I said, Give everybody a break.

Sure, he said, sure. What are you working on over at Warners'?

I don't know, I said. But I've got a hunch it's the ninth episode of the Mr. Wu series.

Don't be a sucker, Sammy said. Turn down the first three stories they give you. They'll think more of you.

I guess I'll be seeing you around, I said, getting up.

I sold five stories last month, said Sammy, under a different name, because I'm under contract over here.

He made no bones about it. He was glorifying the American rat. He put his arm around my neck affectionately as he walked me to the door.

Here's a hot one Lubitsch told me, he said.

I heard that three weeks ago in "21," I told him when he finished.

Just one more tip, he said. If you want to get into the real dough out here, write something on the outside. Write a play. Like me. When I get it produced it will be $2,500 a week and my terms.

I'll do it tonight when I get home, I said.

Eight weeks later, when I was still waiting for an assignment, I get a little printed notice in the mail: Mr. Samuel Glick requests the pleasure of my company at the opening of his play, Live Wire, at the Hollywood Playhouse.

Sammy's car picked me up that night and brought me to his apartment. He was having a cocktail with Public Beauty Number One. Sixty million people would hock their lives to shake this girl's paw, and here was Sammy gurgling champagne with her.

Well, the play was really pretty good. The scene was a radio station and there was plenty of excitement and fireworks. All the time I keep thinking this seems awfully familiar. And then I think maybe I just dreamed it, like people do sometimes.

One or two people yell Author, author! and Sammy takes a bow, and some one sets a basket of roses on the stage, and all of a sudden it is a big success and I am sitting next to a hit author, and every one is stepping over me to shake his hand, and he is modestly denying that he must have worked very hard on it, saying it just came easy, three or four nights' work, and then every one is amazed, and some one says a new genius has come to Hollywood, and Sammy says, Oh, I wouldn't say that exactly.

Going out the lobby, Sammy said he was thirsty, and I said come up to my place and have a drink; but Sammy said, How about the Brown Derby? because he wanted to see more people.

And the Beauty said, The Vine or the Beverly Hills? I guess she would have liked to go to both.

So we got to one or the other, and it took Sammy ten minutes to get to a table, so many people flocked around him and his favorite star, and all the time I'm trying to think where I saw this play before.

Finally, when the Beauty said, Excuse me, I have to comb my hair, and went out to the ladies' room—even movie idols do—Sammy said, Well, Al, you haven't told me what you think about the play.

I THINK it's just like something else I've seen, I said.

You're pretty smart, he said.

All of a sudden it came to me: Five-Star Final!

As long as you know, he said. I might as well tell you. I used exactly the same construction as Five-Star Final, scene for scene, only I changed the characters, and I made it funny.

Those people don't know what a genius you are, I said.

The star came back, stopping at three tables en route.

Sammy, she said, when will you write a play for me?

When he can find one, I said.

I don't want to write for you until I feel something great, Sammy said, something that's—you.

She moved closer to him.

I gotta go, I said. Thanks for everything. It was an evening I'll never forget.

Good-by, Mr. Masters, she said, feeling very proud and democratic that she had remembered my name.

I didn't see Sammy for six months after that. But I used to read about him in the papers. Live Wire went to New York and he sold it back to Colossal for $150,000. Then Parsons carried a story that he and the Beauty were secretly married, but both their agents denied it, and finally they said, We're just good friends, very good friends. Then DeMille got him to write his recent epic.

The next time I saw him was at the preview of my first picture at Pasadena. I ran into him in the lobby on my way out.

Hello, Sammy, I said.

You've got some smart stuff here, Al, he said, but the story line isn't straight enough.

NO, I said; it isn't exactly Five-Star Final.

He didn't bat an eye. After all, he said, there's only one Five-Star Final.

I was about to say something, but Sammy's limousine was at the curb and he was gone. I got involved in a story conference on the sidewalk, but I couldn't keep my mind on it. The more I thought about Sammy the more I realized he had more drama than all my characters put together. My little office boy was going up. He was a human rocket. Would he reach the moon, or would he break like a Fourth-of-July firework, splattering his sparks into the sea?

. . . . .

By the time Al had finished his story, the Derby was completely empty. He and the other guy looked at each other in silence. Al stared at the caricature of President Roosevelt above the door. As he stared, an aggressive little man, a little dark ferret of a man, pushed the door open energetically and stood expectantly awaiting the head waiter. He was followed by four others, all of whom seemed to be talking to him at once.

There he is now, Al said.

Speak of the devil, said his friend.

Of course everything I told you is confidential, said Al, strictly on the q. t.

Hollywood is a jungle and the smaller animals have to run for their lives.

Mr. Glick and his party came down the aisle. He saw Al, and stopped.

Hello, Al. How's tricks?

Can't complain. You're looking good, Al said.

That's the funny angle on this whole thing, said Al, studying his glass, after Sammy had passed. My agent tells me I may go to work for him next week. And I'd still rather have my name on a Sammy Glick production than any picture in town.

THE END

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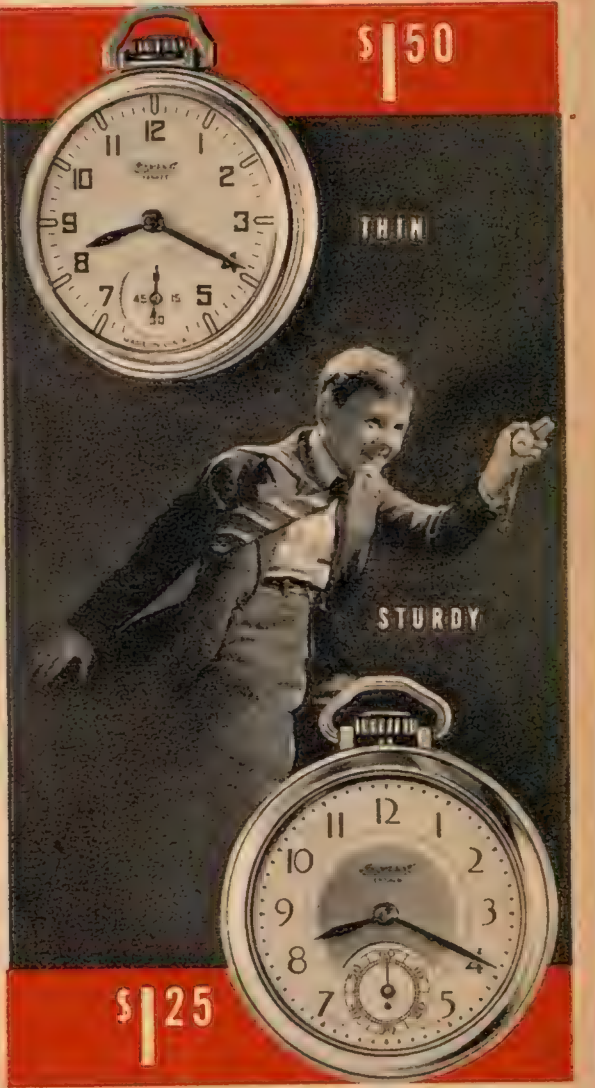

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THE WORLD GOES SMASH

BY SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN CLYMER

Tragedy, swift and sudden, strikes as a vivid, astonishing novel plunges on

READING TIME ● 24 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

AS New York's special prosecutor for rackets, Hugh Farragut has been fighting to smash a huge nationwide crime ring. Chief among the leaders of the ring is Happy Harold James, father of Dorrie, the girl Farragut loves. When the young prosecutor is appointed Attorney General of the United States by Frank J. Winters, the new Forward Party President, he accepts only on condition that he shall have a free hand to continue his battle.

Farragut suspects that James is trying to get control of the party through the weak-kneed Vice-President, Caleb Keeler. But he is not prepared for the shock of finding James in the Cabinet as the new Postmaster General!

The Attorney General, working through his old staff in New York because he is convinced that James' spies are everywhere in Washington, tries to get proof of James' activities for the President. One of his men, who is watching an old mine on the New Jersey Palisades where, Farragut believes, James has stored illegal gold, is murdered.

Meanwhile Dorrie, James' daughter, is in a private Retreat on Long Island, hiding from members of the underworld who believe she knows too much of their activities. Even the powerful Happy will not be able to save her if these men get her in their clutches. Hugh, on a visit to her, learns from Honor Slogage, an employee at the Retreat, that some crooked fighters from Chicago are in the Secret Service in Washington. He sends a note of warning to Winters, but the President never receives it.

Then he gets a cryptic message from one of his investigators at the New Jersey mine. Guns, says the man, are stored there. Without mentioning the guns, Farragut informs the Postmaster General that he intends to demand his resignation in the next Cabinet meeting. James seems shaken but refuses to resign.

"This may be a question of peace or war," he tells Hugh.

"It will have to be war, then," replies Farragut.

PART SEVEN—GUNS UNMASKED

HOW far would the President go with him? To this vital question Hugh Farragut must find the answer. No longer did he distrust Frank J. Winters' probity. But could he be relied upon for the courage and steadfastness to follow a course which must inevitably split his party? Among the better elements the real leaders of policy and principle were 100 per cent loyal. But there was another faction, and Hugh's racketeering experience in New York had taught him that Happy James was not dealing in windy boastfulness when he claimed control of it.

One way to force a showdown would be to bring up the issue between Hugh and James before the Cabinet without notice. Though Happy James had forewarning of the gold issue, the charge of establishing an artillery base would take him as much by surprise as it would the President. But would this abrupt procedure be altogether fair dealing on his part toward the man who had appointed him? As a rule Hugh was accustomed to make his own decisions. This was too weighty. He felt his inexperience in the political arena.

Two of his fellow Cabinet officers he could trust. He laid the question before Gerritt of the State Department and Levinson of Commerce.

Long habitude of the bench had made Judge Gerritt cautious. His advice was to go slow. But Levinson felt that there was danger in postponement. Both pointed out the inconclusive nature of the evidence. Both agreed that no action should be taken without consultation with the President. To this Hugh assented.

"Winters will demand James' resignation," was the Secretary of State's opinion.

"And if he can't be forced out?" countered Hugh.

"Then you will be forced out," said Levinson. "And I will go with you. Others too, I think."

Hugh's eyes brightened. "And tear the lid off the whole rotten business?"

The Secretary of Commerce looked grave. "No man can tell whither that might lead us."

Judge Gerritt pronounced the word "Revolution." He asked Hugh, "Had you thought of that?"

"I've tried to think of everything," answered the young Attorney General somberly. "Certainly I have no thought of revolution against Winters."

"Winters would be with us. It isn't a question of whether he has the will but whether he has the power," said Levinson. "You say that the Postmaster General seemed quite confident when you taxed him with his fake mining operations. I don't like it. He has something in reserve."

Judge Gerritt said to Hugh, "If the President endorses your plan, I will support you to the finish."

Compunction was Hugh's first feeling when, at ten o'clock on the following evening, he called at the White House by appointment. That face, so seamed, so tired, told of a burden of care approaching the limit of human capacity. Why—thought the visitor, in an access of sympathy and pity—should any man wish to become President of the United States? Yet he must add to the burden under which that mind was courageously plodding. His terse statement did not evoke the expected surprise. The presumption of the big guns moved Winters only to nod his slow head.

"You already know something of this?" asked Hugh.

"Not of this. But reports along the same lines have reached me from other parts of the country."

"Then you credit my information, Mr. President?"

"You are a lawyer. What is your own opinion of your evidence?"

"Worthless in a court of law."

"That would be my estimate. What do you propose?"

"To bring it up before the Cabinet."

"A direct accusation against the Postmaster General?"

"I thought I might feel my way as to the guns. James knows that I am on his trail in the gold operation but not in the other."

"And you expect to shock him into some self-betrayal?" The President smiled sadly. "I'm afraid you underestimate Mr. James' qualities."

"There may be others in the Cabinet who have knowledge of this."

"Yes, that's true. Others not so self-controlled," muttered Winters. He fixed Hugh with his melancholy and thoughtful glance.

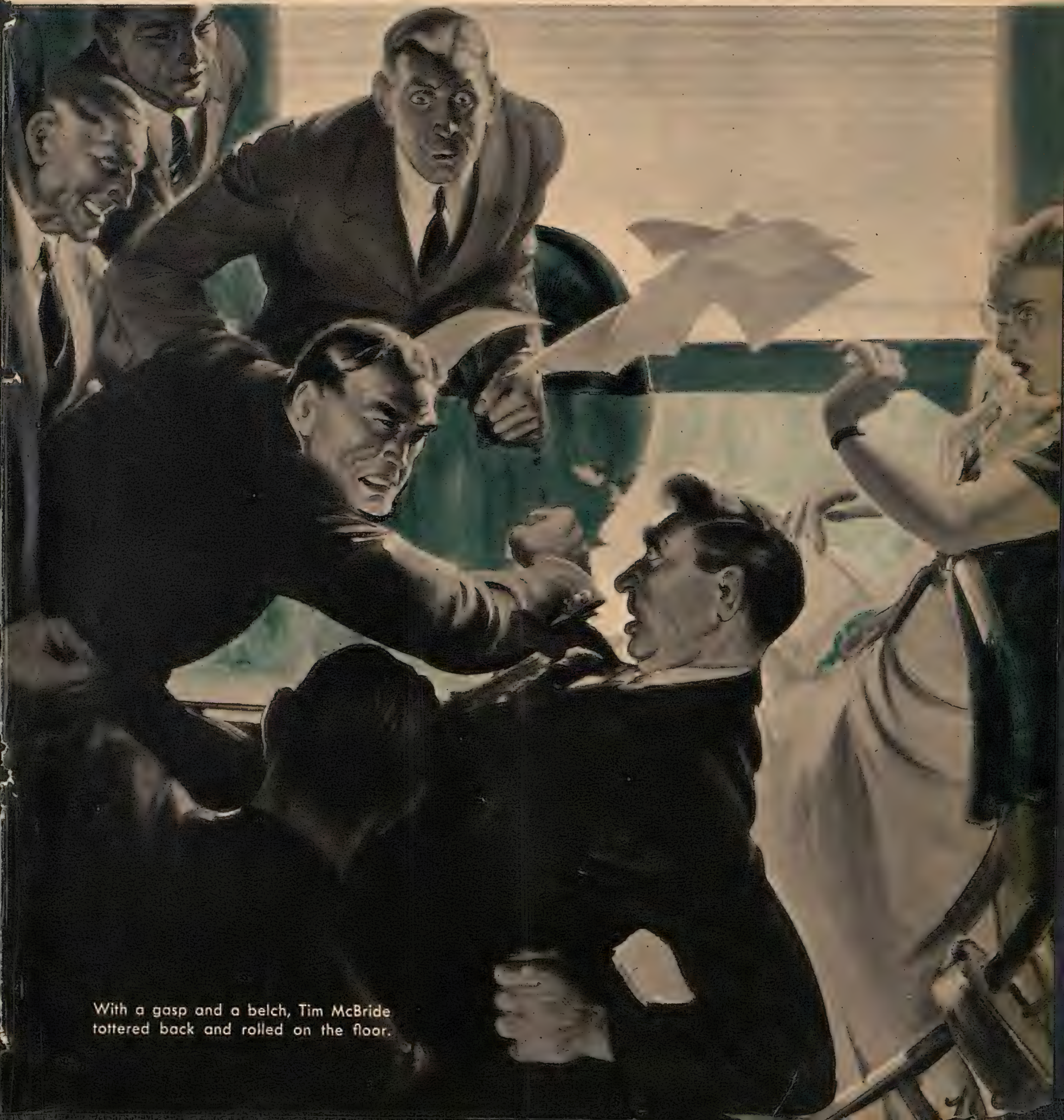
It came upon Hugh in a flash that Frank J. Winters was not blundering ahead entirely in the dark. He knew!

Winters said very low, "Give me until— No; we'll settle this now!" Slowly he rose. "Do what you think is your duty to the nation, Farragut," he said strongly. "And may God have mercy on us all!"

Hugh's lids tingled as he left the room. The two days intervening before the Cabinet meeting were the longest that Hugh ever passed. He reviewed with minute care his plan of attack. That there was the chance of failure he fully recognized. But it was a comforting reflection that if his strategy did fail, he would fall alone; the President would not be involved. And, at worst, he could seriously damage James by exposure of the gold cabal. What would be the answer of the Postmaster General and his clique to a demand for a Secret Service investigation of the Palisades Mining Company? Hugh's might be a blunderbuss charge, but at least he had a double-barreled weapon.

Tension was in the atmosphere when the members of the Cabinet gathered in the outer room before the President's arrival. It was evident to Hugh, whose own nerves were none too tranquil, that the Postmaster General had warned his associates of what might be coming. Tim McBride glowered at him with patent hostility. Duryea and Mrs. Larrabee murmured together in a corner. Happy James talked apart with Vice-President Caleb Keeler. The Vice-President, so Hugh thought, seemed unusually alert and, in a way, expectant. General Martingell sat apart in heavy thought. As Hugh was talking with Secretary Levinson a hand was laid on his shoulder.

"May I have a word with you, Mr. Farragut?"



With a gasp and a belch, Tim McBride tottered back and rolled on the floor.

“Certainly.” Hugh followed Happy James to a window embrasure.

“This is not official, Farragut. It’s about my daughter.”

“Anything wrong?” asked Hugh quickly.

“Have you been trying to kidnap her?”

“I? Why should I kidnap her?” returned Hugh contemptuously.

“If you haven’t, some one else has.”

“Kidnap Dorrie?” queried Hugh. “Who? How? Where?”

“This morning. At Dr. Tell’s.”

Suddenly Hugh was furiously angry. “You’re the boss of the underworld of New York. Can’t you protect your own child?” he growled.

“I have, this time. Another time— Do you think I’m not trying?” Happy James asked in a muffled groan.

“I’m sorry, James,” said Hugh with quick and genuine contrition. “We can stand together on Dorrie, anyway. It’s the Nick Cuprane case, isn’t it? She’s supposed to know too much about it.”

James gave him a sidelong glance. “I suppose so,” he muttered. “If it wasn’t you.”

“You don’t seem to understand,” said Hugh gently and patiently. “There would never be any occasion for me to kidnap Dorrie. She is ready to marry me as soon as it is safe for her to leave the Retreat. I think I shall fly up to see her tomorrow.”

The father studied him for a long ten seconds. “That will be all right,” he decided. “Will you take a sealed letter, to be destroyed if not delivered?”

“To Dorothy?”

“To whom it may concern. If there should be any—well, interference—produce the letter. It may be useful.”

“I understand,” answered Hugh calmly. “Thank you.”

James wrote a line and sealed it in an envelope upon which he scrawled “From H. J.” The men parted without a word upon the issue which, as one of them knew might happen, was to convulse the nation.

Routine business consumed the first hour of the meeting. Then, upon a sign from the President, Hugh Farragut rose. Instead of addressing the chair, he altered his position to turn to his neighbor on the right.

“May I put some questions to the Secretary of War?” he said.

General Martingell returned a grumpy assent.

“Has your department available information upon private armed forces and military establishments in the United States?”

“If we had such information it would be a departmental matter.”

EVERY fool knows,” put in Secretary of Arbitration and Adjustment Tim McBride, “that the steel, coal, and automobile industrialists have their own armies of thugs.”

“It’s said there are the unions’ ‘beef squads’ also,” Hugh mildly reminded him, and continued, “I will be more specific. Have you data regarding gun emplacements along the Hudson River?”

The Secretary of War made an essay at sardonic humor: “The Attorney General may have heard of a place called West Point.”

“I do not refer to West Point,” answered Hugh with undisturbed equanimity. “I have in mind a masked battery concealed in the Palisades.”

“Rot!” barked the military man; and Hugh, with the tenth of his mind which could be devoted to the reply, guessed his ignorance of the situation. The other ninety per cent of his attention was centered upon Happy James, who did not betray a flicker of excitement.

“Look at McBride,” whispered Levinson.

Hugh shifted his gaze. At once he realized that he was on sure ground. The visage of the Secretary of Arbitration and Adjustment was a vivid betrayal, from the frightened stagnancy of the eyes to the twitching of the chin. Not yet ready to strike home, Hugh turned to the representative of the navy.

“Perhaps you, Mr. Secretary, can throw light upon this.”

After a marked hesitation Clerf replied, “I believe that our Information Service has been interested in certain rumors. Whatever we have is at the Attorney General’s service, with the President’s approval.”

Hugh revised his estimate of Clerf’s attitude. He was not with the James-Keeler-McBride coalition. As for Martingell, he was apparently nowhere.

“May I ask whither all this innuendo is leading?” demanded Secretary Duryea testily. But Hugh perceived symptoms of panic in that small face also.

“To Postmaster General James.”

There was a dead silence around the table.

“Mr. President, I protest!” boomed Cale Keeler. “This is an outrageous statement. I—protest.” He looked to the Postmaster General as if for instructions.

“Let him go ahead,” said Happy James.

“I shall present reasons for the immediate resignation of the Postmaster General,” continued Hugh.

TIM McBRIDE’S fist descended upon the mahogany with a force that made the papers leap. “No, by God!” he roared. “If there’s any resigning it’ll be you that resigns.”

The President leaned forward. He fixed the Secretary of Arbitration and Adjustment with a steady glance. “Quiet,” he said. McBride slumped back under the rebuke.

Without special emphasis Hugh brought his charge: “The Palisades Mining Company, controlled by Mr. James and his associates, produces not ore but stolen gold.”

“Is this true?” asked President Winters.

“No,” said Happy James.

“I will amend my statement and substitute ‘illegal’ for ‘stolen’ gold.”

“That can be satisfactorily explained,” said James.

“I doubt it. In the mine shaft overlooking the Hudson the operating company has planted guns of long range and heavy caliber.”

“If this unsupported accusation is true—”

“It is true,” struck in the President.

Every head jerked around to face him. Hugh Farragut was taken as much by surprise as the rest. Happy James’ color faded, but he went on calmly:

“—the guns were brought there without my knowledge. Nor can I conceive for what purpose, unless to protect the mine against robbery.”

“Is that the best you can do, Mr. Postmaster General?” queried Hugh with an irritating effect of pity.

“A squad of army engineers is now in possession,” stated President Winters.

General Martingell surged to his feet, purple with wrath. “By whom was the order issued?” he demanded.

“By the commander in chief of the national forces,” was the calm reply.

“Over my head?” demanded the Secretary of War.

“It was an occasion for prompt and quiet action.”

“Then, sir,” retorted Martingell, with a creditable assumption of dignity, “I must offer my resignation.”

“Be good enough to put it in writing.” The President stood up. “Are there any other resignations?” His scrutiny swept the rapt faces about the board.

The Presidential regard hovered upon Mrs. Larrabee. She drooped. Upon Duryea, who sent an imploring glance vainly toward Happy James. Upon McBride, whose savagery was still focused upon Hugh Farragut. Hugh’s interest was, for the moment, absorbed in Keeler. Across the rubicund features of the Vice-President spread a glow of expectancy. What could that mean?

“Mr. James?” In Winters’ tone was the crackle and the threat of latent electricity.

The Postmaster General's sleek head came up abruptly.

"Are you asking for my resignation, sir?"

"I am demanding it."

Happy James' hands were twitching, but his vocal cords were still under control as he asked:

"How long may I have?"

"I am as ready as yourself to avoid the appearance of scandal for the present. Shall we say a week?"

"That will be sufficient," returned Happy James.

Tim McBride lumbered to his feet. The President bent upon him an expectant glance; but the ex-gorilla's mind was not upon official but direct action.

"Look out!" cried a voice stridently. And, before the words had died, McBride's powerful form was around the foot of the table. Hugh recognized the man's objective. But he would have had no time to push back his heavy chair and set himself for defense except for an unexpected interposition. Saturnine Henry Hartshorn, the Secretary of Agriculture, rose in the path of the bull-like rush. Two terrific blows beat him to the floor, stunned and bleeding. The momentary check gave Hugh just the half second needed. With the instantaneous instinct of the trained athlete, he had mapped his procedure. With his shorter stature it was easy for him to swerve beneath the murderously flailing fists and drive upward and forward, with left and right, into the distended paunch of the attacker. With a gasp and a belch, Tim McBride tottered back and rolled on the floor, where he was pinned by two guards who had rushed in from the outer room.

The most tumultuous Cabinet meeting in American political history was adjourned in a near-hysterical confusion. Nursing a sprained left wrist, Hugh found himself faced by Lucy Harbesson.

"If you don't carry a pistol," she said coolly, "get one."

She moved on, allowing him no chance to ask an explanation of her terse advice.

Going to Winters, who was pale with anger, Hugh said:

"My apologies, sir. I had to do it."

"You did it thoroughly," was the grim response. "Can you come to the White House tomorrow at five?"

"Yes, sir."

Gone were Hugh's hopes of a whole afternoon with Dorrie James at the Retreat.

Released for the time from official pressure, Hugh thought wistfully of the quiet and detachment of the Cosmos Club atmosphere. Probably he would find Ralph Stoner there. After an early dinner he walked to the place.

Stoner was playing the new cross-auction bridge. He turned away from the play to inform his friend:

"Vignal is in the library."

"What is he doing?"

"Brooding, I'm afraid. I'm worried about him. Why don't you go up and talk with him?"

Hugh nodded and climbed the stairs. He found the Swiss scientist huddled in a chair, staring into vacancy.

"You're not looking well," said the American.

Vignal threw up his hands in a gesture of desperation. "This world! This terrible world!"

"You are safe enough here," Hugh reassured him.

"I think not so much of my own safety. I am but one life among millions that are imperiled."

"Here? Are you thinking of this country?"

"Are you, then, immune from universal madness," cried the scientist, "you Americans?" He lowered his voice, though there was no one else in the room. "We spoke before of my Azrael bombs. Azrael, the angel of death, descending from the heavens." He laughed, and Hugh wondered whether he was quite sane. "Do you recall, monsieur?"

"Yes."

"We have a query at the Panama Cercle d'Industrie, how many could I supply of these bombs."

"Surely you wouldn't—" began Hugh, but was cut off.

"Sooner I would swallow one of these." He brought out a steel box, which he opened, revealing the tiny capsules d'espion of what appeared to be some light metal. "That would be at worst a swift and kindly death."

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Shuddering, Hugh stared at him. His mind veered to Dorrie in a sick panic. He tapped upon the box.

"Are these obtainable?"

"For yourself?"

"For a woman."

"Ah! Also there was a woman whom I loved. Happily, I had supplied her with one of these. Her hand to her lips—so. It was all over. Instantly. . . . Yes; you shall have it. You shall have two. One for yourself at need. We may not meet again. Tomorrow I go away."

"Leave me your address, monsieur," requested Hugh.

"There is a quiet spot in the West Virginia hills where I sometimes go to escape all this—and wait. I shall enclose the address with the capsules. Remember," he warned, "They are strong, they will resist shock. But, once broken, instant death to any within the radius of the enclosed gases."

Threats of peril were in the air, mused Hugh. First Miss Harbesson; now this queer foreigner. Bidding good night to Ralph Stoner, he went, not to his hotel, but to the Department of Justice, which never closed. The night superintendent found for him, at request, one of the improved Lehrer automatics.

"And now, MacDonough," Hugh told the old man, "you might call Graves at the airport. Tell him we take off at dawn."

"Yes, sir."

Presently MacDonough returned with the information that he had been unable to locate the Attorney-General's personal pilot, but that a substitute aviator named Fresneau would be ready. Fresneau was not known to Hugh. That did not matter.

HUGH was early at the airport. The substitute pilot arrived at six thirty. Fresneau was a slender, swarthy, competent-appearing young man who greeted the Attorney General courteously:

"Good morning, sir. Which way do we go?"

"North. To Long Island. Riverhead."

"Is there time for me to telephone my wife, sir?"

"Yes. But be quick about it."

Three minutes, to the passenger's impatience, was not "quick." A poor wire was Fresneau's explanation.

The flight consumed less than fifty minutes. They made a silent landing. The Retreat guards were obviously disturbed at Hugh's application for entry at so unusual an hour, but they admitted him. Few portals are closed to the Attorney General of the United States.

Beneath the iron-barred window of Dorrie's apartment, Hugh called her name. A joyous cry answered:

"Hugh! How grand! Breakfast in ten minutes."

"Then you knew I was coming?"

"Yes. Washington has been calling you."

The statuesque figure of Honor Slogage appeared. "Good morning, Mr. Attorney Ge[illegible]al. I'm glad you're here."

"Why? Anything wrong?"

"There came near being. We had a kidnaping scare. But Happy James posted some of his men here in case of another raid."

Hugh pondered that. To be sure, it safeguarded Dorrie. But what of himself? He must consider his own safety. Circumstances had made him leader in a campaign of patriotic duty. He had no right to take chances.

ACCOMPANIED by Honor Slogage, he went to Dorrie's suite and at once picked up the telephone. At that hour the special prosecutor's office would not be open. But he was reasonably sure to find Harris Magill at home. A slumberous voice answered:

"Hello, and be damned to you, whoever you are! It's hardly seven."

"Hugh Farragut speaking."

"Oh! Great gosh! Sorry, Chief. Where are you?"

"At the Retreat. How soon can you get Wilde?"

"Two minutes."

"Good. Pick up four or five of the squad. Can you get an armored car?"

"If I have to steal it!"

"Get here as soon as you can. Wait outside until you're needed."

"Right, Chief. Two hours, or maybe sooner."

"Make it sooner. Good-by."

Dorrie at his shoulder said reproachfully, "I'm among those present also."

"I know, darling. You're all right, aren't you?"

"I've been having a bad time with dad. He accuses me of having given away some of his business secrets to you. I haven't, have I?"

"The gold business?"

"Yes. I didn't know there was any secret about it. And I told him that even if you did get anything from me, you would not make use of it."

"I have made use of it, I'm afraid," he answered with a qualm of compunction.

"*Hugh!* You wouldn't do that to me!"

"I'm afraid I didn't give it enough weight at the time. But even so—" His eyes searched her paling face, anxious, imploring. "Dorrie darling, try to understand this thing. It's so much bigger than any one person, any one interest."

"Bigger than our love?"

He threw his hand upward. "I don't suppose a woman can understand. Put it that I unwittingly broke faith with you, Dorrie. I suppose I have. But I'd do the same thing again. Your father is engaged in a criminal conspiracy against the nation, and this—"

"My father has never broken faith with me."

"You've got to choose between us finally. Are you going to make this issue the basis of your choice?"

Her face slowly turned from him.

"I love you, Dorrie," he said.

"I know—I know. That's what makes it so difficult to understand.

How can one love without trusting?"

They stared at each other across an impasse, both with appalled faces. The telephone buzzed startlingly. She motioned to him to answer. She could hear the wooden tinkle of the voice:

"Washington calling the Attorney General. . . . Ready? . . . All right; you're connected—" Then Hugh's quiet query: "That you, MacDonough? . . . Yes, of course I'm safe." He clapped his hand across the receiver. "Dorrie, this is official business."

Her hand went to her breast. "It isn't. It's danger. To you."

He raised his voice: "Mrs. Slogage! Will you take her out?"

Instantly he was clasped in an encirclement of arms whose strength amazed him. The girl's voice, broken though it was, held a violence of its own as she gasped, "I won't go. I won't! I've a right to know—to know what threatens you!"

A great surge of thankfulness welled up in his heart. It was her surrender; her choice was made finally.

MacDonough's words came through more clearly. Sometime in the early morning a squad of local police had gone to Hugh's hotel, forced their way into his rooms and rifled them.

"I know whose work that is," commented Hugh. "After my papers. They wouldn't find much there."

"They had handcuffs with them," said the telephone.

"Any one else?"

"There's a rumor that Secretary Levinson has disappeared and that an attack on Secretary Gerritt was beaten off."

"Thank you," said Hugh. "Keep me posted." To Dorrie he said, "It's come. Sooner than I had expected."

"You can't go back there," said she pleadingly.

"That's absurd; I must."

"Then I'm going with you."

"I'm afraid that's absurd, too."

"Hugh, if you leave me here now, do you realize that we may never see each other again?"

Shaken, he begged, "Don't make it too hard for me."

"For *you!* Think of me."

"If only I knew what was happening—"

"Whatever it is, it couldn't be as hard for me as being left here to agonize in doubt."

He rose. "God forgive me," said he—"I'll take you!" She gave a little cry of exultation. "May I take luggage? A suitcase? Two? Honor, help me pack." She darted into the bedroom, commenced hauling open drawers, tossing clothes and toilet articles on to the bed, gaily bossing Honor Slogage. Again she heard the telephone ring, and Hugh's response: "Hello?" Then nothing more.

She danced back to him, waving a nondescript garment. "More news?" she asked.

Hugh sat staring at nothing with an expression which appalled her. The receiver dangled beside him.

"What is it?" she cried. "Oh, Hugh! What is it?"

"The President has been found dead in his bed."

Was the President murdered to give Keeler and James control of the government? Hugh Farragut is prepared to risk his life to find out. Startling scenes, breath-taking drama, and surprises crowd the next installment of this amazing novel. Don't miss it—in next week's Liberty!

☆ TWENTY QUESTIONS ☆

1—Her first starring vehicle was Daddy Long-Legs; later she financed a play called Let Us Divorce, thereupon Ralph Forbes divorced her; and the next day she married George Brent—but that didn't endure. Who is this talented actress of stage and screen?

2—Why are Friends called "Quakers"?

3—And how many Friends have been President of the United States?

4—Which dance concludes with the "Praise Allah" movement?

5—Is it possible to remove scorch marks from cotton or linen fabrics?

6—Who invented the piano?

7—Does Denmark have a larger population than Norway?

8—By what name is Vladimir Ulyanoff better known?

9—Who painted The Blue Boy?

10—Although the Guernsey and the Jersey give richer milk, the most popular dairy breed in the United States is what?

11—One out of about how many WPA workers are women?

12—About what was the cost of the last Presidential campaign?

13—Which metal has the highest melting point?

14—Who wrote She Stoops to Conquer?

15—Is it correct to say, "The accident added another to the list of martyrs to careless driving"?

16—Which President preceded Lincoln to that office?

17—What country has Where Is My Native Land? for a national anthem?

18—Who, born in Baku, was named Harold T. H. Carter?

19—An enrober works in what kind of factory?

20—What Russian pianist composed the oratorio, Paradise Lost?

(Answers will be found on page 46)

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The Love I Have for Elise

BY WALKER COMBS, JR.

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

I WAS watching the glint in Elise's hair, the softness of her gray eyes. The years had not changed the beauty of them a great deal. There was depth to them, something added by sorrow; and, if anything, it had enhanced their loveliness. After all these years I still loved her, and I was telling her that.

“ Something's gone out of me, Bob,” she said.

“ You're still what I want,” I answered. Knowing that her greatest love had gone to Ralph because he had needed her most, I still wanted her.

It was only natural, I suppose, I should think back over those years, letting what bitterness the memory held for me heighten the joy of this moment. Elise had been happy with Ralph, helping him, giving of herself until it hurt. Because she had been that happy, I had buried myself in my work as Dr. Howard's assistant. From the side lines I watched Ralph's hurried rise as an engineer, happy for Elise even in that.

But Elise had not counted on Gladys, as bright and explosive as a firecracker. Why Ralph could do it I never was able to understand; but he asked for a divorce, and Elise gave it to him. It was not until then, when I again saw her, that I knew how deeply she had loved him—how she could not have done otherwise than give him up. I knew then, too, how much I loved her.

Though Dr. Howard had died, leaving me with the entire practice, I saw her often. But I tried not to spoil her memory of Ralph. It was fresh then, and still somewhat lovely. Often she asked about him, and I told her what I knew. When the roof of a building he was constructing collapsed, killing two workmen, she said, her face twitching a little with pain, “ He needs me now, and I can't go to him.”

The investigation cleared him, but after that there were fewer contracts.

Somehow I felt that she would never be happy again unless she could be helping him. But, from the day I met Gladys outside Elise's apartment, Elise was changed. That night, for the first time, she wanted to go out. I remember she lost a great deal for me on the wheel. And we never mentioned Ralph much afterward. Gladys was divorcing him a short time later, making a great furor of it, charging cruelty, infidelity, and dissipation.

With that she seemed to have poisoned Elise's mind against him. Even when I told her that Ralph had been in for an appendix operation and was coming along nicely, she seemed very little interested. There was a slight wince, as of pain, at the mention of him, which I did not try to interpret.

So tonight I had asked her. “ You haven't had what you deserve,” I said. “ I'll try to give it to you.”

“ I'm going to the mountains tomorrow,” she told me. “ Don't expect an answer until I come back. If I decide before then, I'll call you tomorrow and I won't go to the mountains.”

After that we talked about the trip. She was leaving in the morning with the MacGregors. I did not know them, but they were friends of hers. I kissed her good night, afterward, for the first time since she had met Ralph, and wondered if it could have been any warmer had I been he.

Early next morning I went to the office. I hardly remember, now, how things happened. For word came in of an accident involving the MacGregors. No other names were given. I was frantic. They were rushing them to Howard Memorial. Three times I called Elise's apartment, with no answer. It would be useless, I knew, to go to the hospital and wait. Something of Dr. Howard's training still remained with me, and the waiting room was full.

Automatically I went over the patients, passing many on to my assistant.

“ Keep that telephone hot,” I called to the secretary in the outer office. Through the open door I could see Ralph seated in the waiting room.

At last word came that Elise was calling me from the hospital. I answered, but it was a nurse, and she gave me a message from Elise.

“ I'll be right out,” I said.

When Ralph came in to give me one more look at his scar, I was still shaking. I wondered if he knew; but then I saw that he did not. He was talking about his plans to construct a group of low-cost houses which he hoped would give him a new start.

“ You'll be able to go right on with those contracts,” I told him. “ You're as good as new.”

“ You think so? ” he asked. He seemed happier than I had seen him, but a trifle wistful.

Then he turned his eyes sharply upon me.

“ I threw away the one thing I need most,” he said. “ Do you suppose Elise would mind if I saw her occasionally? Do you think she would even see me? ” he asked.

I started to break in, but he was anxious to finish.

“ I remember your saying once that I hadn't done you any favor by stepping out. Well, it can't be as it was before, but if I could just *see* her I think I'd be able to succeed now. I never knew I needed her so much.”

“ If you think you can do Elise some good,” I said, and my voice wasn't gentle, “ drop around to Howard Memorial. The time has passed when Elise can help *you*.”

I saw his lip tremble. I wasn't sure what the effect on him had been. He must have thought I was terribly heartless, saying it as I did. He hesitated a moment, seemed lost, fumbled over half a dozen hats before he found his own. I saw him go, and to see him tore at my heart.

It was a long time before I got away to the hospital. After all, there were other doctors, and my practice required a great deal of time. When I did arrive, a white-clad nurse stopped me at the desk.

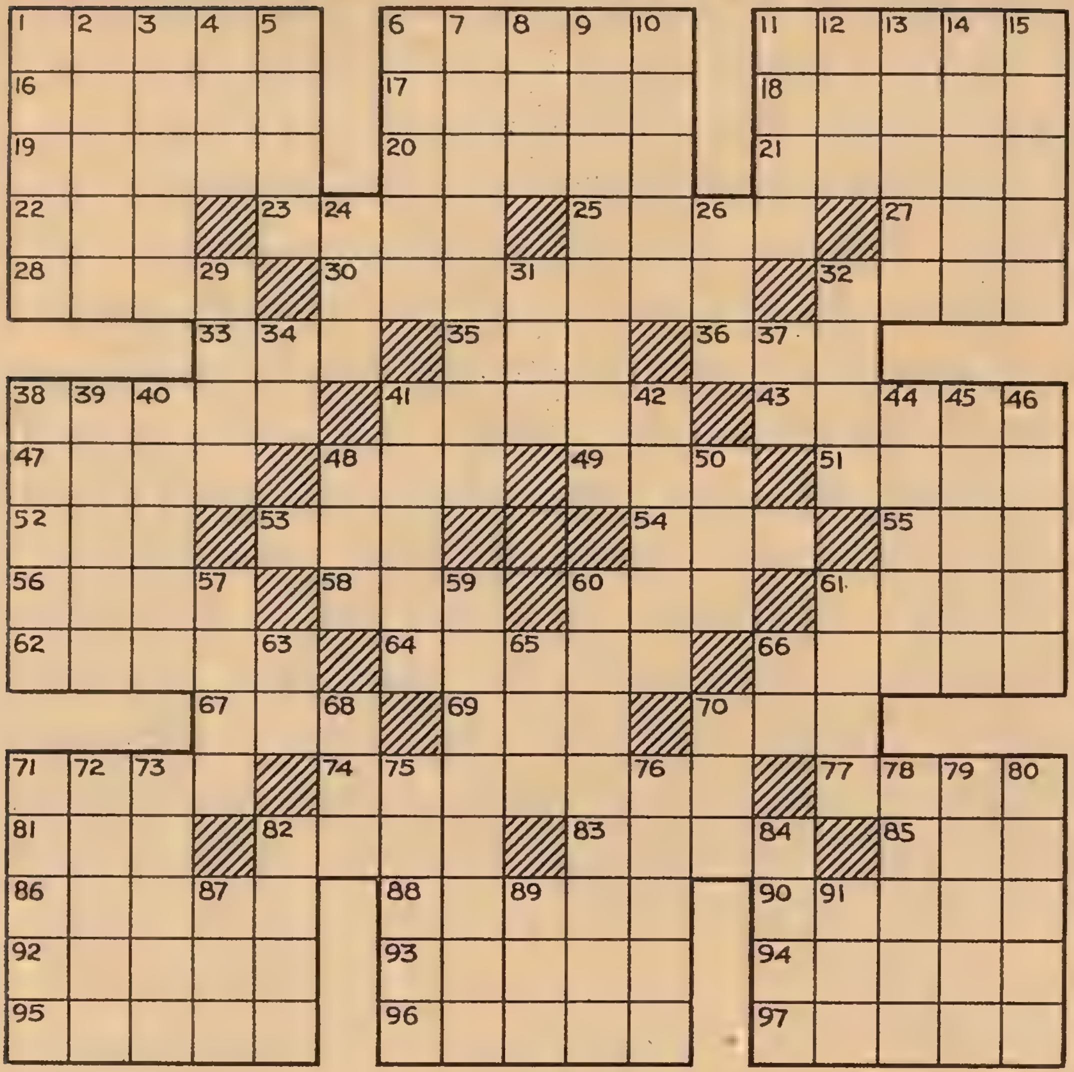
“ A note for you, Dr. Carter.”

I took it absently. I wouldn't need to read it. I had known all along. I knew Elise would understand why I had sent Ralph.

You see, Elise wasn't in that wreck. She hadn't even started with the MacGregors. The message she sent by the nurse was that she was waiting for me at the hospital to become Mrs. Robert Carter. But—well, I see her occasionally, and it's good to know any one can be so happy.

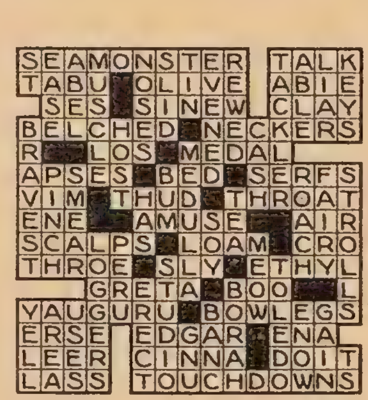
THE END

CROSSWORDS



HORIZONTAL

1 Extent
6 Ties
11 Viper
16 To trail
17 Worship
18 River in France
19 Ventilated
20 Measure of weight
21 Fruit (pl.)
22 Teamster's command
23 Store
25 Departs
27 No
28 Whirlpool
30 Man's name
32 Part of head (pl.)
33 Corrode
35 An eternity
36 Bear young
38 Visible vapor
41 Liberated
43 Protein in the castor-oil bean
47 Heed
48 A pronoun
49 Cardinal number
51 Risk
52 Cereal grain
53 Kind of bread
54 To cut grass, etc.
55 Unrefined
56 Employed
58 Confronted
60 In the center
61 To allot
62 Import
64 Charge
66 One of the Apostles
67 Grassland
69 Humanity in general
70 Suffer illness
71 Overmastering wrath
74 Opposes manfully



SEAMONSTER TALK
TABU OLIVE ABIE
SES SINEW CLAY
BELCHED NECKERS
R LOS MEDAL
APSES BED SERFS
VIM THUD THROAT
ENE AMUSE AIR
SCALPS LOAM CRO
THROE SLY ETHYL
GRETA BOO L
YAUGURU BOWLEGS
ERSE EDGAR ENA
LEER CINNA DOIT
LASS TOUCHDOWNS

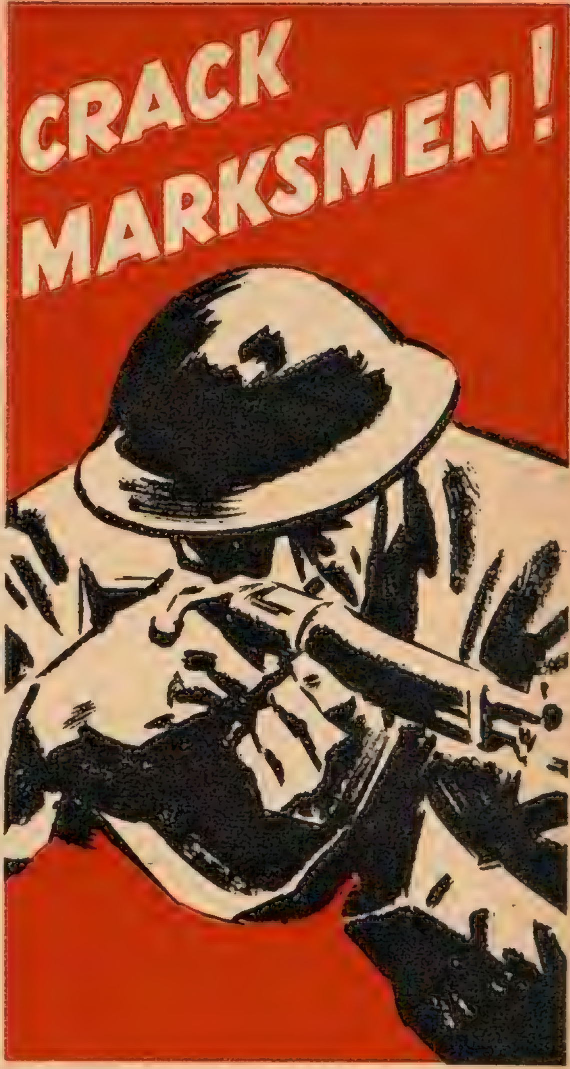
Answer to last week's puzzle

77 To drivel
81 Ailing
82 An animal
83 Trial
85 A brawl
86 Thin dress material
88 Head ornament
90 Lessen
92 Terminated
93 Ethyl oxide
94 Bishop's headdress
95 Requirements
96 Former English coins
97 Stalks

VERTICAL

1 Platform
2 Wept
3 Rowed
4 Pastry
5 Concludes
6 English philosopher
7 Camera attachments
8 And not
9 A small fish
10 An issue (surgery)
11 Mountains in Europe
12 A deer
13 The moon goddess
14 Mistake
15 Reposes
24 Head covering
26 Gaze steadily
29 Measure of time
31 Garden implement
32 Woman's name
34 Exist
37 Measure of area
38 Vehement outcry
39 Annoy
40 Consumed
41 Financially penalized
42 Resign
44 Proofreader's mark
45 Angry
46 Fresher
48 Ahem
50 Slight bow
57 Deal out scantily
59 Rashness
60 Musical entertainer
61 Pinochle term
63 Note of the scale
65 Bleat of a sheep
66 Greek letter
68 Man's nickname
70 An equine
71 Split
72 Solitary
73 Move smoothly
75 Classifier
76 Rends
78 Declaim
79 Tribal symbol
80 Pitchers
82 Small plots of cultivated ground
84 Caps
87 Conducted
89 Exclamation
91 Small portion

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.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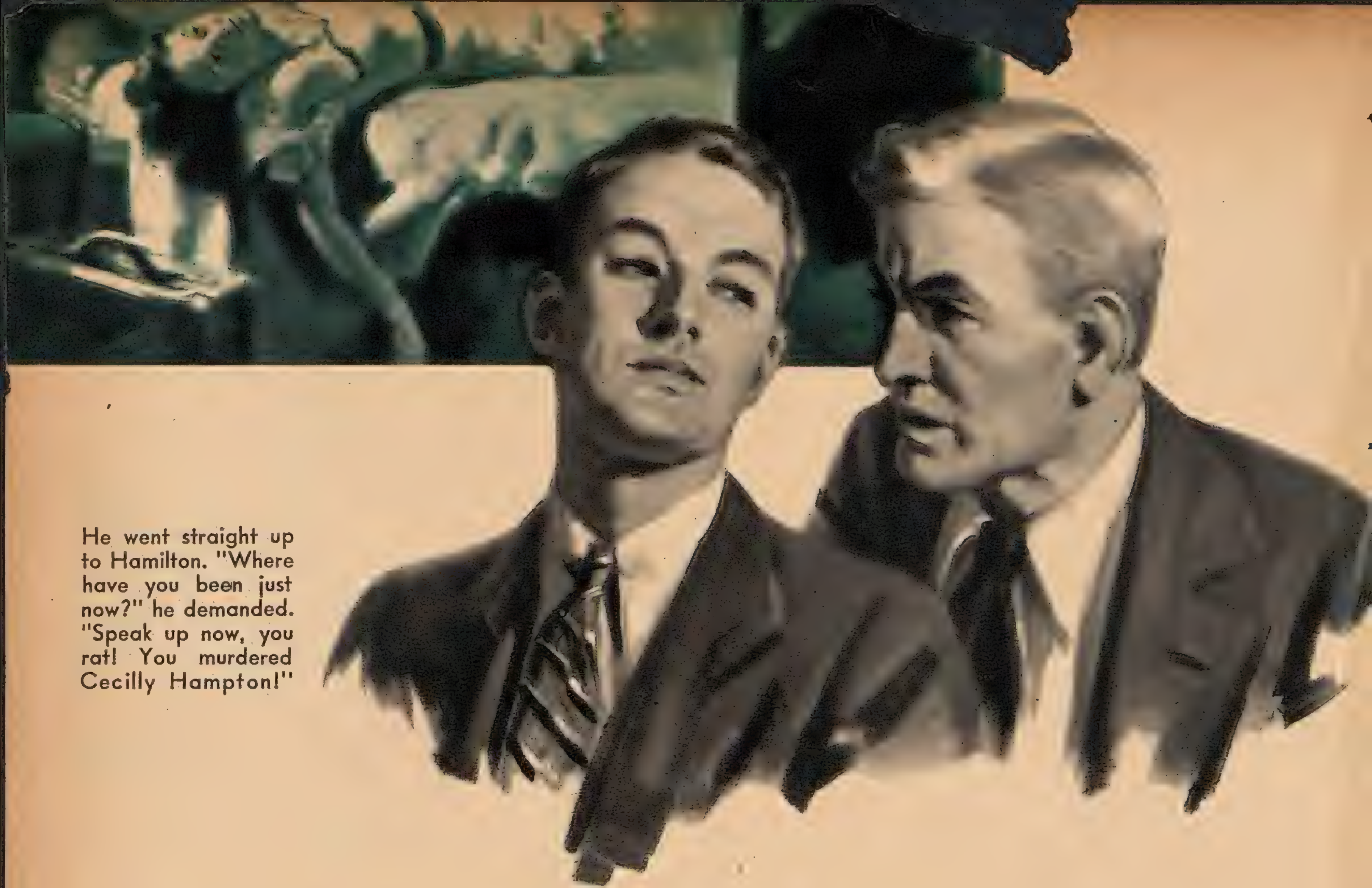


He went straight up to Hamilton. "Where have you been just now?" he demanded. "Speak up now, you rat! You murdered Cecilly Hampton!"

READING TIME ● 23 MINUTES 22 SECONDS

ILLUSTRATED BY STANLEY PARKHOUSE

BECAUSE his life is in danger, John Merriam hires Bob Hamilton as his bodyguard. Nevertheless, at the end of twenty-four hours he is murdered. Immediately, Detective Macklin, in charge of the case, suspects Hamilton, but Charles Dutton (also known as "Bombi"), a friend of the slain playboy, induces the luckless young fellow to assist him in running down the mysterious criminal.

In an antique jewel box they find an old kitchen account book in which some unknown woman kept a secret diary, a feather, a thorny twig, a tweed thread, and a scrap of clay showing an impression. A key made from this mold eventually leads Bombi and Bob to a remote little cottage. They deduce that it was here that John Merriam kept a mistress, Cecilly Hampton, a struggling artist, now at work on a portrait of his rich and lovely cousin, Beatrice Shaw.

Beatrice is engaged to another cousin, Tom Pittfield, chiefly because her Uncle Henry desires it. But she and Bob promptly fall in love. While sleuthing, Bob also meets and is fascinated by Grace Barnes, who seems to know something of the murder of Merriam. Vainly she pleads with Bob Hamilton to quit the trail he is on.

That trail has revealed most damning evidence against Cecilly Hampton. The handwriting in the old kitchen account book proves to be hers, and a box of poisoned chocolates sent to Bombi bears the address in the same script.

Cornered, Cecilly appears to be innocent, then phones Bombi that she will tell all. Bombi sends Bob to her apartment, where he finds her dead—murdered, without any sign of violence. But he picks up a cigarette lighter belonging to Grace Barnes which he returns to the girl on his way home to Bombi with the terrible news.

PART NINE—"YOU MURDERED CECILLY HAMPTON!"

WHEN Hamilton got back to the apartment, he found Bombi dressing, with Sassan Vashtu McGuire handing clothes to him and shaking his head in despair.

"Go back to bed, Bombi," commanded Hamilton. "You're sick. You'll kill yourself."

Bombi looked up. He was pale green, a famous jade color. He might have been a jade Buddha finely polished with sweat.

"She was dead, then?"

Hamilton nodded.

"I knew it," said Bombi. "I threw her life away because I thought that I could make her speak."

"It wasn't your fault," Hamilton told him. "You simply didn't realize how your strength was slipping away from you. That's all. Get those clothes off and into the bed with you. . . ."

He took Bombi strongly by the arm. The huge arm turned into a core of hard India rubber with a thin slippery layer of fat on top. The fingers of Hamilton slipped. Bombi took him by the wrist and removed his hand. It was like the pressure of water, smooth, incredibly even, and crushing. A nameless power was in the huge soft hand of Bombi.

That effort had made the fat man white about the mouth. He leaned an elbow on the arm of the chair and breathed heavily for a moment.

"She is dead," said Bombi, "and I've thrown her life away. It was a good little life, Bob. It did more good than harm. It was a nice little life. She picked up bits of beauty here and there—nice little bits. But I let them all be thrown away. Ah, ah!"

He looked up to the ceiling and raised his hands, palms up, in a strange gesture of acceptance and yet of prayer.

"I'll keep in these clothes until I find the murderer, Bob," he said. "Don't argue with me. Don't dissuade me. . . . I hope she wasn't disfigured? Tell me." He was knotting a necktie with haphazard hands.

"There was no mark on her," said Hamilton. "Not a sign of a mark. She'd been packing up to leave. One of her suitcases was strapped. The other was almost ready to close. . . . And you see, Bombi, in spite of everything, she was about to come back to us and tell us everything. It wasn't your fault or mine, then. It was the fault of the murderer who stood behind the door and

BRIGHT DANGER

BY MAX BRAND

listened while she was talking to me. . . . Stood there and heard her speak my name . . . and then came in and . . .”

“Steady,” said Bombi. “Want a drink?”

“No, I've had a drink. I stopped in and saw Grace Barnes.”

Bombi finished knotting the necktie.

“Did you try to find out what Grace Barnes knows?”

“No,” said Hamilton.

“Why not?”

“Well, just now . . . if I asked her, she'd tell me.”

“You think that she might hurt herself? I understand. A little romantic, but I understand.”

“Don't laugh at me,” said Hamilton.

“I'm not laughing,” said Bombi. “It doesn't make me want to laugh. So you won't put any pressure on Grace Barnes?”

“No,” said Hamilton. “I tried to, but I can't. . . . It's queer what a dog a man can be. She ought to be nothing to me . . . you know that, Bombi. I'm in the middle of a grand passion. I'm out of my head about another woman. And still . . .”

“Well, the man is the hunter, and when he sees game he tries to mark it down,” answered Dutton. “It's not mysterious, any more than all of nature is mysterious.”

“That's not much comfort,” said Hamilton. “I'm disgusted with myself. . . . Do you know something, Bombi?”

“She could be a glorious woman, and true as blue steel?”

“Well, that's what I mean,” said Hamilton stubbornly.

“And of course you're right,” said Bombi. “But never for you, my lad. That little distaste, that little shadow, that edge of doubt, that discontent would only grow and grow. And finally, after a few years, every time a man went by you'd begin to think that he was looking after her and smiling a little.”

“Gad, Bombi, you talk as though she'd been promiscuous!” cried Hamilton.

MY dear fellow,” said the fat man, “I don't mean that at all. I simply mean that she's been promiscuously talked about. And talk, in the long run, is about the only current coin of the country.”

The doorbell rang as Bombi stood up and Hamilton helped him into his coat. Little McGuire was lifting a shrill voice in protest. Then the harsh tones of Macklin cut in, saying: “I want the others, too. Yes, Dutton and Hamilton. Don't say that they're not here, because I know that they are.”

A tangled trail of mystery nears its end—Does this chapter reveal the killer? You'll know next week!

The detective appeared with his red face and habitually angry eye at the open door of the bedroom.

“You two come along,” he said. “The chief wants to talk with you.”

“Come where?” asked Bombi.

“Headquarters. Wanta talk to you,” said Macklin.

He went straight up to Hamilton until the fat bulge of his abdomen almost touched Hamilton's coat.

“Where have you been just now?” he demanded.

“Out in a car,” said Hamilton.

“You won't talk, eh?” snarled Macklin.

“Macklin, Macklin!” warned Bombi. “Don't be such a fool. It isn't safe to talk to Hamilton like that.”

“Yeah, it isn't safe to talk to him. I guess a couple of people have found that out. Speak out *now*, you rat! You murdered Cecilly Hampton!”

“The painter?” said Hamilton.

“Listen to him!” snarled Macklin. “Well, come along, the pair of you.”

“You can't go, Bombi,” said Hamilton. . . . “Dutton is sick, Macklin. He's dangerously ill. He can't come along with us.”

“Be still, Bob,” said Bombi. “I'll manage perfectly.”

They left the apartment and went downtown in Bombi's car to Headquarters, and they walked into a big bare room where all voices sounded loud, as though echoing through a cave. Thomas Pittfield and his uncle were there, and Beatrice between them. Richard and Grace Barnes were there also. Several uniformed police stood about in corners of the room.

There was a table on one side of the place with a chair near it, and the paint had been worn from the floor, and the boards themselves were grooved in a semicircular trail in front of the chair.

“That's for the third degree, Macklin, isn't it?” asked Bombi.

“Who told you that?” asked the detective.

“Hello, Beatrice, and Mr. Pittfield. How are you, Tom? Ah, Dick and Grace, too,” said Bombi.

LINE 'em up,” commanded Macklin loudly. “Stand 'em up in a straight line. You, Thomas Pittfield. What are you doing here? Who asked you to come?”

“I came with Miss Shaw,” said young Pittfield.

“Yeah, I read about that in the paper,” said Macklin. “Now, listen to me. You all know, I guess, that Cecilly Hampton's been murdered?”

Hamilton heard the cry of Beatrice. Then he saw the sudden eye of Grace Barnes fixed on him. She began to finger her bag. He knew that she was remembering where she had left the cigarette holder that morning.

Macklin said: “We'll start with you, Thomas Pittfield. What'd you do this morning?”

“At my office. I had to go out twice. I happened to ring Miss Shaw later, and she told me that she was ordered to report here. So I came.”

“Short and neat,” said Macklin. “You're next, Henry Pittfield.”

“Do I understand that I'm under arrest and must answer questions?” demanded the hard old man.

Hamilton felt eyes watching him. Beatrice Shaw's. They dwelt on him with a compassion that made him strangely uneasy.

“I'm gonna show these people,” said Macklin. “I would of done it afterward, but maybe it'll show 'em that I mean business.” He roared out: “Have 'em mugged and fingerprinted, the whole gang. Now. And on your toes. Arrested? Yes, I'll arrest you, and I'll jail you, too, if I have any more back talk. . . . There's murder among you. There's murder, you hear me? I wouldn't trust one of you. You slide a knife into Johnny Merriam; and then you bat Cecilly Hampton over the head and stifle her with a handkerchief, I suppose.”

Rapidly their pictures were taken, and then their fingerprints. Particularly Hamilton remembered afterward the calmness with which Beatrice submitted, and the haughty disgust of Grace Barnes. They were taken back into the same big room for questioning. Henry Pittfield was looking straight before him, planning calmly and intently the downfall of the detective.

Macklin said: “Now, Mr. Henry Pittfield, where've you been?”

“I was at my office during the early hours of the morning,” he said. “Then I remembered that Beatrice had told me I could come to watch one of her sittings with her portrait painter, Miss Hampton. I went up to take advantage of the opportunity of watching an artist at work. But when I rang the bell, there was no answer. I returned to my office."

"Did you ring Miss Shaw to find out what was wrong?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"It was unimportant."

"Oh, unimportant, was it? . . . Richard Barnes, where were you?"

"None of your damned business," said Barnes.

"No? Slam this dummy into a cell and slam him hard," said Macklin to a policeman.

"He'll talk," said Grace Barnes. "Go on, Dick."

"I'll handle this my own way," he answered. "Well . . . I was in bed pretty late, and went out to have a drink. And then—why, I happened to see my wife go by in a cab and I just wanted to speak to her, and so I followed in another cab, and came to a building on the West Side . . . and I missed the elevator that took her up, but I followed in the next one."

He paused and cleared his throat.

"And then what?" asked Macklin.

"Why, when I got out I asked the elevator boy where my wife had gone and he gave me a number. I rang the bell of the apartment, but there wasn't any response."

"Mrs. Barnes," said Macklin, "I'm sorry to trouble you, but when we round up people, we have to round them up. You know."

"Of course I know, Mr. Macklin," she said.

He beamed on her.

"You *were* at the studio of Miss Hampton?"

"Yes."

"And how long did you stay?"

"Just while I was ringing the bell. There was no answer, so I came away."

Macklin turned red. "And why did you go in the first place?"

"I'd read that Mr. Dutton had recommended her work, and I thought it might be a good cheap way of getting a portrait painted."

"Miss Shaw? How'd you spend the morning?"

"I was going to keep an appointment to sit for Miss Hampton," said the girl. "But before I started she rang me up and told me that she wasn't well and asked me not to come. I didn't go."

"How'd she sound over the phone? Sick?"

"Her voice was quite broken. I was very much worried about her. I asked if she didn't need some one to take care of her. She said that no one *could* help her!"

"Suicide talk," commented Macklin; "but she didn't bat herself over the head and then choke herself to death. So you didn't leave your place at all?"

"When I found out that I couldn't sit for the portrait, I went out for a walk."

"Did you walk as far as that apartment house?"

"No," she said, and colored.

"We've left the sweetest meat for the last," said Macklin, turning on Hamilton. "And what are you gonna say about *your* morning, Mr. Robert Hamilton?"

"I rang Miss Hampton. Mr. Dutton wanted to see her," said Hamilton. "She came over, and they talked about her pictures for a while. And then . . ."

"Didn't talk about the murder of John Merriam any, did you?" asked Macklin, raising his voice.

Hamilton looked at him for a moment and went on: "After that she went home. But Mr. Dutton remembered a canvas of hers that he had seen, and asked me to go over and borrow it from her."

"You kind of an errand boy for Dutton?" sneered Macklin.

"Whenever he needs an errand boy, I do what he wants," said Hamilton, and he smiled a little on the man of the law.

"And then what happened?" asked Macklin.

"I got over to the apartment house and rang her bell. She didn't answer."

Macklin's face contorted. He yelled: "Baloney! Ten thousand of you tell me that you were all over there and rang the bell and nobody answered! You think I'm a fool? You think I'm a half-wit? Is that what you think I am?" he demanded specially of Hamilton.

"In part," said Hamilton.

A policeman came in at the moment.

"Well? Well?" called Macklin. "Nothing showed up on the glasses, I suppose?"

"Yes," said the man. "We found the fingerprints of the dead woman pretty clear."

"Ah, hell!" said Macklin. "What did you expect? You found her prints on a glass in her own house. And you come in here to tell me about that!"

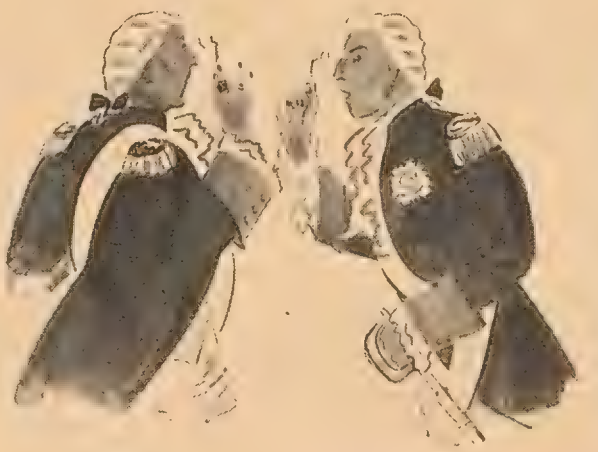
"Not entirely. . . . And keep your tongue back in your face! Keep it stowed! You're not talking to a thug when you're talking to me," said the fingerprint man.

"All right, all right," said Macklin. "What *did* you find?"

The fingerprint man continued to eye him sternly for a moment. Then he said: "On the second glass we found another set of perfectly clear prints. They belong to Number Three in here."

"Who in hell is Number Three?" asked Macklin.

☆ Two-Minute Story ☆



THE ILLEGITIMATE

KING LOUIS XIV of France is remembered for the vanity, extravagance, and frivolity of his court.

His one dominating passion was to strut in silken finery before his assembled nobility and utter flashes of wit, generally of a questionable nature.

Humiliation for some one present never changed the royal "sense of humor," until one day he met his match and was crushingly defeated.

A stranger arrived in France. His physical resemblance to the king could not fail to escape notice and officialdom soon got interested. The entertainment value of the new arrival increased as reports spread through the medium of court officials until they reached Louis himself, who at once commanded that he appear at the next court.

Destiny had chosen the orator to deliver "the world's greatest retort"!

The man was arrayed in royal splendor, replete with jeweled orders and decorations. The likeness was perfect.

A fanfare of trumpets and the king slowly advanced from one end of the ballroom while the glittering throng stood in awed expectancy.

Another fanfare, and another "king," approaching from the opposite end, made lords and ladies gasp in astonishment. King Louis was calmly smiling.

The king raised a gold-rimmed monocle. The other did likewise. Each regarded his "double" while the court looked on. In the pregnant silence the king spoke.

"Remarkable!" said he. "And was your mother much at court?"

"No!" said the other, without flinching; "but my *father* was!!"

—*George H. Fry.*

THE END

Have you a Two-Minute Story? Liberty will pay top rates for good ones. Address: Two-Minute Man, Liberty, 122 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. Manuscripts will not be returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope, nor can we enter into any correspondence regarding them.

"This man," said [illegible]pert, and pointed to big Dick B[illegible]nes.

. . . . .

Hamilton got Bombi out into the fresh air as soon as he could. He took him for a drive through the park. The huge man kept his mouth open to get more air and his eyes were dead things. They went around the park twice before he began to recover.

"Do you see it now?" he asked.

"The killing of poor Cecilly Hampton?" said Hamilton. "I can't understand it. No, it seems like the most crazy brutality to me. What would Barnes have gained by it?"

"If he was the lover of the girl? If it was he who kept her out there in the country? Why, that's clear enough, isn't it? He wants to rub out the mistress and also the possible report against him."

"You mean that she knew Barnes killed Merriam?"

"Probably something like that. He trusted her for a few days, but when he thought how much she had to tell, he had to get rid of her. That must have been it."

"I hope Barnes is the guilty one. He's a cur," said Hamilton. "But did you notice how Grace Barnes took the news? It seemed to make her fond of him again."

"How do you explain that?" asked Bombi.

"Because she has some of the good metal in her, and she wouldn't run from a sinking ship. There's no rat in her."

"Perhaps not," agreed Bombi. "You know the women, my boy. I don't. What did Beatrice say to you, just as we were leaving?"

"She asked me to forgive her," said Hamilton.

"What did she say exactly, if it's not too private."

PRIVATE? No. She'll never say another private thing to me so long as she lives. She simply said: 'Forgive me if I've been wrong.' I went out past her like a dumb beast. Damn pity in a woman, Bombi!"

"For you, yes," said Bombi. "Yes, for you that would be all wrong."

"How do you feel now?"

"Better. I'm all right. Forget about me. . . . Macklin was almost in heaven when the finger pointed to a victim. But he would rather have had you, Bob. And there was a time when *I* thought you were the murderer."

"When?" asked Hamilton.

"When I asked you to come and stay with me. But five minutes after you'd been inside my house, I was sure of you as a decent fellow. . . . Shock you?"

"No. Not very much. We've gone a long distance together since then."

"We're going back to the beginning," said Bombi. "The wrong man mustn't burn in the chair for the murder of my guest, Bob." He leaned and gave the address of his shop to the driver. "When you talked to Grace Barnes earlier today, did she tell you again to get out of town?"

Life Begins At 40

20 Years Older
—NEVER Know It!

Today—for the First Time in History—You can Expect More from Life After 40 than Before

YOU are living in a new world. Work that used to be done by hard, muscular labor *now* depends on the skill of fingers on a machine, and on keenness of mind. Your body is saved from exhausting wear. You are *still young at 40*—physically and mentally.

The new "young people" of 40 *don't resign* themselves to discouraging conditions, or to taking a back seat!

Take Inventory and Start Going Ahead Again

In the mentally competitive world of today—the man of 40 is more competent, more resourceful and better poised than in his youth.

This is the time for you to take inventory. It is the time to reconsider the goals towards which you have been working. If you have plenty of energy on tap—as you should have—now is the time to go after what you want most. AND GET IT!

You Can Gain New Happiness —THESE People Did

Henry T. Adams
—Income bigger

Had Slump—Then Struck Faster Pace

Dear Life Begins:

I am 41. I no longer just work with *figures* in our financial department. I have learned what these figures *mean.*

But I nearly lost my job some months ago, because of *physical* incompetence.

My trouble started with constipation. Then my stomach went bad. Distress, gas and headaches were constant.

I could not concentrate on my work. A doctor said intestines and stomach tend to become less active—and put me on Fleischmann's Yeast to strengthen the digestive organs. Soon my headaches and indigestion cleared up.

This slump was a turning point. Since then, I have done the best work of my life—and *received a substantial salary increase.*

Henry T. Adams.

Mrs. Catherine Dorry
Success Came at 46

From Linen Room Worker to Hotel Housekeeper

Dear Life Begins:

Sixteen years ago I had to start supporting myself and young daughter. I got a job in the linen room of a hotel.

A few years ago, I could not do a good day's work.

I was run-down, suffered from indigestion and heartburn. Another hotel employee told me Fleischmann's Yeast makes the stomach work better.

I have eaten yeast regularly. For it stopped my stomach trouble. Years seemed to fall away. I became brisk, businesslike.

The management noticed the difference and made me housekeeper. It is a small, homey hotel and I am in contact with the guests. This is an enjoyable life. I not only have more income than before—but I have broader interests and more important work.

Catherine Dorry.

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In most people the gastric juices begin to flow less freely around 40—and have *weaker* digestive action.

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Give your system this extra help. It brings to almost anyone over 40 new health and self-confidence.

Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast a day—one cake ½ hour before each meal —plain or in water.

$25 WILL BE PAID FOR LETTERS of success after 40—so helpful to others we wish to print them. If you can truly credit to Fleischmann's Yeast some part of the health that made your success possible—write us —enclosing your picture. Life Begins, 420 Lexington Ave., New York.

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SPENCER INDIANA

"There wasn't time," said Bob.

"How long were you with her?"

"I don't know—fifteen, twenty minutes."

"And there wasn't time for her to give you another warning?" asked Bombi. He laughed a little, and then he suggested: "A gal as lovely as the Barnes, with her smiling and her laughter and her warmth and all that, what a perfect murderess she'd be!"

"What on earth would she have against Cecilly Hampton?"

"We'll see."

They were at the shop. Bombi unlocked the front door; pushed it open.

"We are two murderers, Bob," he said. "And now we're inside the front door of the victim-to-be. Upstairs, don't forget, there's a posted bodyguard, a dangerous man out of the West who makes a rifle do needlepoint and trims the ash from your cigarette at thirty paces. What would a murderer do?"

"Hide behind that door—as we know that he did."

"Very good. And then he takes out his knife. Strike you at all, Bob, that a knife is a queer weapon for the sort of people who've been mixed up in this case so far?"

He slumped down on the steps, now, to take new breath.

"I hadn't thought," said Hamilton. "But Latins *are* more apt to use knives. Not the usual American."

"A broad-bladed heavy knife," said Bombi. "And I think that brings it down to one very clear point: The murderer came to see the murderee not with murder in his mind but with an idea of persuasion, perhaps. And then, suddenly, he saw his chance, and he took it."

HE pointed up at the ornamental semicircle of heavy knives stuck against the wall in their scabbards.

"I don't follow that," said Hamilton. "The police looked at those knives."

"Pull them out, Bob."

Hamilton, after a frowning moment, drew out two knives whose blades were, in fact, eaten and reddened by rust. The third knife stuck fast.

"Here's the one the police found couldn't be budged," he said.

"Rusted home?"

"Yes."

"Then see if you can't find that it's held by a catch. There is a catch on each of those scabbards, if I remember them."

Hamilton examined. He found, in fact, a perfectly normal safety catch, which he pulled back. The knife, after that, came readily out of its scabbard.

"Ah-ah!" cried Bombi. "What makes that blade so dark all over?"

"Rust, I suppose. . . . No, it's a film of some sort. Thicker toward the point . . . gummy here, toward the point, as though it were a liquid . . ."

"Of course," said Bombi. "Blood, old fellow. You're holding the knife that the murderer used on the murderee."

The ru[illegible] had half-spoiled the other kni[illegible] of the set had in fact hardly touched this one, and even through the discoloration of the blood some of the original keenness of the blade sparkled along the edge of the steel.

"Fingerprints?" said Hamilton.

Bombi shook his huge head.

"The police have mauled and tugged at it; now your own fingers; there's not a chance in a million that we could find a print left by the murderer," he said. "Is there anything about it worth looking at?"

"Only a bit of a thread, or something, jammed against the pommel of the knife."

LET me see it," said Bombi. He detached the thread and stared at it for a long moment. At last he took a fold of paper from his pocket, opened it, and exposed the tan-colored bit which had been found in the drawer of the jewel cabinet in the room upstairs.

Bombi said, after his examination: "This is from exactly the same sort of stuff. It's a Harris tweed, Bob—that stuff which has the smoky smell, you know. I've had a tailor look at this thread, and there's no doubt about it—this other bit is just the same."

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WABC—New York . . ANDRE BARUCH
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Hamilton tried to sketch in the links of the story:

"Cecilly Hampton lives in the country, where she's discovered by Merriam. He brings away the imprint of the key to her house and a thread from her coat . . ."

Bombi broke in: "Harris tweed isn't apt to be what a woman would wear. Too heavy. Knocks out of shape, often. And then the smell of the peat smoke comes out of it strongly when it's wet. . . . This came from a man's clothes. What Merriam brought in from the country was a print of Cecilly's house key and a thread from the coat of the man who supported her, let's say . . ."

"And as Merriam was leaving the place, he was seen, perhaps?" suggested Hamilton. "When he got back to New York, he knew that the fellow he had spied on would come on his trail, and he wanted protection. Doesn't that make sense?"

"Perfect sense," said Bombi. "Go get into the Barnes house and make Grace let you look over the clothes of Dick Barnes. See if you find anything that will match this bit of thread. I'm going up to the Pittf[illegible] place and do the same thing. Get back to the apartment as soon as you can."

"You can't keep on your feet," protested Hamilton. "You're done in."

"I've *got* to keep on my feet," said the sick man. "Don't argue. It only makes me waste breath." . . . .

Hamilton was shown upstairs to the living room, where Grace Barnes lounged on the couch with her hands under her head.

"Well, Lochinvar," she said, "how far out of the west have you come just now?"

She did not look at him.

He pulled up a chair close to her and sat down in it, saying: "Is Dick still with the cops?"

"I hope he stays with them," said the girl.

"I want to look at his clothes. May I?" asked Hamilton.

She turned her head slowly toward him, showing him her face before she drew her look from the ceiling and glanced at him.

"It's kind of low, isn't it?" she asked. "But go ahead. . . . If that's your speed, go ahead. . . . Down the hall. Second door to the left. That's his room, and you'll find his clothes all in the closet."

He looked at her, and she looked straight back with a slight sneer. He did not stay to decipher the meaning of her new attitude but left the room and went down the hall. The designated room had a large closet jammed with clothes, but he went through it vainly looking for tan.

HE went back to the girl and found that she had not changed her position. Her eyes were again on the ceiling.

"Who was in the air, Grace?" he asked. "You remember when you told me to get out of New York? Who was holding a gun on me then?"

"That was a long time ago," she said.

"Not so long," he answered.

"Millions of years ago," she insisted.

"Millions to you?" he asked.

"Millions," she said.

"You remember the night we were in the Green Dragon?" he went on.

"I don't remember anything."

"You wouldn't remember who came to answer your phone call and brought the money to you?"

"I wouldn't remember anything."

"You've forgotten me also, haven't you?" he asked.

"You're just a face," she said. "What *is* your name anyway?"

Hamilton stood up.

"I'm out of the picture, then," he said. "And good-by!"

He got out of the room and down the stairs without an answer from her. He was beyond the front door when he had an impression of a voice crying out suddenly: "Bob! Bob! Come back!"

It was only an impression that might not have been real. He covered it and banished it from his mind by hurrying down the front steps and

Death Loses Out in Blind City

Reporter Aids Doctors, Nurses, Rescue Workers in Stricken Hospitals

"Wherever I went that black night," writes Harry Burke, the Newark, N. J., police reporter who scooped the world in 1935 in getting to the bedside of the dying Dutch Schultz, racket overlord, "doctors, nurses, rescue workers borrowed my trusty, battered, six year old 'Eveready' flashlight.

"Under its beams an appendix was removed, wounds were dressed, telephone numbers looked up, and, of course, it saved me a dozen times from barked shins, falls and perhaps even a broken neck during that December night when a power plant failure plunged the whole city of Newark into darkness.

"Thousands of others, of course, turned to flashlights in this emergency. Police unravelled traffic jams with them, chefs fried ham and eggs, barbers shaved customers by their light. And those, like myself, who had *fresh* DATED 'Eveready' batteries, had *dependable* light that saw them safely through the thousand and one perils of the dark. In six years of reporting, that flashlight and *fresh* DATED 'Eveready' batteries have seen me through a lot of tight places, saved a lot of lives, including my own."

(*Signed*) Harry Burke

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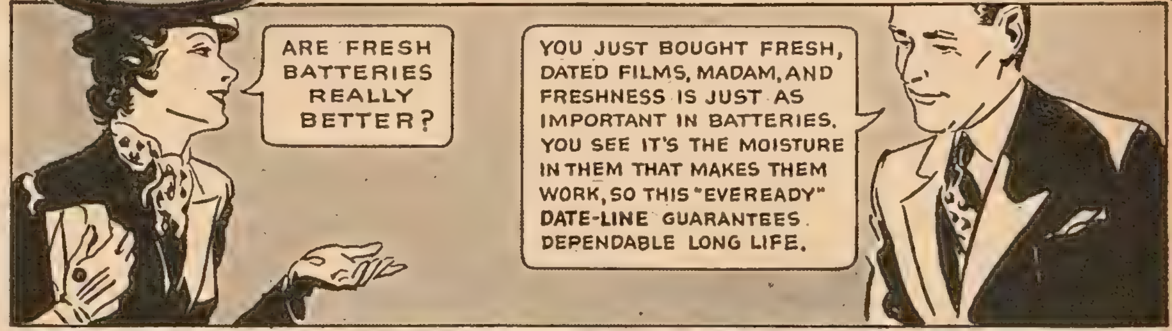
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Of Liberty, published weekly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1937.

State of New York } ss.
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Lee Pasquin, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Managing Editor of Liberty, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

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2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)

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5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is

(This information is required from daily publications, only.)

LEE PASQUIN.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 17th day of September, 1937.

(Seal) JOSEPH M. ROTH.

(My commission expires March 30, 1939.)

hailing a tax[illegible] took him to Bombi's apartment.

. . . . .

There had been no member of the Pittfield family in when Bombi reached the house, but the servant showed in the old and familiar visitor.

"Either Henry Pittfield or Tom put a cigarette lighter of mine in his pocket," said Bombi. "I want to look through their clothes."

The maid stared a moment and laughed, for she knew that Bombi was a man to make strange requests which always were granted. She merely said: "You know where their rooms are, Mr. Dutton. Just help yourself."

He went up and helped himself. There was a good collection of tweeds in old Henry Pittfield's dressing room, but there was nothing that matched the thread in his hand. He went into Tom Pittfield's quarters and spotted with the first opening of the door an old tan suit of a rough weave, but it failed to give off the peat-smoke odor of Harris tweed. It was very old.

There was no other suit in the closet that could have done. Bombi went gloomily down the stairs to the closet where the overcoats were kept and there he detected the small, musty, unmistakable odor of Harris tweed!

It came from a light topcoat that hung at the back of the closet. And when he pulled a thread from it, it matched his sample almost exactly.

Can that bit of thread lead Bombi to the double murderer? Who in that Pittfield home could have any reason to kill two persons so cold-bloodedly and once try to shoot Bob Hamilton? Next week's Liberty will bring you to the end of the baffling trail with one surprise after another.

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 37

1—Ruth Chatterton.

2—Because the founder of the Society of Friends, George Fox, felt that none could know Jesus Christ without *quaking* and trembling.

3—Just one: Herbert Hoover.

4—The Big Apple, current dance craze.

5—Yes; try moistening the marks, then expose them to the sun's rays for bleaching.

6—Bartolomeo Cristofori, a harpsichord maker of Padua, Italy, in 1709.

7—Yes—Denmark, 3,550,651; Norway, 2,817,124.

8—Nikolai Lenin.

9—Gainsborough.

10—Holstein, because of its quantity yield.

11—Sixteen.

12—Thirteen million dollars.

13—Tungsten (wolfram), the metal that is employed in making the filaments of lamp bulbs.

14—Oliver Goldsmith (1728-74).

15—No; *victim* should be substituted for *martyr*—one who voluntarily sacrifices himself for a cause.

16—James Buchanan (1791-1868).

17—Czechoslovakia.

18—Boake Carter, the radio commentator.

19—A chocolate factory.

20—

Art Rubinstein.

Gamblers DON'T GAMBLE

A surprising look at the gentle art and science of 'smart-money' betting

By Mickey MacDougall

As told to Fred MacIsaac

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 37 SECONDS

DURING the football season the American people back their opinions with at least fifty millions of dollars. Possibly half a billion dollars is bet yearly upon sporting events, not including horse races. A considerable percentage of this, however, is what is known as "smart money."

Smart money is insured against loss. The method sounds simple as explained by Mickey MacDougall, the Card Detective.

"Gamblers don't gamble," he assured me as we were watching a bout at Madison Square Garden. "Only suckers risk money. Nobody who plunges on sporting events lasts long."

"Arnold Rothstein lasted quite a while," I reminded him.

He laughed. "Rothstein was a smart-money player, the biggest operator in that line who ever lived. He was known as a poker player. But his business was insured betting."

"How can you insure betting?"

Mickey pointed across the aisle, where sat a small Irishman, overdressed and gaudy.

"That's 'Tiny' Brannigan," he stated. "He has no visible means of support, but he spends ten thousand a year and pays cash for everything. He's what I call a small-time smart-money player. Well, the scrap is over."

We crossed to Dempsey's for something to eat.

Mickey continued: "All you need is a knowledge of arithmetic and ability to get around fast and a small amount of cash capital."

"All right. How can I bet without risking my money?"

"Suppose we go back to a Thanksgiving Day and follow Tiny Brannigan. Tiny goes out about noon with a thousand dollars in his pocket. He goes into a poolroom on Broadway in the Times Square district, leaves half of it, and visits one six blocks away. In the two places he bets $990 upon the string of football games played that afternoon."

"Ah, he bets—"

"He entrusted his roll, let us put it, to the bookies for a brief period. He so places his money that he may win $110. But if everything goes wrong he gets his investment back intact."

"Impossible."

"Cinch. Get me pencil and paper and I'll chart his operations. Remember that the bookies study form and make their odds according to their best judgment and no two bookies think exactly alike. They change their odds without notice, being sensitive to heavy betting. That's why smart money doesn't make big bets but makes small bets in many places."

For some minutes Mickey was busy with pencil and paper, working out Tiny's assumed modus operandi.

"Now," he said. "Smart money has no opinions it cares to back. It makes its profits by taking advantage of slight variations in the odds in different places where bets are made. Here we have a list of the big games on Thanksgiving Day, with the odds as posted in two poolrooms six blocks apart:

	TEAMS	POOLROOM ONE	POOLROOM TWO
No. 1	Fordham—N. Y. U.	10 to 6	10 to 8
2	Penn—Cornell	10 to 9	10 to 7
3	South. Calif.—U. C. L. A.	10 to 9	10 to 9
4	Pitt—Carnegie	10 to 8	10 to 7
5	Alabama—Vanderbilt	10 to 8	10 to 6
6	Duke—N. C. State	10 to 7	10 to 9
7	Wash.—Wash. State	10 to 6	10 to 8

"Brannigan enters the first poolroom, makes a deposit of $500, and asks for a form sheet and list of odds for consideration.

"He then hotfoots it to Poolroom Two and studies its list of odds. He has to work fast lest the odds back in Poolroom One change. He does not lay a bet on Southern California—U. C. L. A. because the odds in both places are exactly the same; but this is what he does:

"He lays 100 (dollars) to 80 that Fordham wins. He takes 100 to 70 that Cornell wins. He takes 100 to 70 that Carnegie wins. Takes 100 to 60 that Vanderbilt wins. He lays 100 to 90 that Duke wins and lays 100 to 80 that Washington wins.

"Having made these bets, he instantly goes to the phone and calls Poolroom One, where he has made a deposit and bets as follows: 60 against 100 that N. Y. U. wins; 100 to 90 that Penn wins; 100 to 80 that Pitt wins; 100 to 80 that Alabama wins; 70 to 100 that North Carolina State wins; and 60 to 100 that Washington State wins."

"Look here!" I exclaimed. "He has bet on both sides of six football games."

"Sure," said Mickey, laughing. "But at different odds. Having phoned in his bets to Poolroom One, he goes over there and secures the bookie's slips for his bets and a refund of ten dollars. He has bet $490 there. If all the favorites win, he makes $110. If all lose, he is even. But out of six games it's most unlikely that all the favorites will lose. In this case, suppose five out of six win. He makes a profit of $90—total investment at both places $990.

"Do I understand that the long end of the odds has to win for smart money to profit?"

Mickey nodded. "Usually the favorite does win, except in horse racing; but smart money won't even take that chance. Much better to risk not making any profit than take a loss. Smart money is content with a one- or two-point variation.

"Why couldn't anybody do this?" I asked Mickey.

"You could if you made it your business," he stated. "The amateur, however, can slip up easily. For example, when Tiny telephoned back to Poolroom One, the odds there might already have changed. In that case he rushed to a third place, a fourth, until he found the odds he needed. You wouldn't know that many poolrooms.

"There are several things to remember. Understand how to cross your bets. Never place the first bet until you know where you can place your cross bet. Be content with a modest wager, a hundred dollars. Otherwise they'll boost the odds before they take your money. And, if you are not betting with a professional but with an acquaintance, be sure he puts up his money with a stakeholder, and be sure the stakeholder can be found to pay off."

"Can this be done in election betting?"

"And how! The sure-thing boys expected to make a terrific killing upon the Presidential election last November, but there wasn't a dollar of Landon money in sight. When all was dark and drear, out came the first Literary Digest straw vote announcement, which showed that some people actually were going to vote for Landon. When the second and third announcements appeared, Landon was leading Roosevelt six to four. And by that time the Republicans took the chains off their moneybags and offered to bet if they got good odds.

"Their money was quickly gobbled up. But a nationally known gambler who had been gunning for a big piece of Landon money laid 100,000 to 70,000 on Roosevelt with a Wall Street broker. The money was put in escrow. This smart-money player had no trouble finding Roosevelt people who would lay two to one for a man-sized bet. So he took 100,000 to 50,000, betting on Landon, and this money was put in escrow. He was now set to win twenty thousand dollars if Roosevelt, the favorite, won, and to lose nothing if Landon was elected."

"What's the next big chance for the smart-money players?"

"They don't particularly ne[illegible]g event. Opportunities are offered almost every day. However, the next Schmeling-Louis fight looks to me like an event where a wise guy can make a lot of jack without any risk.

"The smart-money player isn't interested in who beats whom. He wants to know who will be the favorite and what kind of odds will be given. The experts, in my opinion, are going to make Schmeling the favorite, but it will be close—ten to eight or even ten to nine.

"What is going to make it sweet for smart money, however, is that other features besides study of the records and condition of the two men will affect the odds. The Germans are going to bet their heads off on their man. Yorkville, in New York, will be wild for Schmeling. If the odds downtown are ten to eight on Schmeling, you can get bets at ten to six or even two to one in Yorkville. That goes for other German sections. The same principle can be applied to Harlem, in Louis' favor.

"So Tiny Brannigan and fellows like him will be up in Yorkville. They will pick up bets with Germans at ten to six and ten to five. They will see that the money is put into the hands of a stakeholder. And then they'll go downtown or to Harlem, and call on the bookies."

"Seems easy," I murmured. "I'll go out and do some smart-money betting on the fight myself!"

MacDougall laughed heartily. "No you won't," he said. "This is a very cold-blooded business. As the fight draws near you're going to get excited about it, and you'll decide that it's a cinch for Schmeling to win—or maybe you'll pick Louis. You'll be so sure of your judgment you won't bother to insure your bets."

I grinned. "Probably you're right," I admitted.

"You see," said Mickey, "smart-money players are dogfish eating into the edge of a shoal of mackerel. You and the general public are the mackerel. If it wasn't for hundreds of thousands of people who have the courage of their convictions and back their opinions with their cash, the big and little smart-money players would have to find another graft."

THE END

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3. Print your name and address and name and address of your Gillette dealer where indicated on blank.
4. Attach to each entry blank an empty Gillette or Probak Blade package (not individual blade wrapper), or a reasonable facsimile.
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Yale............ ☐	Dartmouth....... ☐
Princeton........ ☐	Harvard......... ☐
Minnesota....... ☐	Notre Dame..... ☐
Northwestern.... ☐	Wisconsin....... ☐
Georgia......... ☐	Tennessee....... ☐
So. California.... ☐	Wash. State...... ☐

NAME.................................
STREET...............................
CITY......................STATE..........
MY GILLETTE DEALER
NAME.................................
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LIVE ALONE AND LOOK IT

MAJOR FELTEN

For divorce-bent wives—A candid and revealing confession from one who learned about "freedom" after Reno

BY ELITA WILSON

READING TIME ● 11 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

OF all the snares and delusions with which women fool themselves, the greatest is the fancy that they can get along without men. A man around the house, I mean. Only this morning a friend said to me: "I wish I had the apartment and the maid and the income and didn't have to bother with *him*." "Him" was her husband.

This particular snare and delusion stirs in the feminine consciousness along about the tenth year of marriage. The diapers have been put away for good, Junior's tonsils are out and Shirley's teeth have been straightened.

Mrs. Bill has gone through a strenuous period of dieting. Every one tells her she looks "years younger and how on earth did you do it?" She can still catch the eye of the young men at the country club and struggle through a cocktail party without making a fool of herself. You might say she is on the shady side of her prime —and she is very restless. This wholly feminine state of mind is what is known as "Custer's last stand" or "getting your second wind." It is also the first important danger signal that warns the marital craft of rocks ahead.

It takes about five years for this embryo to blossom into a full-grown menace. That makes Junior fifteen, Shirley fourteen, and Mrs. Bill a snappy thirty-seven. Anything can happen between now and forty, she says. Anything, that is, provided she isn't hampered by the presence of a husband to scare other men away.

Yes, a nice little trip to Reno is the very thing right now. The children are old enough to be sent away to school and camp, and at their age it will be good discipline. It is also true, as Mrs. Bill very well knows, that a fourteen-year-old daughter and a fifteen-year-old son definitely do something to the emotions of the young man who has been fooled by Mrs. Bill's titian tresses. His passion turns to respect and then to a girl his own age.

Oh, I know all about it. I was a "Mrs. Bill" myself once, coming back from Reno with a divorce decree and a consuming desire to try my new wings—only to find out that being divorced means the same old man hunt all over again. Only, this time it takes so much out of you. You're older and the men are harder to get. Freedom! There is no such thing. The whole business is pretty messy and disillusioning. The biggest mistake of my life was asking Bill Wagner for a divorce.

The night before I left home, Bill caught me by both shoulders and forced me to look him in the eye.

"Sure you want to do this, Marcia?" he asked.

"Sure as I could be about anything," I declared brightly. "We're both getting on each other's nerves, Bill. Why wait until we're flying at each other's throats?"

He turned away. "I want you to stay in the house. I'll take a place in town."

My face fell. "But that's what *I* wanted to do! I'm tired of the responsibility."

"The children will need their home to come to vacations. I insist upon it. That, if you remember, is all I am insisting on. This divorce is your idea—not mine."

Fearful that he might change his mind, I agreed. Two days after Bill's belongings had been moved to a smart little apartment in town, I had started for Reno.

And now I was back home—back home in the house we had lived in for twelve years. The house where Shirley had her first Christmas; where Junior broke his arm; where Bill had received the promotion that now made him secretary of the Acme Chemical Company. Oh, it was a house of memories, all right!

The first thing I did was to hire a new maid. I couldn't bear the disapproving look that would decorate faithful old Delia's face when she found it necessary to readjust her life to what was to be my new way of living. I simply couldn't have any one around to destroy this new and beautiful confidence I had in myself, or dull the thrilling life I was going to have from now on.

Thrilling life! The first thing I discovered was that my money had a way of vanishing as soon as I put my hands on it. Previously Bill had paid everything from his office; all I'd had to manage was my clothes and spending money out of the generous personal allowance he gave me. Now I had to pay for things I had never given a thought to before—the gardener, having the roof repaired, the oil burner cleaned, screens painted, trees and flowers sprayed. At the end of my first month I had spent all my alimony and hadn't bought a stitch of clothes.

But in spite of these difficulties my first few weeks back home were busy and exciting. Most of my old friends called up and invited me to dinner, to lunch, to play bridge, but seldom to a mixed party. Those who didn't call me, I telephoned.

"I'm back," I'd carol joyously. "When can I see you?"

It didn't take me long to detect something flat in their voices as they said: "Oh . . . it's you, Marcia. How about dropping over next Wednesday afternoon?"

Feeling horribly let down, I'd say with a brave show of independence: "Sorry, darling. I'm busy then. How about Friday?"

Independence! I had my freedom now, but I hadn't been divorced three months before I began to wonder whether it was what I had really wanted, after all.

It is odd how few divorced women or widows you notice when you are in the securely married class yourself. But once the Indian sign of freedom via Reno is on you, the other unattached females on the make spring up from behind every tree. There are a dozen of them to every single male. Talk about competition!

Freedom soon becomes the last thing in the world you want. You don't actually want one minute's freedom. You want a luncheon date, an afternoon bridge date, a cocktail date, a dinner date, an evening date. And if you wind up at 3 A. M. in a hamburger wagon it's just ducky, because then you're so fagged out you will go right to sleep when you let yourself into your empty house and not call yourself all kinds of a sap for giving your husband the air. It doesn't help, either, to realize that in giving him his freedom you have made him one of the most sought after individuals on earth—an extra man! In this day and age, an extra man has more invitations than he can possibly accept. He is an asset to any gathering. Furthermore, he is a spender; while the unattached woman is an additional expense to her friend's husband. And you are so dependent on other women's husbands.

There is that word " freedom " coming up again. Were you ever chained to a telephone night and day like an actress waiting to be called for a part? That is what happens when you divide two by one and strike out for yourself. Because every time that telephone rings you hope it may be an invitation—*any* invitation. An invitation has potentialities. You may meet a new man. He may ask you for your telephone number, may give you his. There is always the chance that he may see in you the dream woman he has been waiting for. You are the reason he has never married. That's what *you* think!

What probably happens is that he goes for some other girl at the party, or if he does give you a whirl he will be " in conference " when you phone his office next morning. He will " call you back," says his secretary. But he never does. The wariest trout was never so wary as a single man who is determined to remain so.

Rarely is there a male voice on the other end of the phone when it rings. Most of your calls are from your women friends wanting you to help them kill time until their husbands come home. Or they will call you to make a fourth at bridge. Your partner is almost always a woman whose husband is at a banquet.

As a generous gesture your married friends will sometimes give you a ring after dinner when you're sitting biting your nails and wondering what you will do until bedtime. " Want to go to a picture show? " they ask.

WANT to? You fairly shout your acceptance. After the picture they stop somewhere for a drink. In your mood, liquor only makes matters worse. You find yourself wanting to talk about your ex-husband but making trivial conversation instead. Your friend's husband seems ill at ease—as if he were being disloyal to his sex.

There is a thought! A lot of the friends you had before your divorce have dropped you and have sided with your ex. Most people feel they must take sides. Part of it is men's loyalty to each other, and part is the obvious advantage an extra man has over an extra woman.

Had I been a rich divorcee I could have thrown big parties in my home. It is always easy to get a bunch together when the eats and drinks and house cleaning next day are on you. But I couldn't afford that racket.

Not all the men you meet after your divorce are elusive, however. Some are persistent, with a persistence that would be flattering if they only weren't such bores. I remember Harry G.

Harry G. was obsessed with the belief that God had created him for the sole purpose of consoling divorcees and widows. He was downright hurt when I finally had to tell him that he had about as much an emotional effect on me as a fly. When I suggested that I would enjoy a ride out to some smart roadhouse instead, he immediately became pocketbook-conscious and just remembered that he had an early-morning golf date and must turn in—and left me with the best part of the evening on my hands.

Then there was Charles. Charles had a natural antagonism for unattached women. Like a biologist, he delighted in putting me under a microscope and telling me that if I would only stop putting up a defense I might be a charming woman. I wasn't conscious of having put up any defense. I just wanted to have a good time, and I didn't have to get tight every night and have just any man paw me, to do it.

And I mustn't forget the married Romeos—husbands of my best friends who, in the old days when Bill was my shadow, would never have dreamed of taking liberties. Now they couldn't understand why a harmless little secret affair wasn't as welcome to me as to them.

I was at my lowest ebb when the children came home from camp. Bill came out from the city to see them before they went off to school.

" Hello, Marcia. You're looking well," he said casually. As a matter of fact I looked awful that day, but it was the casualness that dug deep inside me and hurt like the dickens. If he had been downright disagreeable I could have stood it better than this, because then I would have known that he still remembered that I had once been his wife, had once put studs in his shirt, had slept in the same bed with him for fifteen years.

HE was wearing a loud sports jacket. His hair was parted to hide the thinning places. A fresh flower was in his buttonhole. Why?

" You will stay for dinner, Bill? " I invited.

" Thanks, but I've an engagement in town," he answered.

Unless you have been in the same boat you can't possibly know what *that* did to me. Every atom of jealousy in my nature flared up. I had completely forgotten that I had no claim on him. I wanted to cry.

After that I began to compare every man I met with my ex-husband. I found myself remembering only the nice things about him—as he was years before, when he was courting me. I never thought of Bill now as nearing fifty, with thinning hair and a penchant for going to sleep in his favorite chair after dinner. I thought of him as young and eager, with love light burning in his eyes.

And I thought what a bother it was to be always on parade these days, having to make up to each new man who didn't know that I was once the prettiest young matron in Maplewood. I honestly didn't have enough vitality for it.

Winter came on. I fired my maid and did my own work. I found that it killed some of the long hours of the day and that if I worked hard I was tired enough to go to bed at nine o'clock. Yes, I had voluntarily dropped out of circulation.

I woke one morning to discover I was forty, that my son and daughter were old enough to look out for themselves, that my ex-husband apparently never gave me a thought. I thought of my married friends, and of all the other twosomes and foursomes in the world, doing things together, having fun that I, a single woman, couldn't participate in. I thought what an utter damned fool I had been and wondered what I was going to do with the rest of my miserable life.

Well, somehow I lived through it. Lived through that awful oneness, the loneliness, just as countless other women have lived through it. And I managed, too, to live through Bill's marriage to a perfectly swell girl. Yes, I can call her swell now, though for months after they were married I called her a vicious, scheming vixen who had probably been in the picture all along. She hadn't been. Bill never met her until after I had left him. Maybe she caught him on the rebound. I don't know. Anyway, she's got him and I haven't, and she's doing a first-class job of making him happy. Maybe she— But what's the use of conjecturing? I was a vain, selfish, stupid fool. Mostly *stupid.*

There has been a lot written lately telling women how to Live Alone and Like It, but the next time you see a woman who is kidding herself into that state of mind, take a good square look at her and you will discover, deep in the eager eyes with which she looks at you, a haunting fear that perhaps for the rest of her life she will have nothing but her freedom and an extra blanket on the bed to keep her warm on a cold night.

THE END

FREE AIR *from a* TAXI PILOT

Courtship, adventure, grief! Shorty hits a new high in trouble

READING TIME ● 6 MINUTES 17 SECONDS

HOWDY, Mazie? How's my sweet pertutie? Have you changed your mind about marrying me? No? Holy smoke, you don't appreciate a goodlooking, husky guy when you see one, do you? What's that, I *ain't* goodlooking? Well, it just happens that *I* could get a job in Folleywood as a motion pitcher actor anytime I want it. How do you like that? What d'ya mean, don't make you laugh? Well, if I *must* tell you, I took Louie B. Mayer and Major Bowes over to the Grand Central one night and Louie said to me:—

“If you ever want to go in pitchers look me up. We need a good stand-in for Boris Karloff. Besides, we're making a pitcher of a taxi driver and we might be able to use you changing tires.”

Listen, I don't know who Boris Karloff is, but Louie wouldn't offer me a job like that if I didn't look like Rhett Butler,—whoever he is? —Hey, how's the lamb stew? Fine? Okay, slip me a copy and don't forget to lean on the gravy.

Say, speaking of galloping tintypes, I just ran into that sappy, red-headed dock worker you rave about. Oh, boy, and the line of malarchy he handed me about being an actor would sink the navy.

“When I was playing in stock,” he said, “Sam Goldwyn sent for me and invited me to spend a week-end at his country estate.”

That's a laf, ain't it, Mazie? Sam probably wanted him to paper a room. Listen, that prarie comedian may have *you* kidded, but to *me*, he's poison! —Say, slip me a pair of those funny looking rolls with the warts on them and a chunk of butter! Atta girl.

No fooling, Mazie, if you'll go against the Lohengren with me, I'll slap my monicker on the line for a new, up-to-the-minute streamline cab and plaster you in hairy coats. No kidding, LOVE and a HOME is what I need. As things now stand, I'm about as happy as something that hangs in a tree. All I've got is a furnished room—the size of a drainboard—and a landlady who's about as sweet and kind as a South African julu with a double order of hives. She stands six feet six in her runs and when my rent is due she hides behind the front door and greets me with the fire axe. Now you know down deep in your heart that no guy can get out in front with a outlook like that, I ask you?

Honest, Mazie, I'm nuts about you. Really, I get so fussed and full of sediment everytime I talk to you that I get fuller duck bumps. Just the other day I was looking at your pitcher in the bathing suit and I nearly got smacked by a Tenth Avenue trolley.

What's that, you don't want to get married—yet? For the love of Pete, be your gin! Listen, toots, where do you think you're going to get in this trap? The best you can rate is dealing out hash to a lot of nit-wits that don't mean a thing. After all, what could a *dock worker* or a *teamster* win you? Nothing! All they do is push trucks, drive nags and hang around the waterfront. As for *me*, it's different. At least, I travel in swell society. I percolate among ritzy hotels, clubs and dood places like that. Why, hardly a day goes by but what I don't ride a countess or take millionaires, politicians and actors around New York. Why, they ain't a nifty flophouse on Fifth Avenue I'm not hep to.

What? How did I get my arm in the sling? Well, if you'll keep it under your hat and not tip the mit to that dizzy, red-headed guy, I'll tell you what happened. The other night, I was cruising along the Grand Concourse in the rain when I picked up a pair of funny looking birds that looked rather suspicious to me. The dame was about twenty-five with a voice like Charlie McCarty. She had on a long shiny rain coat and dark glasses. As for the guy, he was a tough looking egg about forty-five with a soft hat pulled down over his pan.

As soon as they parked their hips in the cab, the guy said to me:—

“Forty-Ninth Street and Sixth Avenue. Make it snappy!”

Well, I pulled down the tin flag and started on my merry way. I had just gotten into the park when the two of them got their heads together and this is what I heard:—

“So you got him to draw the dough, eh? How much has he got on him?” asked the guy.

“Thirty thousand bucks,” said the frail.

“What? Thirty grand, *in cash?*” exclaimed the man. “Swell, we'd better knock him off to-night when he comes home from the club.”

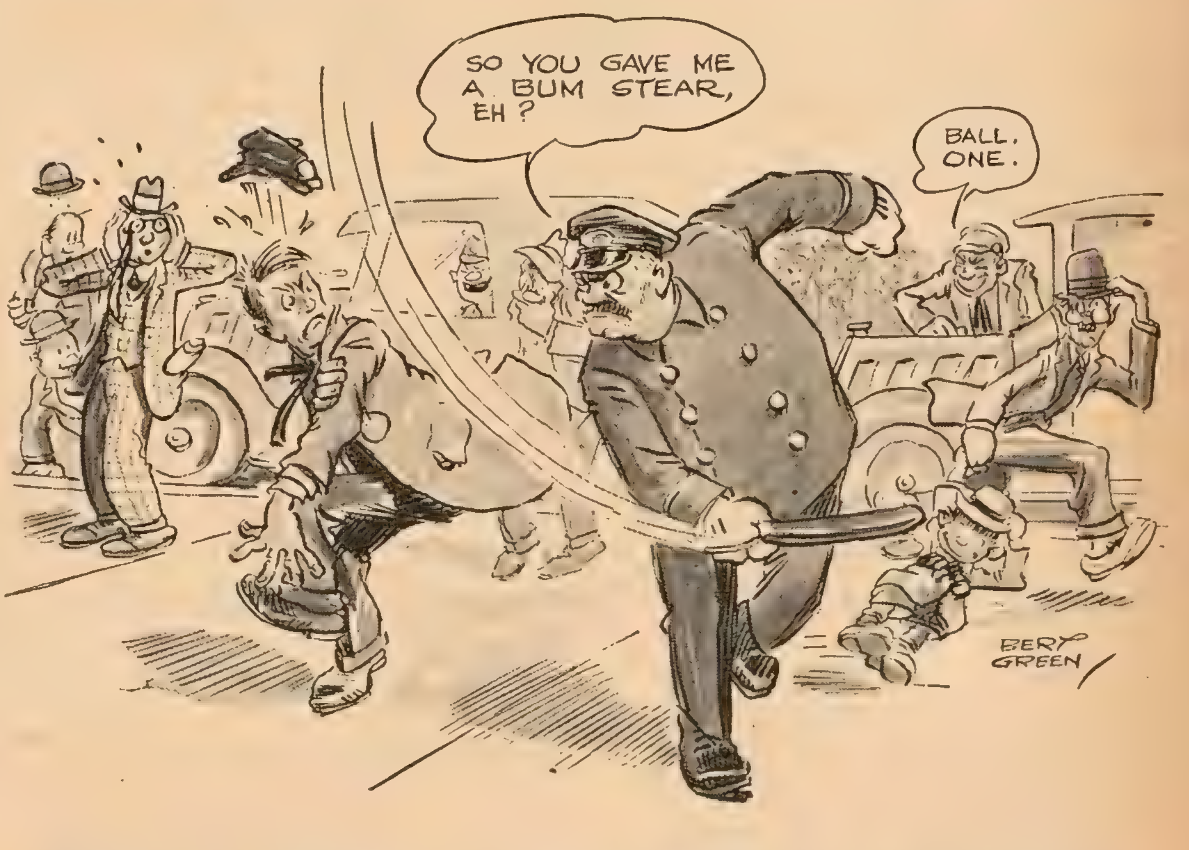
“But, how?” asked the dame. “Jim Freil's suspicious of us now.”

“That's easy,” the guy tossed back. “As soon as he goes into his study to remove his dogs, you wham him over the noggin with this piece of gas pipe. It's wrapped in a sock. If he get's tough, plug him!”

“No! No!” exclaimed the dame. “I just couldn't, Clayton, I just couldn't!”

“Don't be a sap, Millie!” squawked the punk. “Nobody will ever know.”

“But, what about the little Jap?”


SO YOU GAVE ME A BUM STEAR, EH ?
BALL. ONE.
BERT GREEN

When he got through, my arm had more joints than a Venetian blind.

Words and picture by BERT GREEN

Internal Baths End Years of Bad Health

Brooklyn man says he "feels like a new man now" . . . .

> "I almost feel like shouting the news from the housetops! It is absolutely amazing to think that so simple a thing as Internal Baths could produce such marvelous results . . .. You couldn't get me to stop taking Internal Baths for $1,000, now that I've found how wonderful they keep me feeling."
>
> **Leopold Aul**

By LEOPOLD AUL

IMAGINE what a thrilling thing it is when a man who has been sinking deeper and deeper into the quicksands of ill health—finds himself suddenly restored to happiness, vitality and vigor as if by an act of providence!

Imagine how a man feels when he realizes that at last he can say "goodbye" to headaches, biliousness and mental sluggishness that have been sapping his energy for years!

Even now it seems too wonderful to be true. And yet, the whole thing came about through a lucky accident—this marvelous experience that changed me from a failing, half alive victim of self-poisoning into one of the healthiest-looking humans you ever saw!

It happened this way: One day when I was feeling especially bad—with a wretched headache and nervous as a cat—I met an old friend of mine. He noticed how fagged out I looked and how rapidly I was aging.

"Why don't you take internal baths?" he suggested. "They did wonders for me. You're probably suffering from intestinal poisoning and don't realize it."

What is an Internal Bath?

"What is an internal bath?" I asked. "Some sort of an enema?" "Not at all," he replied. "It is entirely different from anything else.

"Your colon (large intestine) is just like any other waste pipe. While it apparently keeps functioning all right, the inner walls frequently become caked with deposit, just like a rusty water pipe. Germs and slow poisons breed in this hardened waste matter and filter right into the blood stream, causing all kinds of symptoms that you might never dream of tracing to your colon.

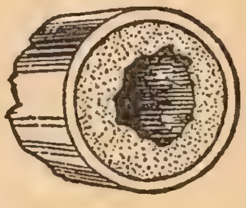
Certain forms of rheumatism, frequent colds, and insomnia are often aggravated this way—to say nothing of headaches, biliousness, fatigue and dozens of other aches and ills.

AT AGE 73

How It Works

"Internal baths bring results so quickly that most people are astonished. By means of the J. B. L. Cascade, five quarts of pure warm water treated with a marvelous cleansing tonic are sent gently whirling through the entire length of the five-foot colon! Poisons, headachy and nerve-upsetting waste matter are completely washed off and floated free!

"Fifteen minutes later your colon is thoroughly clean. A new feeling of vigor and well-being sweeps over you. Your head is clearer—your brain keener—your entire outlook on life is changed. . . . Try it—and see for yourself!"



Cross section of pipe almost choked with rust deposits. The human colon (large intestine) is subject to the same kind of clogging.

Naturally I lost no time in securing my J. B. L. Cascade. It was a turning point in my life. Simple as the whole thing was, it actually made a new man out of me. At night I sleep like a child. I rise in the morning bubbling over with pep and energy. My only regret is that I did not learn of Internal Baths long ago!

Get This FREE Book

Find out about Internal Baths—the amazing way to health and happiness. Simply fill in and mail the attached Coupon, asking for a copy of a book entitled, **"Why We Should Bathe Internally."** This interesting booklet is absolutely **Free.** It will open your eyes to many surprising truths and facts you probably never dreamed of before. You owe it to yourself to investigate this marvelous, health-restoring discovery. It may change your whole life. No obligation. **Be Sure To Mail Today.**

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Send me, without cost or obligation, your illustrated book on INTERNAL BATHS—together with special information and hints on treatment of intestinal ills.

Name..

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"Who him? I've *killed* him already."

" What, you've *killed* Googoo? "

" Yes, I was afraid he'd gum our plans so I gave him the works."

" How? Did anyone hear you? "

" No. First, I overpowered him. Then I gagged him. After that, I injected an air bubble into his blood stream with a hypo. When it reached his pump, he folded."

" But, what about a clew? "

" They'll be no clew," he laughed, " it *never leaves a mark.*"

A cute pair, eh, Mazie? Well, you can imagine *me* touring a pair of *murderers?* Honest, I didn't know what to do? First, I thought I would call the law, but on second thought, I figured I'd trap them myself and get my name in the papers. —Hey, slip me a order of that Devil's Food cake and file the horns off!

" But how in the world are you going to *dispose* of the *bodies?* " asked the moll on the rear seat.

" I've got that all doped out so the dick's will never get hep," replied her partner in crime.

" Are you *sure?* " she inquired. " They have the heat on us ample for that Simpson job and I'm worried."

FORGET it!" grunted the guy. " Listen, as soon as you bump him off, I'll drag him down the celler and sink him in one of those concrete molds. Between you and me, there's better men than Freil reclining in foundations."

" Alright," said the twist, " you hide in the butler's bed to-night and when I start the radio you'll know he's rubbed out."

" Okay, sweetie," replied the mug, " I'll see you at twelve! "

Well, Mazie, they had no more than finished this cute little plot when I drew up to the corner of Forty-Ninth Street. Honest, I was so scared I was fit to be chained. When the guy paid me off, I beat it out in the middle of Sixth Avenue, called a cop and pointed out the bandits. Without waiting for the details, the cop took it on the lam with me tailing him. As soon as he caught them in the lobby, he started beating them up. Holy smoke, he made so much noise the outside of the building looked like the business end of the Polo Grounds. When the tomatoe finally got a chance to explain, I thought I'd be *killed* by the *mob.*

What happened? Why, the two bandits turned out to be ACTORS rehearsing a *soap broadcast.* When the cop heard that, he did a Stookowski on my arm and when he got through, it had more joints than a Venetian blind. Hereafter, if Public Enemy Number One gets in my cab and starts beefing, I'll keep my trap shut and know from nothing. If you get a chance, come down to the Traffic Court to-morrow and hear how I make out. So long, toots, I'll N. B. Seeing you.

More of the riotous antics of our half-pint hero will appear in an early issue of Liberty.

We Play for Pay– But We Want to WIN!

Is there fight on "pro" gridirons? Here's an answer from one who knows

by STEVE OWEN

Coach of the New York Giants

as told to

ARTHUR J. DALEY

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 11 SECONDS

OUR alma mater is the College of Hard Knocks. A few years ago it may have been Notre Dame or Southern California or Yale or even Emporia State Teachers College. But professional football enrolls us under the new banner. And we love our postgraduate school with all the devotion, loyalty, and enthusiasm we once gave the others.

We play for pay but, more important than that, we play for fun. The professional football star is not a cold-blooded mercenary out on the gridiron every Sunday doing his chores halfheartedly for the sake of that weekly check. The check is welcome, to be sure; but we'd be playing football anyway, whether it was there or not.

Here is one incident that will explain what I mean.

The Giants were scheduled to play the Chicago Bears some ten years ago. Both teams appeared at the clubhouse —which was more than the spectators, Polo Grounds employees, or officials had thought to do.

The field was blanketed under more than a foot of snow. A blizzard raged outside, a terrific driving storm that hung an impenetrable curtain over the gridiron.

We did not have to be told. It was apparent that there would be no game that day. Not a fan had showed up. Neither had the ticket takers nor any one else outside of the two teams. But we dressed—just in case.

Tim Mara, owner of the New York football Giants, strode into the room.

"Fellows," he said indignantly, "we can't play out there today, and yet the Bears want the full guaranty. I wouldn't mind paying them if they played us, but this is an outrage. What do you think we should do?"

Our salary checks were in our hands. We had our money. We could have politely shrugged our shoulders and told Tim that the guaranty was his worry and not ours. Did we?

We did not! Cal Hubbard looked up from lacing a shoe and boomed:

"Well, if they're going to get any dough out of this game, we'll make them play for it. How about it, gang?"

There was a shout of approval from one end of the room to the other. We poured out of the warmth and comfort of the clubhouse into the whiplash of the storm. We were out to play football.

That the Bears finally capitulated, accepted less than the full guaranty, and called off the game is beside the point. Like Barkis, we were "willin'."

The professional loves football for itself. He has to or he won't last. An athlete cannot cultivate love for the sport as he can a taste for olives. He either has it or he hasn't.

These boys of ours have had that trait developed and nurtured for eight full years before we get them. For four years in high school and for four years in college they have been out on the gridiron, determined to win. When they hit the league, this trait is not only a fundamental instinct but a habit as well.

Last year the Green Bay Packers, the world champions, and the Chicago Bears were engaged in an exhibition game on the Pacific Coast. The National League season was over. The battle itself meant not a thing. Members of the winning team were to receive not one penny more than the losers. It was a perfect spot for "dogging" it if any one wanted to.

Early in the game the great Bronko Nagurski suffered an eight-inch gash in his leg. He was rushed to a near-by hospital and the cut stitched up. But so interested was he in the outcome of this "meaningless" game that the Bronk hobbled back to the bench, still in football togs. Action grew more tense, and the Bronk began to fidget on the bench. Finally he limped down to George Halas, the Bear coach.

"Let me get back in there, George," he pleaded. "We can beat those fellows yet."

Halas gave him a cold look. "If you're crazy, Bronk, I'm not. I wouldn't take a chance, with you in the shape you're in. Go back and sit down."

So Nagurski sat down. That the Packers won in the last few minutes of play on a field goal is immaterial. What I want to emphasize is that Nagurski was willing to risk more serious injury to help win an ordinary run-of-the-mill exhibition game.

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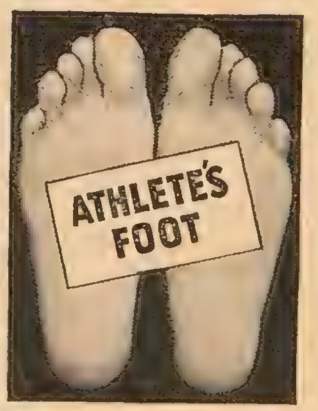
BEWARE OF FOOT ITCH



Says Dr. Scholl, the Famous Foot Authority

Never neglect itching feet and toes. If the skin is red, raw, cracked or breaking out in tiny blisters — it may be "Athlete's Foot". It's highly infectious and often spreads to other parts of the body. Don't experiment with "cure-alls" and prolong your misery. The sure relief for this foot disease is Dr. Scholl's SOLVEX. Relieves intense itching at once; quickly kills the fungi it comes in contact with and helps nature heal the skin. Sold everywhere.

Dr Scholl's SOLVEX

Professional football is played with more savagery and fierceness than any college game. To an ordinary gridiron follower, the collegiate contest frequently looks to have more fire to its tackling, blocking, and the like. That, however, is just a snare and a delusion.

The pros are past masters of the sport—postgraduate students, as it were. When we make a tackle, the man generally stays tackled. And when we block, the man stays blocked. The collegians make wild stabs and require three men to do the job that we can do with one.

Of course that is not always true. Once in a great while there is a player in the opposing backfield who will make the rival linemen look a little silly. Such a one was Jim Thorpe, the Sac and Fox Indian.

When the late Knute Rockne broke into professional ball back in its salad days, Ohio was the hotbed of the sport. The Canton Bulldogs and Massillon were the arch-rivals. As I recall it, Thorpe played for Canton and Rock for Massillon. Thorpe was a back and the Notre Dame genius an end. On the first play Knute crashed through and tackled Jim for a loss. He did it again, and Thorpe looked at him reproachfully.

"Rock," he declared as he pointed to the crowd on the side lines, "all those people are here to see the Indian run. Be a good boy and let the Indian run for them."

Rockne glared at him in answer. He was determined that the Indian would not gain an inch around his end. In he slammed on the next play, ready to drive Thorpe right through the ground. A landslide, a steam roller, and a falling building hit him all at once. At least, that is what Rockne insisted it was.

HE was still dazedly attempting to climb to his feet when Jim trotted back after making the touchdown. Thorpe patted him on the back. "Nice boy, Rock," he said. "You let the Indian run."

All this enthusiastic determination to win and to play the game for the game's sake is not confined to the physical side. I know of one incident that even had a spiritual aspect to it.

A few years ago, when the Giants were playing the Bears, we were having a terrific battle with them. Neither team had scored and we were in a position for a field goal. Ken Strong dropped back, but had to kick that field goal four times before it counted. The first three times both teams were offside.

But what I couldn't understand were the strange actions of my brother Bill, who was playing tackle for us. He did not seem to be driving through on any of the plays. We were in the clubhouse afterward, delighted with our 3-0 victory, when I finally got Bill aside.

"What was the matter with you in there?" I growled.

"Joe Kopcha was the matter," he answered. "He was on his knees for all four of those plays and he kept crying, 'Please, God, don't let him make it. Please, God, don't let him make it!'"

"Why didn't you sock him while you had him on his knees?" I said.

"I couldn't hit a guy when he's praying," remarked Bill with a show of dignity as he walked away.

IT struck me then and there how much of a life-and-death business a football game is to these young men. Under ordinary circumstances and in a less tense moment that might have merited a chuckle. For I have found that the pros have a mighty keen sense of humor.

Just a year ago the Giants were battling Brooklyn in our annual Thanksgiving Day Donnybrook. Our bench warmers were unmerciful in their riding of the Dodgers.

There was one play that happened right in front of us. Dale Burnett blocked out Bill Lee, one-time All-America tackle from Alabama, in beautiful fashion. Lee was sprawled out within arm's length of us. The temptation was too much to resist. A Giant substitute called out tauntingly, "Where were you on that play, Lee?"

The Alabama boy cast a scornful look in our direction and remarked, "Ah'm right on the seat of mah pants, just like you are. But Ah'm on the field and not on the bench."

The Giant substitute was a very subdued young man for the rest of the game.

Having once been through the college mill, the professional cannot be swayed by the spellbinding coach nor moved by a Simon Legree. The coach has to be one of the boys and still retain a certain note of authority so that he will be obeyed. Never does he have to stir up enthusiasm. More often he has to suppress it.

THE END

SOLUTIONS TO THE PUZZLES ON PAGE 24

MURDERED LOVER VERDICT

Not guilty. Although Abby Sage was no longer McFarland's wife at the time of Richardson's slaying, the jurors apparently gave heed to "the unwritten law." The defense attorney, John Graham, was paid $10,000, a princely fee for those days.

BABY BAFFLER ANSWER

It was midnight when Wilbur got home. He heard the last stroke of twelve o'clock sounding as he opened the door. The next stroke he heard was twelve thirty; the third, one o'clock; and the fourth, one thirty.

RINGING THE CHANGES ANSWER

PADRES, SPARED, SPADER, RASPED, PARSED, REPADS, SPREAD, DRAPES

PYRAGRAM ANSWER

A
AT
EAT
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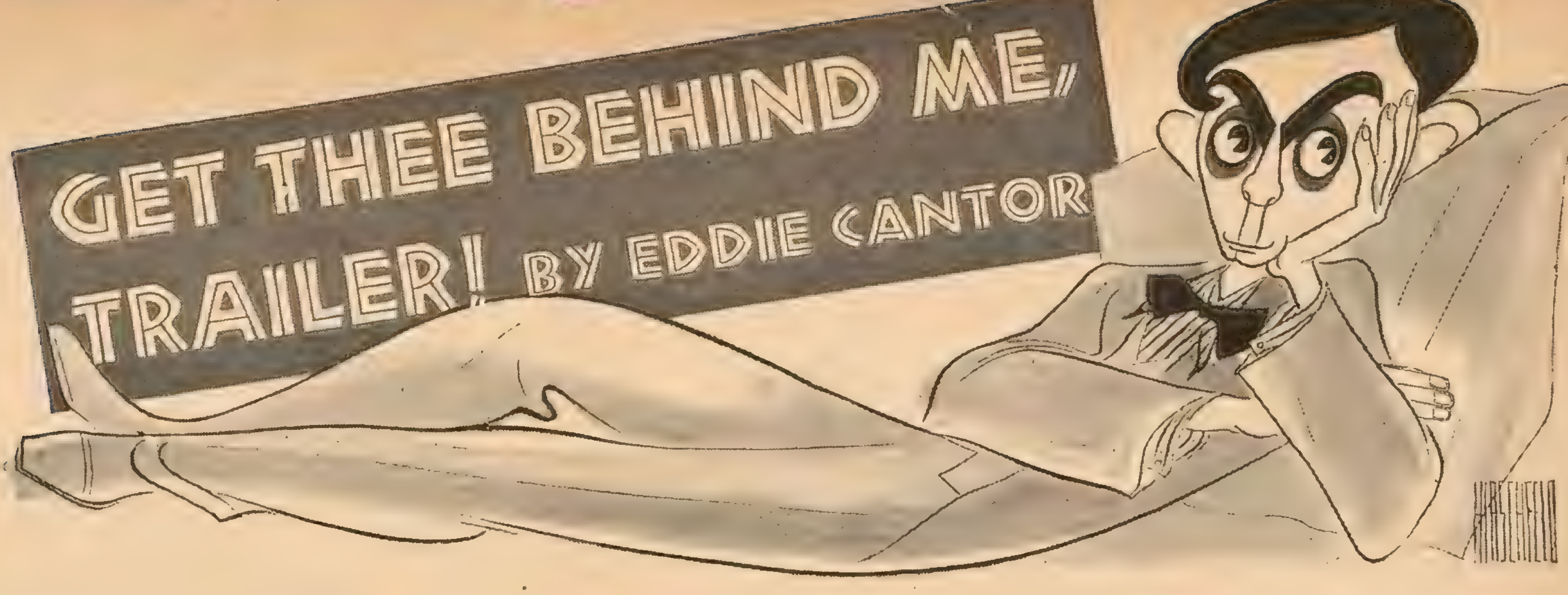
MOLTEN MAN
MONUMENTAL

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

GET THEE BEHIND ME, TRAILER!

BY EDDIE CANTOR



THERE used to be a saying that you can be sure of only two things in this life—death and taxes. But now you must add—"and one trailer." For America is still in the grip of a great epidemic known as trailer fever—an advanced form of the old rumble-seat rash.

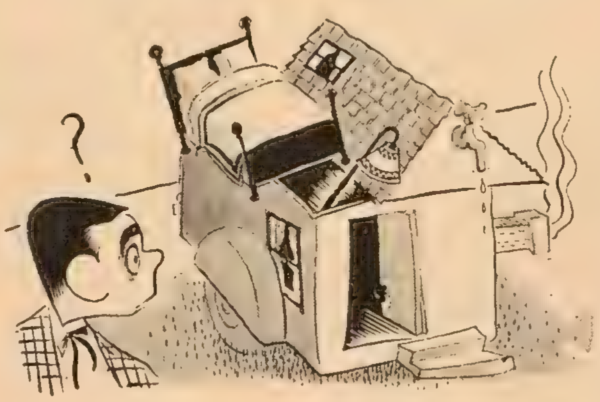
It's even made a gasoline gypsy out of me; and you know it must have a strong appeal when anything on wheels can interest a guy who's been pushing a baby carriage for some twenty-odd years! Yes—I bought a wandering bungalow, and it's been a lot of fun. Of course, I was almost killed the other morning in my trailer. We were doing about fifty-five miles an hour, and I stepped out the back door to bring in the milk. Trailer life is a little hard to get used to, because on a bumpy road anything is liable to happen. Very often I found myself chewing the morning paper and reading a poached egg. Then there was the time when my wife Ida served doughnuts and coffee. We went around a sharp curve, and when we straightened out the doughnut was in my lap and I was dunking Ida! But the fun makes up for all these inconveniences.

I'll bet most people wonder who invented the trailer. My contention is that no one invented it—it's just an old idea dressed up and used over again, like jokes on the radio. The Indians had the first trailers in America. Any time you see a picture of an Indian woman, you'll see she's carrying a trailer with a papoose in it. That's also the origin of the back-seat driver. Years later, woman again brought the trailer into prominence—only this time it was called a bustle!

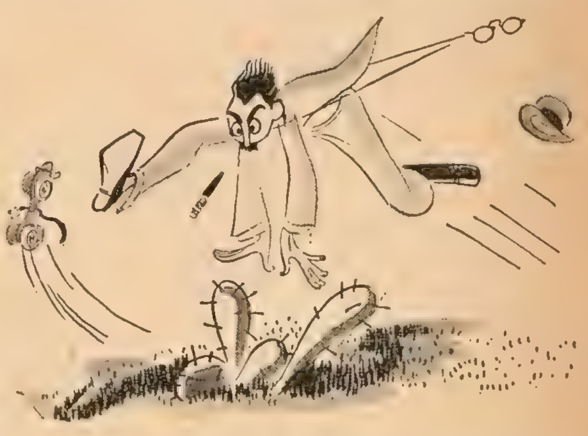
But let me tell you how I got my trailer. Last summer I felt like getting away from Hollywood, my girls felt like getting away from school, and my wife had bought thousands of things on credit. Well, the logical thing was to get away.

It has been rumored that I like to save money; so when a man advised me to build my own trailer, I sent to a mail-order house for the parts. I started to put it together; but no matter how many times I tried, it always came out a washing machine. Then my daughter Edna, who goes to the University of Southern California, suggested that maybe there'd been a mistake in my order and they had sent me a washing machine. That just goes to show you what a wonderful thing a college education is. Finally the trailer parts arrived and I got busy. Any one else would have hired a carpenter; but this is Hollywood, so I hired a technical adviser. It worked out all right, though; because a carpenter has to drive nails with a hammer, but a technical adviser uses his head.

At last my trailer was finished, and what a beautiful job it was! Of course the folding bed came out on the roof, and the wheels turned up in the sink. Outside of that everything was perfect, unless you were fussy enough to notice that the kitchenette was hanging from the ceiling and that gasoline came out of the hot-water faucet. After all, there's nothing like roughing it!



But, as was hinted a few paragraphs back, I love to save money, so I decided to buy a trailer. Ida's uncle can get anything for you wholesale, so she sent him out to look for one. The next day he burst into our room with a big smile.



"Ida," he said, "I got a surprise for you. Come look in the back yard."

My wife and I went outside, and when she saw what was waiting for her, she let out a shriek.

"That's no trailer—that's a pushcart!" she hollered.

Her uncle gave her a disgusted look and said:

"Say, what was good enough for your father is good enough for you!"

Finally I did buy a trailer—a "Pullman" trailer. We decided it should have a name, like a regular Pullman, and gave uncle the honor of naming it. Just as he opened his mouth, he stepped on one of my little Janet's roller skates, did a one-and-a-half gainer in mid-air, and lit on a cactus plant. So we named the trailer *Heywhatthehellgoesonhereouch!* Which makes a lot more sense than most Pullman-car names, don't you think?

We fell in love with our trailer—it was a palace. Not a whole palace, you understand, just a part of a palace. Well, let's say a closet of a palace. And roomy? Why, three people could get along in it comfortably, providing they were midgets and didn't mind sitting on each other's laps. There

A famous comedian finds a new love and foresees a blithe future—on wheels

were only seven in our family, so there was no reason to worry. After all, one of us would have to drive. But then I realized that when you're making a nice living in show business you can't let your wife do the cooking, so we had to take the cook along. But the cook wouldn't go unless we took her boy friend the iceman. Ida wanted to take her two rubber plants, so we had to include the gardener, and he wouldn't leave without his wife and three children. Janet wanted her governess along, and Edna insisted on her piano and her teacher. So I decided to take the chauffeur too. Might as well have somebody else drive, so that I could stay with the others to keep them from getting lonesome. That would have been all right, but the chauffeur had a hobby. He raised rabbits. The first night out, the gardener woke up with a rabbit in his pajama coat, and let out a holler.

"What's the matter?" I said, waking up. "You sound like a crazy man."

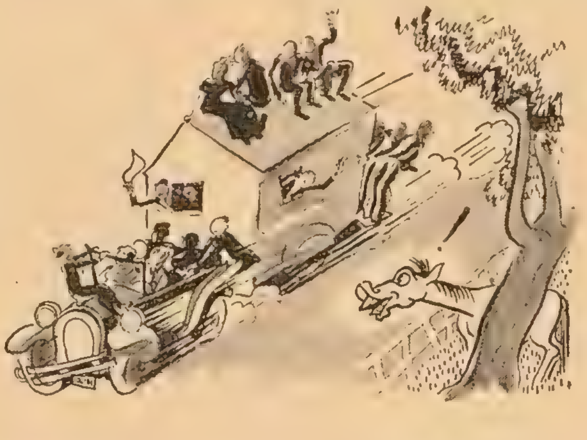
"I know," answered the gardener. "And you'd be crazy too if you had a wild hare on your chest!"

Once we got on the open road, everything went fine. I mean, until I tried to shave. Then I realized why they call a face a map. When I got through shaving I had a road map with two thousand rivers, eight hundred railroads, and sixty-nine miles of rough gravel!

One thing about the trip was great, though, and that was the gasoline attendants we met. You know how helpful they are, especially the ones that work for that oil company that sponsors a popeyed comedian.

They oil the hinges on the doors, polish the furniture and woodwork, launder the curtains, cook your meals, wash the dishes, help the children with their homework, write your letters home, take your temperature and pulse, pick you a horse in the Santa Anita Handicap, and if you don't buy any gasoline they thank you just the same! After doing all this for us, one attendant said, "It's too bad you didn't arrive yesterday—we had bank night!"

It's no wonder that people have trailer fever. My one worry is that things will change so completely that soon you won't be able to recognize the country. There won't be any more permanent addresses—only auto camps. If a store wants to ward off failure, all they'll have to do is start rolling along. Office buildings will never be empty—they can get on the road and take in tourists. Can you imagine Al Smith trying to get the Empire State Building on wheels? There'll be no more real-estate agents, only auto mechanics. Instead of asking you to buy a new house, they'll say, "How many miles have you got on your home?" Every one will be on the move. You can spend the winter on the beach in California, the summer on the lakes of Michigan, and the rest of the time on relief.



All this is pretty tough on the government. They can't check up on the census, on voting, or on taxes. But I've got an idea that will bring prosperity to a lot of people. Let's say there will be twenty million trailers. My plan is to assign a federal investigator to live in each trailer and send a daily income-tax report to Washington; that is, if Washington isn't on wheels by that time. This will mean twenty million jobs. Not bad, eh? And if that doesn't take care of the unemployment problem, I could produce another twenty million jobs. I'd assign another investigator to each trailer to check up on the first investigator. This could go on until every one had jobs or the trailers got really crowded.

Trailers are revolutionizing business as well as the home. Traveling salesmen now take their wives along. The salesmen may not like it, but pretty soon we'll hear some swell stories about traveling salesmen's wives! Comedians, too, find their trailers very handy. They come to a town, tell their jokes, and run!

But what about children's education? With every one moving around in trailers, pretty soon a child will learn his arithmetic in Georgia, his spelling in Yellowstone Park, and his geography in free wheeling! The other day in a trailer camp I asked a little boy where he was born.

"I was born in Definite," he answered.

I told him I'd never heard of such a town and asked him where it was.

"You'll have to ask pa," he said. "Pa says where I was born is in Definite. All he knows is we was goin' sixty miles an hour down the Lincoln Highway!"

There's even a dentist on wheels. Instead of advertising "Painless Dentist" he has a sign that reads: "Teeth Extracted on All Concrete Highway—No Bumps." On the back there's a big sign reading: "Get Your False Teeth Along the Scenic Storm King Road, Eat Dinner with Them in Rochester, and Take Them Out Coming Back on the Albany Night Boat. Excursion Rates." How do you like that for modern dentistry?

With a trailer replacing the house, even young love is changed. When the modern Juliet says, "Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?" she can be pretty sure that he'll be along in the next trailer!

Here is what a conversation may sound like when boy meets girl:

Boy: Hello, where do you live?

Girl: License number Y4716K. And where do you live—today?

Boy: Over at the corner of U. S. 113 and Colorado State Road 5.

Girl: That's a lovely neighborhood. It reminds me of my childhood days on the Santa Fe Trail detour.

Boy: What do you say we take a little walk?

Girl: Good! Walking is quite a novelty to me. Daddy's been trying to catch up with Mr. Ohio M5748, who borrowed his electric razor in Florida.

Boy: Swell. Let's walk over on Route 11.

Girl: Oh, no! They say there's a haunted trailer there!

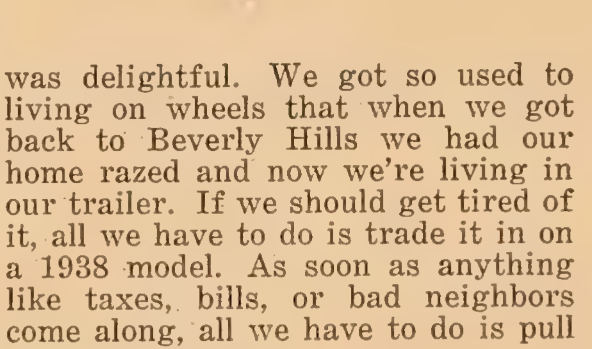
Boy: Then let's go down to the intersection. Always something doing there. They had some swell collisions yesterday, and a peachy sideswipe.

Girl: All right, but I'll have to be home early. Mother turns the taillight out at ten thirty!

And so the two young people, hand in hand, stroll on singing, "Be it ever so humble, there's no place like a trailer."

I honestly think that trailers are here to go. Every one seems to enjoy them, and after their useful days are over they make a good place to throw old razor blades!

As far as we're concerned, our trip was delightful. We got so used to living on wheels that when we got back to Beverly Hills we had our home razed and now we're living in our trailer. If we should get tired of it, all we have to do is trade it in on a 1938 model. As soon as anything like taxes, bills, or bad neighbors come along, all we have to do is pull out and roll along.


TEETH EXTRACTED ON ALL CONCRETE HIGHWAYS—NO BUMPS!
PAINLESS DENTIST
PAY FOR YOUR TEETH BY THE MILE
DON'T MAKE A MOUNTAIN OUT OF A MOLAR

And if things should get really bad, we won't have to walk to that place over the hill—the Cantors will drive there, and ours will be the first poorhouse on wheels!

THE END

On the Trail of Lost Romance

La Dietrich decorates a tale of British hearts and diplomats, a flyer faces the camera, and Mr. Baxter has woman-trouble

By BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME • 8 MINUTES 23 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

★ ★ ★ ANGEL

THE PLAYERS: Marlene Dietrich, Herbert Marshall, Melvyn Douglas, Edward Everett Horton, Ernest Cossart, Laura Hope Crews, Herbert Mundin, Lionel Pape, Dennie Moore, Phyllis Coghlan, Eric Walton. Screen play by Samson Raphaelson from a stage drama by Melchior Lengyel. Directed by Ernst Lubitsch. Produced by Paramount. Running time, 91 minutes.

ERNST LUBITSCH is a shrewd and expert director of gay moods. But his newest celluloid adventure, Angel, is not his best effort by any means. Nor is it Marlene Dietrich's best vehicle.

An attractive young British diplomat meets a mysterious, fascinating woman at the Paris home of an émigrée Russian grand duchess. He falls madly in love, frantically tries to locate his lost romance after she disappears. Imagine his surprise, then, when he visits England's foremost diplomat—and discovers that his love is the Foreign Secretary's wife.

Here is a neat triangle to be solved over the champagne, to be painted in warm waltz moods. But the verve and the effervescence do not come off according to schedule.

Miss Dietrich is the attractive wife seeking an old mood of lost romance, Herbert Marshall is the Foreign Secretary who has forgotten such experiences in state papers, Melvyn Douglas is the diplomat who stumbles upon adventure.

VITAL STATISTICS: This is Marlaynah Deetrick's first Hollywood picture since her return from abroad, where she made Knight in Armor. Away for nine months, she turned London upside down whenever she moved in public. Abroad she never wears Hollywood clothes; in Hollywood she never wears foreign creations. This keeps peace with the world's dress designers. Laughs off all divorce rumors between herself and twelve-year-long husband Rudi Seiber. Says they're still deeply in love. When she diets she limits herself to two hard-boiled eggs and tomato juice per day for three days. Eats anything for rest of week, then swears off again following week, or weeks, till desired weight is attained. . . . This is sawed-off blackish Ernst Lubitsch's first picture in two years. In that time he was co-head of Paramount Studios, is glad to get back from out behind a desk to behind a megaphone. Says he hated directing pictures by remote control. . . . Bart Marshall played opposite Dietrich in the Blonde Venus 5 years ago. Says in that time she's changed considerably. Her eyebrows have definitely gone down, she's made more of a science out of being beautiful. Bart and Miss Swanson have gone different ways. . . . Melvyn Douglas Hesselberg, the Russian from Macon, Ga., is now taking a long postponed trip around Europe with Mrs. Helen Gahagan Douglas Hesselberg, adding to the 100,000 miles Melvyn's already traveled. . . . Ernest Cossart's such a marvelous screen butler, he can't get a real butler for his own home. They're all afraid they can't equal the performance Cossart sets for butlers on the screen. . . . On Arrowhead location, Edward Everett Horton slid off a snowy mountain road and didn't stop for 6,000 feet. Was pretty badly hurt but has recovered.

Marlene Dietrich with Melvyn Douglas and Herbert Marshall in Angel.

★ ★½ ATLANTIC FLIGHT

THE PLAYERS: Dick Merrill, Jack Lambie, Paula Stone, Weldon Heyburn, Ivan Lebedeff, Milburn Stone. Screen play by Scott Darling and Erna Lazarus. Directed by William Nigh. Produced by Monogram. Running time, 59 minutes.*

HOLLYWOOD has constructed a flying vehicle to fit the shy, undramatic personality of the shy, highly dramatic air pilot, Dick Merrill, who sat at the controls on two two-way flights over the Atlantic and rode the skies to the South Pole in quest of Ellsworth.

The story? A pal is injured in the Stanley Cup races, needs a serum obtainable only in England. So the pilot hero jumps into his plane, crosses the Atlantic, picks up the remedy, scuttles back.

The film has color, conciseness—and Merrill. Oddly, the airman has no faculty for making faces before the camera, except when he grips the wheel of his plane.

VITAL STATISTICS: Cloudbuster Henry Tindall Merrill, Dick Merrill to you, is 40, was born in Inca, Miss., attended his State University, spent two years in the navy, got his wings from speed pilot Jimmy Wedell. Soloed July 10, 1920, barnstormed for a time, became mail pilot, test-ship pilot, first man to make two round-trip flights across the Atlantic by heavier-than-air machine. This picture is his debutter, is based on the last round tripper Merrill made—to bring back Coronation pictures. The first commercial Atlantic flight ever, Merrill flew it both ways in a business suit, got 90 per cent of the film profits, was more concerned whether the pictures he'd brought back were a success than with the honors the world heaped on him. Terribly shy, overly modest and quiet, Merrill doesn't smoke or drink, is a great precision flyer, a fine judge of a ship. Shots showing Merrill arriving at Croydon and New York airports during Coronation flight are actual newsreel shots, and the plane he uses throughout this film is the same plane. His only accident came a few months ago when he flew through a blinding snowstorm, brought his 21 passengers through safely without injury, but in so doing broke an ankle and several teeth of his own. Is really a postwar pilot, never having flown combatively during the war. First round-trip Atlantic flight he made with nightclubber Harry Richmond in Lady Peace, a $45,000 low-winged Vultee. It was strictly a stunt flight. They carried a load of 41,000 ping-pong balls in the wings for buoyancy and for souvenir hunters who might otherwise want hunks of the plane. Merrill's name's been linked with many, many gals, the most recent Bernice Claire, but he insists he's still on the loose. . . . Jack Lambie also debuts, was Merrill's co-pilot on Atlantic flights, is such a good comedian, Merrill kept bursting into laughter while acting with him in this, damaging to takes. . . . Ivan Lebedeff, the patent-leather-haired precision villain, sleeps in that monocle, smokes only Russian cigarettes brought 3,000 miles to his sneering lips, is romancing with Wera Engels. . . . Paula Stone's Milburn Stone's cousin, she took her first flight before starting this, has just become engaged to George Walker Mason, Hollywood nitespot operator. . . . Stunt flying was done by Frank Clark.

★ ★½ WIFE, DOCTOR, AND NURSE

THE PLAYERS: Loretta Young, Warner Baxter, Virginia Bruce, Jane Darwell, Sidney Blackmer, Maurice Cass, Minna Gombell, Margaret Irving, Gordon Elliott, Elisha Cook, Jr., the Brewster Twins, Paul Hurst, Hal K. Dawson,

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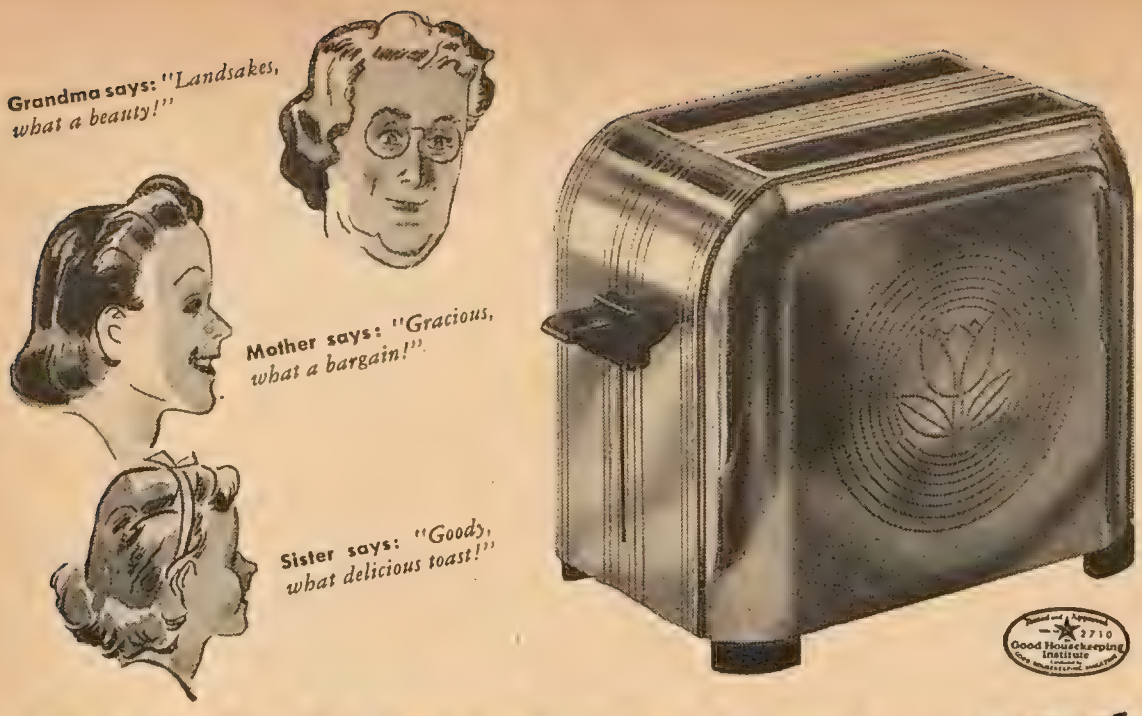
*Recommended for children.


Grandma says: "Landsakes, what a beauty!"
Mother says: "Gracious, what a bargain!"
Sister says: "Goody, what delicious toast!"

TOASTMASTER QUALITY FOR ONLY $7.50

NO need to wait longer to own a genuine Toastmaster Toaster—to enjoy toast at its delicious, golden best. The "Junior" model is non-automatic—the finest toaster made, of its kind. See it wherever fine appliances are sold.

FREE! "The Party's On"—A new and interesting booklet on entertainment ideas and games for young and old. Ask for your copy wherever Toastmaster Products are sold, or write to: McGraw Electric Co., Toastmaster Products Division, Dept. 151, Minneapolis, Minn.

TOASTMASTER *Junior* TOASTER

TOASTMASTER PRODUCTS—Junior toaster, $7.50; 2-slice fully automatic toaster, $16.00; with choice of Hospitality Trays, $19.95 or $23.50; 1-slice fully automatic toaster, $10.50; automatic Waffle-Baker, $12.50

FREE! Boys! Win this Football!

What a ball! Pick it up . . . kick it . . . try a couple of passes . . . It's a *beauty!*

Official size, shape and weight. Genuine leather—made to stand many seasons of hard, tough play . . . And it comes to you *already laced.* All you have to do is blow it up with bike or tire pump.

Best of all . . . *it's free!*

Liberty Magazine, Boy Sales Division, L-10-30
205 East 42 Street, New York City
Please tell me how I can become a Liberty Boy Salesman and make money and win free prizes.
NAME.................................AGE........
ADDRESS...
CITY...........................STATE.............
Please have your parents show approval by signing here:
....

At the same time you're winning this dandy ball, you are also getting your own pocket money.

Sounds good, doesn't it? Let's see you hit that line—the dotted one, down below! Send us the coupon and we'll tell you how you can get *not only* the football, but cash profits and many other prizes—*free!*

SEND THE COUPON!

George Ernest, Georges Renavent, Spencer Charters, Claire Du Brey, Lon Chaney, Jr., Charles Judels, Stanley Fields, Olin Howland, Jan Duggan. Screen play by Kathryn Scola, Darrell Ware, and Lamar Trotti. Directed by Walter Lang. Produced by 20th Century-Fox. Running time, 85 minutes.

HERE is the usual story of a man and two women bearing a singularly uninspired title and ending just about where it starts. The scenarists apparently believe that nothing ever is settled in life—and maybe they're right.

The man of this circular drama is a famous surgeon, and the two women important to his life and career are the rich young wife he loves and the lovely nurse upon whom he depends. He needs them both, each of the charmers needs him. And there you are!

Warner Baxter is the surgeon, Loretta Young is the heiress, Virginia Bruce is the nurse.

VITAL STATISTICS: Poor Warner Baxter has his troubles. When the news got round he was building a new 51-ft. cruiser, he received so much free marine kibitzing—don't buy, charter; don't buy new, buy secondhand; don't build this way, build that way, etc.—he called the whole thing off, chartered a boat, and sailed off to Mexican waters to snare the elusive whale and relax from Doctoring Wife and Nurse. Baxter also got a patent on a special gun which can be shot at night without aiming, thanks to a photoelectric beam-casting cell he and inventor Rob Scott worked out. Baxter plans to turn patent over to the govment lest it fall into the hands of the underworld or a nasty foreign Power. The gun is handy for night hunting in woods or dark boudoirs. . . . Loretta Young insists she's not married to Boy Producer Joseph Mankiewicz. They're just good friends drawn together by mental interests. Loretta is Hollywood's most eligible bachelor gal, has been married unhappily, saves her money, makes plenty of it, believes something important will happen to her on the 6th of the month. She's 26, a swell camera subject, willowy, shootable at any angle. . . . Virginia Bruce did her winter knitting on set for young Ann Gilbert, 4-year-old dotter by the late John Gilbert. Though divorced from Gilbert before his death, she's just been made independently wealthy, having inherited his comfortable fortune. . . . Since those nine hungry extras playing chefs in the restaurant scene got into the habit of nibbling at the roasts, they (the roasts) were deposited in a safe between scenes, so they'd keep the same camera verisimilitude when needed.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—The Life of Emile Zola, A Star Is Born, Captains Courageous.

★★★½—Stage Door, 100 Men and a Girl, Stella Dallas, You Can't Have Everything, They Won't Forget, Disney's Academy Award Revue, Make Way for Tomorrow, Kid Galahad, Shall We Dance, The Prince and the Pauper, Wake Up and Live, Maytime.

★★★—Something to Sing About, Varsity Show, The Prisoner of Zenda, Thin Ice, Broadway Melody of 1938, Vogues of 1938, Dead End, Victoria the Great, Souls at Sea, Artists and Models, Saratoga, Topper, Easy Living, The Toast of New York, King Solomon's Mines, Wee Willie Winkie, The Road Back, Mountain Music, The Singing Marine, A Day at the Races, Parnell, I Met Him in Paris, This Is My Affair, Café Metropole, Night Must Fall, Amphitryon, Internes Can't Take Money, Marked Woman, Waikiki Wedding, Top of the Town, Seventh Heaven, Call It a Day.

YOU STILL HAVE TIME TO "COUNT 'EM" AND WIN A SHARE IN LIBERTY'S $1,000 IN CASH PRIZES

START YOUR ENTRY NOW!

YOU MAY WIN $500
THERE ARE 63 PRIZES

THIS week we have the commonplace but highly versatile hairpin, that simple old-fashioned gadget of a thousand uses, sometime lock pick, toy mender, general household repair unit par excellence. Ladies and gentlemen, we give you—hairpins! Can you count 'em? If you can, you can start a winning entry in the " Count 'Em" Contest and claim a share of the $1,000 prize fund. The rules tell all! Read them carefully, if you are not a competitor, and get into the game now! You may win the big First Prize. Don't let this opportunity slip. Your chance is excellent.

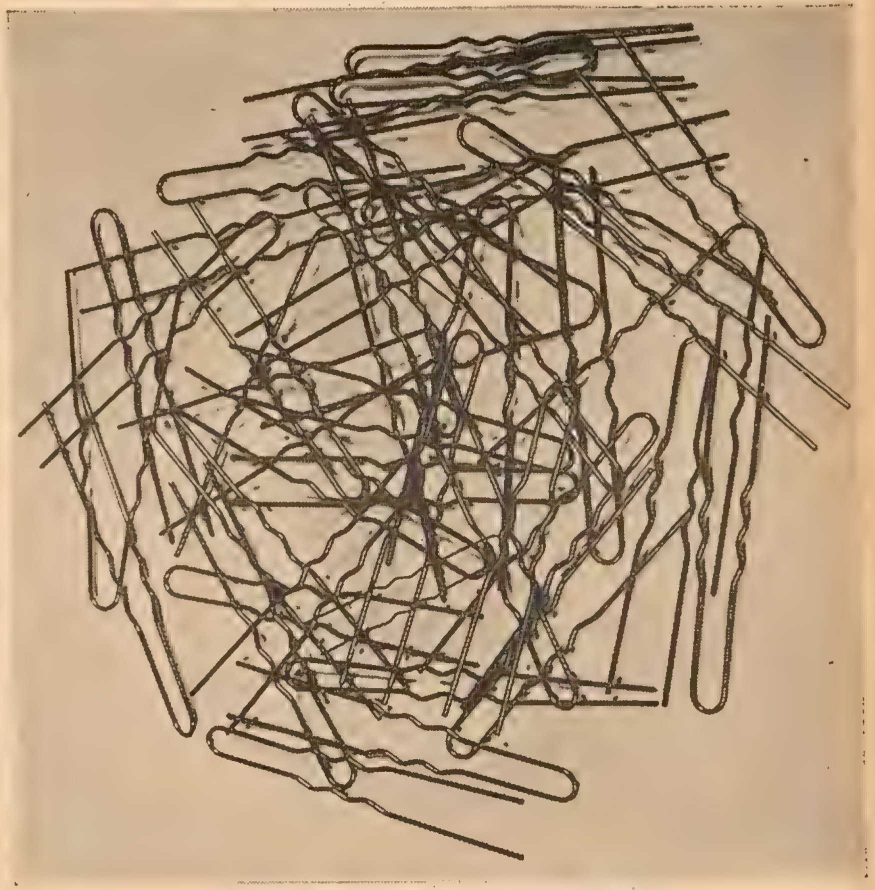
LATE-ENTRY OFFER

Reprints of the first three groups, together with their official scoring coupons, are available for entrants just starting. Mail your request to the contest address in Rule 6 and enclose five cents in stamps to cover cost of mailing and handling. When you receive them you can make the first three counts, enter them on the coupons, and be up among the leaders. Save all coupons until the close of the contest!

THE RULES

1. Each week for six weeks Liberty will publish a COUNT 'EM CONTEST picture. Each picture will show a tangle of objects which can be accurately and definitely counted to give the total number of units in the group.
2. To compete, count the units in each picture as it is published and note your count on the official entry coupon provided for that purpose. Save all coupons until your set of six is complete, then send them in as a unit at the same time at the end of the contest. Coupons sent individually will not be considered.
3. With your set of six coupons include a brief statement of not more than 50 words explaining " Why I read Liberty."
4. The complete entry which contains the greatest number of correct counts and is accompanied by the most logical, constructive statement, will be judged the best and will receive the $500 First Prize. In the order of their excellence on this basis others will receive the following prizes: Second Prize, $100; Third Prize, $50; Ten Prizes, each $10; Fifty Prizes, each $5. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.
5. All entries must be received on or before Wednesday, November 24, the closing date of this contest.
6. Send all entries by first-class mail to COUNT 'EM CONTEST EDITOR, Liberty, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.
7. The judges will be the contest board of Liberty, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. No entries will be returned, nor can we enter into correspondence regarding any entry. Simplicity is best.
8. Anyone anywhere may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

GROUP NO. 4



USE THIS COUPON

LIBERTY'S
" COUNT 'EM " CONTEST
OFFICIAL SCORING COUPON NO. 4

Total number of units in Group No. 4..............................

Submitted by

NAME ....

ADDRESS ....

CITY ....STATE..........

(Save this coupon until the end of the contest and submit a complete set of six with statement)

WATCH FOR COUNT 'EM PICTURE NO. 5 NEXT WEEK!

Vox Pop

Pros and Cons of Birth Control

WABAN, MASS.—Hats off to Liberty for daring to publish the two sides of the birth-control question. Dr. Matsner and Father Cox put up a game fight, with no blows below the belt.

But who won this particular battle between these two men in August 28 Liberty? I believe Dr. Matsner won, for the following reason: he did not try to prove that birth control is moral, but Father Cox made a vain attempt to prove that it is immoral.

If we assume that Dr. Matsner got his facts from medical books and authorities, should not Father Cox have leaned on the Bible and Christ's word? No; Father Cox was shrewd enough to avoid that!

The practice of contraception is mentioned but once in the Bible (Genesis 38: 8, 9, and 10). This was a specific case applying to one man and a woman, and was never interpreted by Christ or any one else as applying to all people. Christ, with all His advanced knowledge, made no mention of the prevention of conception whatsoever.

At the dawn of man God said: "Be fruitful, and multiply." Did He mean for us to make an anthill of the earth? We think not! Civilization has found a better way of controlling the population since the Four Horsemen have had tough luck at eliminating the surplus of us.—*D. E. Dutch.*

LOUISVILLE, KY.—Rather than let you wander through this letter to ascertain my opinion, I will state at the outset that I am opposed to birth control as endorsed by the A. M. A.

You should have given the proponents of the issue the benefit of one capable of debate against Father Cox.

Dr. Matsner may be an eminent physician or surgeon, but he is not scholar enough to compete with a Jesuit on a question of ideas.

As I stated in my first paragraph, I hold no brief for immoral birth control, but that does not prevent me from enjoying a discussion on the matter. With my idea of the question, I could present better arguments in favor of birth control than the doctor did.

I am not protesting the fact that you offered the question as you did, but simply asking that the next time you would please match the sides a little more evenly.—*J. Patrick Reardon.*

MEMPHIS, TENN.—I read with interest the articles on birth control by Dr. Matsner and Father Cox. Dr. Matsner has expressed my ideas on the subject much better than I could possibly do. With all due respect to Father Cox, I think his point is slightly stretched. If contraception is wrong when the advice is given by a doctor, then the so-called "safety calendar" must be a sin, too.

But, after all, why ask any man, be it Dr. Matsner or Father Cox? Why not ask the opinion of a few women? Who is it that, in most cases, suffers more or less over a period of months, and then in the final hour goes down in the Valley of Shadow to bring about this blessed event? Who has the greatest part of the responsibility of raising the children, worrying over their welfare, suffering untold misery if she cannot give them the proper care that is their due, or if they cannot have the little things so necessary for a child's happiness?

Ask any woman in any walk of life. Give her the absolute proof that she will not be quoted, and what will she tell you? She will beg for knowledge, clean and healthful knowledge, on the matter of birth control.—*Mrs. R. G. W.*

FORE!

SHREVEPORT, LA.—In the story Water Hazard, by William Chamberlain, in September 4 Liberty, the artist, Hank Adams, has the hero, Johnny, driving three hundred yards with a putter. Will you please ask Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Adams how far their hero, Johnny, could drive with a driver?—*John B. Stovall.*

MUSICIAN . . . BIRTH CONTROL . . . HITLER . . . ROOM FOR RENT

SAPULPA, OKLA.—As I reached for my August 28 Liberty, I, of course, first looked at the cover, which shows a robust middle-aged woman, proprietress of a roominghouse, who has evidently just put out a German musician for failure to pay rent, and is in the act of nailing up a Room for Rent sign. Over the head of this rather stern lady of middle age, prominent type announces: "Birth Control, by Father Ignatius W. Cox." (I understand the priesthood are forbidden to marry.) Just beneath the lady, in red letters: "Why Hitler Can't Sleep" (who I understand is a bachelor).

The picture is a little confusing to me, as I do not fully understand whether the sign, Room for Rent, has reference to the subject Birth Control, the poor musician, or Why Hitler Can't Sleep.—*Gaylord R. Wilcox.*

SIOUX CITY, IA.—Any musician can tell by looking at the August 28 cover of Liberty that the man carrying the sausaphone couldn't play it because of his mustache. The mouthpiece of the sausaphone reaches up to the nose.—*W. J. and R. P.*

"ARE WE TO BECOME A NATION OF SISSIES?"

UNIONTOWN, OHIO—Greatly I enjoyed Mr. Macfadden's editorial, Are We to Become a Nation of Sissies? (September 18 Liberty). But he overlooked the most significant demonstration of this trend.

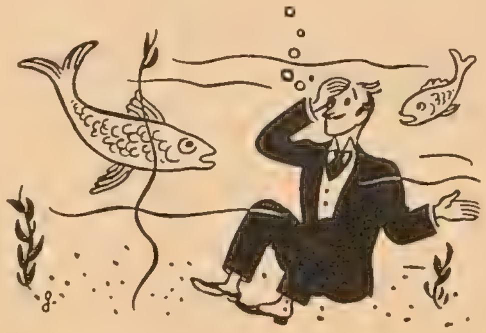
Judging from the newspapers, one might think America is a nation of sportsmen; but look at a baseball or football game and you see ten thousand sissies sitting around a few paid sportsmen. But that is not all! Hundred thousands, sometimes millions sit in their easy chairs reading the sport section of their paper or listening to the radio account, and sometimes some of these sissy weaklings die from the excitement. —*Paul Helma.*

FORT MYERS, FLA.—Have just read, in the September Reader's Digest, Mr. Fulton Oursler's article, Bernarr Macfadden's True Story. For years I have bought the weekly edition of Liberty. Yes, it has interesting stories and I enjoy many of them; but it may interest Mr. Macfadden to know that I turn first to his *editorial.*

I would gladly pay twenty times the price of Liberty if his editorial were the only printed matter between its covers. It might surprise him, if a poll were taken, the army of supporters he has attracted in his efforts to keep America traveling along the lines of our forefathers.—*Martin E. Shultz.*

TWO-MINUTE POSERS

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.—It took me two minutes to read Duval Is the Name, in August 28 Liberty, but I'm still trying to figure out how any one knew Leroux remembered the name he used just as the waters closed above his head. Or did the fish in the Seine tell it to the Frenchman who told Abdullah?—*A. Russell.*



POMONA, CALIF.—I was just thinking —if you're a Two-Minute Man, Mr. Editor, you can't be very hard-boiled, now can you?—*W. G. Wilkie.*

[EDITOR'S NOTE: No; but we are constantly in hot water!]

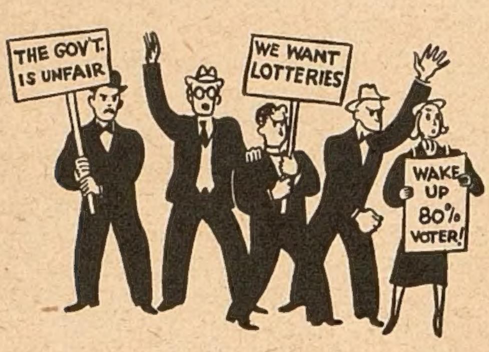
"LET'S HAVE SOME POETRY!"

TRENTON, N. C.—For about ten years I have read Liberty and enjoyed it. There is only one thing that I would like the magazine to include each week that it does not have. Let's have some poetry!

I am twenty-four—hardly in the old-maid class, but I do like poems! I am no fanatic for any special type. If it contains a moral, or is a mere jingle, makes very little difference. It could be a sonnet one week and a lyric the next. But give us poetry lovers a break!—*Laura Hammond.*

POOR-MAN LOTTERIES

HOOSICK, N. Y.—Uncle Sam allows Wall Street a big gambling den for the rich, who represent about 20 per cent of the American vote.



Why doesn't Uncle Sam give the 80-per-cent voter, the poor man, a good honest lottery, drawn once a month, when once in a while a poor man wakes up to find his—and some poor man is made happy? This would do away with illegal gambling and sham contests.

Wake up, 80-per-cent voter, and demand it!—*J. E. White.*

BOYS FOR SALE A POPULAR REPRINT

SEATTLE, WASH.—Your issue of August 7 Liberty contains a remarkably fine article, Boys for Sale, by George E. Q. Johnson. In our financial campaign the Big Brothers could make splendid use of this article.

Could we have your permission to reprint the article, or a portion of it, Boys for Sale, to be used in our publicity in our campaign for members? I would greatly appreciate your permission to do this and hope for an early reply.—*Louis E. Scholl, Executive Secretary, the Big Brother Federation.*

LIMA, OHIO—I read with much interest the article in August 7 Liberty, entitled Boys for Sale, written by Judge Johnson. I am writing to ask if you can give us permission to use a part of this story in a letter which we would like to send a group of men in Lima who are interested in boys' work.

The story was called to my attention by a member of the Community Chest Board and our Boys' Work Committee, who made the suggestion.—*J. H. Eckford, General Secretary, Y. M. C. A.*

BOYS TOWN, NEB.—I was especially interested in your Boys for Sale, as I have been " selling " boys for the past twenty years—selling them to friends who have helped maintain our Home, giving me the chance to train these poor, homeless boys to become worth-while citizens.—*Rev. E. J. Flanagan.*

HUNTINGDON, PA.—May we have permission to reprint, for institutional purposes, your article in August 7 Liberty, Boys for Sale, by Judge Johnson? At the Pennsylvania Industrial School we are working with the types of boys referred to in his splendid article and we would like to further disseminate the facts contained therein.—*John D. Pennington, General Superintendent.*

KANSAS CITY, MO.—Please grant us permission to use reprints of Boys for Sale, August 7 issue.—*John Thornberry, Boys Club of Kansas City.*

DID DUSTER MAILS DO IT?

DES MOINES, IA.—Nothing interests me more in your magazine than anecdotes about old-time baseball; but, *please,* won't Mr. C. T. Donnelly, author of Baseball Brainstorms (August 21 Liberty), tell us whether Duster Mails did or didn't retire that last man with the bases full?—*L. R. Page.*

[The records show that after Mails' base-line speech on the next pitch he made the batter fly out to retire the side and win a shut-out game. Did he or didn't he? I'll say he *did!* And to me that's what made the " crack " such a classic.—C. T. DONNELLY.]

Mr. O'Brien Denies It!

DETROIT, MICH.—My attention has been called to the article by Edward Doherty in September 4 Liberty, Is It True What They Say About Murphy?

The article quotes a so-called friend of Murphy as saying that O'Brien is " a Communist all right, an avowed Communist." There is no reason why any intelligent person should make any such statement, whether it is in a pretended interview or a real interview.

I am not a Communist. I am a Democrat, and my Democracy is a matter of public record.

I was elected Circuit Judge in the Upper Peninsula of Michigan in 1911 on the Democratic ticket, re-elected on the Democratic ticket in 1917, and served as a Circuit Judge for ten years. I was elected Attorney General of Michigan in 1932 on the Democratic ticket, being the first Democrat elected to that office in forty years. I have been a candidate for Governor, for Congress, and for the state Supreme Court, all on the Democratic ticket. I was a delegate at large from the State of Michigan to the Baltimore convention that nominated Woodrow Wilson, and I was a district delegate to the Chicago convention that nominated Franklin D. Roosevelt. Do you think that if I had been " an avowed Communist " I would have been so signally honored by the Democratic Party? The fact of the matter is that I am a pronounced New Deal Democrat.

Furthermore, Communism is incompatible with Catholicity. I am a member of Visitation Parish of the Catholic Church of the city of Detroit. I was baptized Catholic, and I have been a practical Catholic all my life.

Another perfectly absurd statement is the following: " I understand the C. I. O. is bringing $750,000 into Detroit to put O'Brien in office." While the C. I. O. is supporting me and has contributed to my election, the contribution is only a reasonable one for the purpose of placing my program and policies clearly before the people. Neither is there any truth in the statement that " gangs " of the C. I. O. " are going around to the neighborhood tradesmen and telling them they better vote for O'Brien—or else." I have always been a stanch supporter of the program and objectives of organized labor. Therefore I am proud to have the support of the C. I. O. and of other liberal and forward looking groups.

My campaign is a campaign of education. It is in charge of Bernard Boggio, who is the Chief Assistant Prosecuting Attorney of Wayne County, and the bulk of the contributions to carry on my campaign have come from the general public.—*Patrick H. O'Brien.*

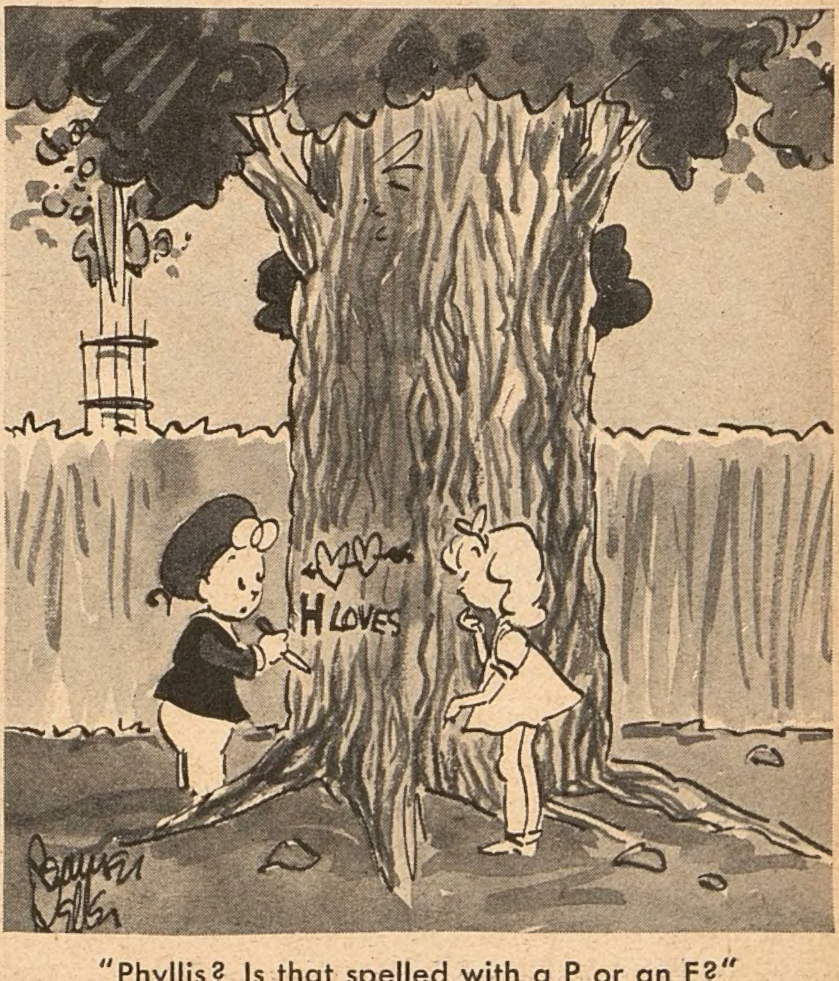
THE GHOST OF DEBS

BOWLING GREEN, KY.—I see in September 18 Liberty, Who Will Succeed Roosevelt? Maybe the ghost of Debs!

We've been going that way, you know.—*Charles F. Taylor, Jr.*

"HARDTACK"

By Reamer Keller



"Phyllis? Is that spelled with a P or an F?"

Why Joe Louis Will Not Be Champion Long

JACK DEMPSEY BELIEVES that Joe Louis will not be champion long. Why? Because he agrees with Jim Tully and Tommy Farr that Joe is afraid. Afraid of what? Afraid of pain. The Brown Bomber can't take it—so believe these three illustrious authorities on prizefighting. Jim Tully and Jack Dempsey sat side by side and watched the fight between Farr and Louis. Next week, in Liberty, Tully tells the real meaning of that fight in an article that is nothing short of a sports classic. You who watched the fight or listened on the radio or read about it in the next day's papers did not hear the name that Farr called Louis during the battle—nor did you see what the Englishman did to the Negro at the end of each round. Here is an inside picture, one of the frankest ring pieces ever written by Jim Tully and backed up unreservedly by Dempsey. This article is not only great sports stuff —it is literature.

* * *

THE COUNTRY HAS BEEN SHOCKED in recent months by an epidemic of bloodcurdling crimes committed on little children. Like some deadly epidemic out of the Middle Ages, this scourge has appeared simultaneously in all parts of the United States. Baby boys horribly slain in New England; four ghastly cases of child murder in New York City in four months; three little girls savagely attacked and butchered in a canyon near Los Angeles. These are samples of what is going on. All too slowly the people of the United States are coming to realize the seriousness of this problem. Special squads are being appointed by police departments, and other practical steps are being taken. But not enough.

In Liberty, nearly a year ago, this menace was discussed and its spread predicted in an article by Will Irwin called Such Men Are Dangerous! Next week we present a new article on the subject by Eugene D. Williams, the detective in charge of the case of those three unfortunate little girls in California. Mr. Williams tells the crude facts in all their horror, then offers a remedy, a way to insure society against such crimes. The remedies are stern, but after reading this article you will agree with him that they are necessary. Here is a problem that must be faced, must be dealt with, for it threatens every household where there are little children. Watch for this important article in Liberty next week.

* * *

WILL THERE EVER BE AN AMERICAN POPE? Whenever bulletins on the illness of the Pontiff come from the Vatican, this question is debated. Did you know that it was not necessary for a Pope to be an Italian? Or even to be a cardinal? Edward Doherty has talked with one of the eminent minds of the Catholic Church and gives an authoritative statement on these and other aspects of the Papacy in his article next week.

* * *

YOU REMEMBER our paragraph about the young husband in Los Angeles who wrote his first fiction story and sent it to Liberty. It was a 40,000-word serial called Ambush, and next week this exciting tale begins in Liberty with a generous first installment packed with thrills. Don't miss this and many other exciting features, including great short stories by two of your favorite authors, Walter Brooks and Roger Garis, and a Halloween piece by Franklin P. Adams, together with many other exciting features.

* * *

AS A PATRIOTIC AMERICAN don't forget that October 27 is the birthday of Theodore Roosevelt, the day on which the Navy League of the United States sponsors the observance of Navy Day. These are times when America needs more than ever a powerful navy, not for aggression but for defense. If Theodore Roosevelt, who was Assistant Secretary of the Navy and author of a great naval history of the War of 1812, could speak about conditions today, he would likely repeat two of his famous maxims: "Walk softly, but carry a big stick"; and "Fear God and take your own part."

* * *

INTEREST IN PREMARITAL EXAMINATIONS is spreading rapidly. John Hall of the New Jersey Department of Health writes for permission to reprint our article, Fools in Love, by Alice Light. Says Mr. Hall: "We are endeavoring here in New Jersey to secure the passage of a bill providing for premarital medical examinations and blood tests for syphilis. We believe that the use of this article would be of real value to us." Of course we were glad to grant this permission.

* * *

Thanks! Hope to see you all here again next Wednesday. Until then!

FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty-*for Liberals with Common Sense*

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The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER PAINTING BY ROBERT G. HARRIS

Could Hollywood Have Saved Jean Harlow?

Wallace Reid, Mabel Normand, Rudolph Valentino, Barbara La Mar, John Gilbert and now Jean Harlow—all dead in their twenties or early thirties!

Why?

In a brilliant, revealing and somewhat disquieting article Adela Rogers St. Johns tells you why, and also why more deaths of a similar nature are likely to take place. With her intimate knowledge of Hollywood requirements Miss St. Johns' article cannot help but impress and convince you. Certainly it will interest you tremendously.

Titled "Could Hollywood Have Saved Jean Harlow?" it appears in the November issue of Physical Culture, the fascinating personal problem magazine, now on sale at all news stands. Do not fail to read it.

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•

JOSEPH STALIN

The Sex Secret Behind Stalin's Bloody Rule

What is the true reason behind the dreadful Stalin mass killings? Is it fear—or because he is a Sadist—or because of a beautiful, bloody-minded Russian Princess—or for sincere political reasons? For the amazing answer read Donald Furthman Wicket's keen and revealing analysis of the Stalin character in Physical Culture for November.

•

Also in the November Issue

IS CONGRESS GOING THE PACE THAT KILLS • DRUGLESS TREATMENT FOR CHRONIC RHEUMATISM • FIRST PRIZE WINNER OF BEAUTY CONTEST • PNEUMONIA—KILLER OF BABIES • "I WAS LOVE STARVED" • HOW I CURED MY JEALOUS HUSBAND • I OVERCAME DEAFNESS WITH DIET AND EXERCISE • "YOU WIVES HAVE THE BEST OF IT" • "I CAN'T DO A THING WITH MY HAIR"

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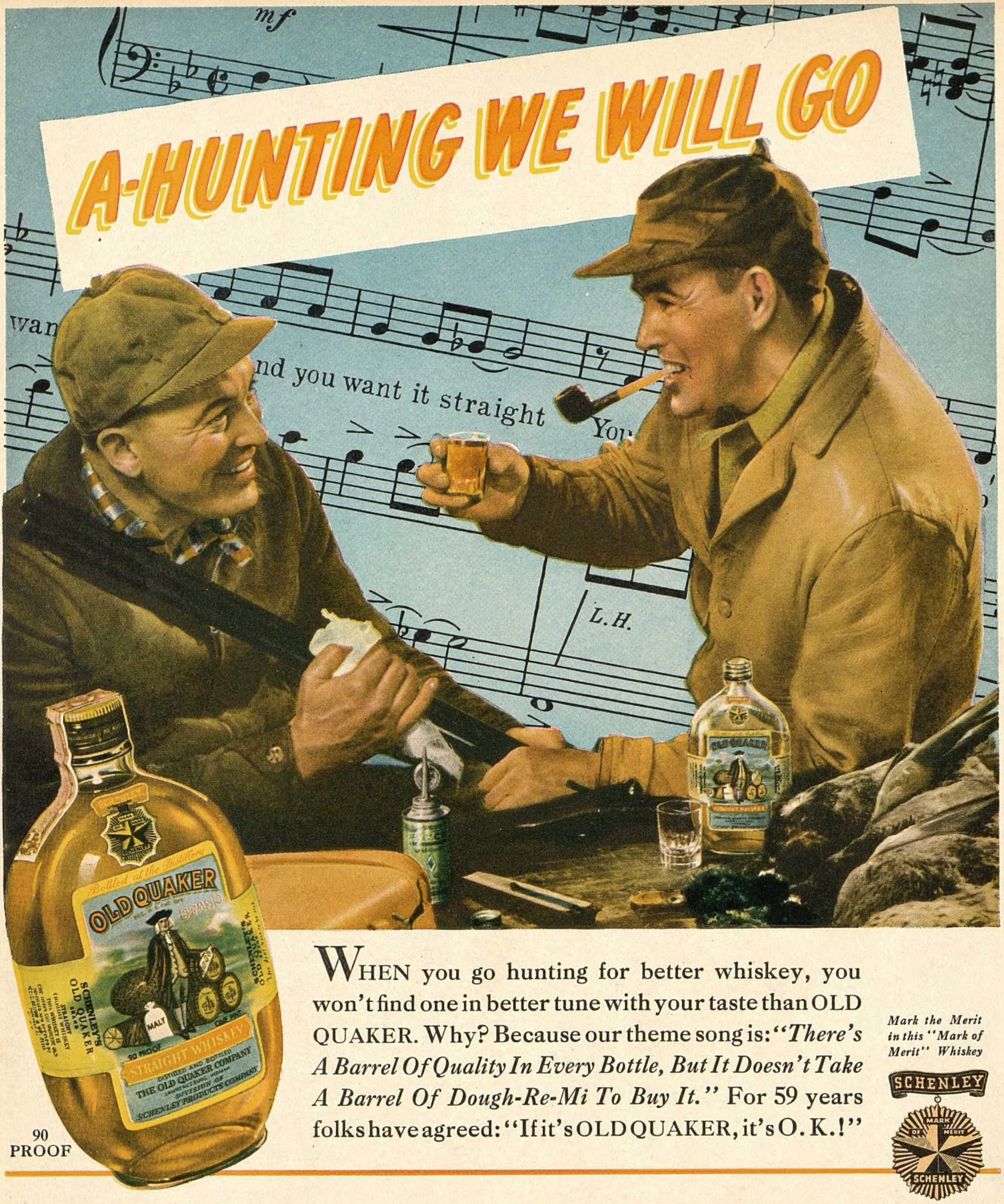
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